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THE AMERICAN CRUSADE—II
THE AGE OF DEMOCRACY
1918-1927



From the Official Painting by Sir William Orpen, R.A.

THE SIGNING OF THE TREATY OF VERSAILLES, JUNE 28, 1919

(Seated, front row, left to right) General Tasker H. Bliss, E. M. House, Henry White, Robert Lansing, President Wilson, Georges Clemenceau, David Lloyd George, A. Bonar Law, Arthur J. Balfour, Viscount Milner, G. N. Barnes, Marquis Saionzi.

The Real America in Romance

THE AMERICAN CRUSADE—II

THE AGE OF DEMOCRACY

1918-1927

EDITED BY

EDWIN MARKHAM

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN WITH THE HOE, AND OTHER POEMS,"
"LINCOLN, AND OTHER POEMS," "VIRGILIA, AND OTHER
POEMS," "THE POETRY OF JESUS," ETC.

VOLUME XV



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THE AMERICAN CRUSADE — II

THE AGE OF DEMOCRACY

FIRST and foremost among the results of the World War and its attendant revolutions has been the virtual wiping out of the Feudal System in Europe. Such remnants of it as remain have little governmental or political significance. They survive as something socially decorative, existing only on tolerance.

The American people, of course, have not had to get rid of this ancient incubus of Feudalism. The founders and early fathers of our Republic were careful to leave Feudalism behind them in Europe when they set out for the New World. We — their heirs — rejoice in the disappearance from Europe of classes privileged by birth and of the so-called divine right of kings.

Slowly but surely, as a consequence of the War, the spirit of democracy is supplanting that of autocracy. The procession of new republics that is forming abroad has had the United States as an exemplar, though they do not yet march with the swing and rhythm that come of long practice and experience of free institutions. In short, the idealism of our War President has yet to be realized.

Woodrow Wilson went to the Peace Conference as no other man went there. He was received in Europe as a herald of a new order in a new world. He had given the peoples of the belligerent countries an ideal worth fighting for. He had announced that the War was a war for Democracy. The cry heartened the Allies and undermined the authority of the kaisers of Germany and Austria-

Hungary. His suggestion of a League of Nations as a means of reducing future wars to restricted circles appealed mightily to a world grown sick of battle horrors.

No one can look upon the dreadful scars that the earth bears from Verdun westward to Arras and beyond, without a revulsion of feeling. Even the most confirmed militarist should be stirred by this sight to an abhorrence of war. The mad world shakes its gory locks as it stares at the dreadful spectacle produced by its insanity, and is forced to listen.

As the tenth anniversary of the signing of the Armistice approaches, a strong current of anti-war sentiment is turning the nations toward a combined effort to outlaw war. It is only the promise of peace that is in sight. Yet even a barbarian could hardly refuse to wish it success.

If war is made an outlaw in human society, how are the peace-abiding to be protected against the outlaw? Unless human nature is miraculously changed the protection can only be obtained by the presence, if not the use, of force. That means preparation, military training, vigilance, loyalty, sacrifice, belief in high ideals of human capacity. It will never be obtained by Bolshevistic methods. The abolition of war is an ideal, like unto those taught by the Founder of Christianity to His half-comprehending followers — something always to be aimed at, always kept in view, always regarded as an attainable goal, such as nobly inspired

THE AMERICAN CRUSADE.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I I BEGIN AT THE END	19
II BILLY FLORIDA	39
III I BECOME A BOARDER	59
IV THE SHOT THAT SET THE WORLD AFIRE	77
V THE CONFLAGRATION STARTS	94
VI ENEMIES AND FRIENDS	113
VII A GIRL ON A BOX — AND OTHERS	124
VIII HUGH GOES A-SOLDIERING	149
IX HAUPTMANN FINDS A JOB	170
X ENTER AMERICA; EXIT RUSSIA	192
XI THE DRAFT	209
XII WHAT WE WERE FIGHTING FOR	239
XIII THE RACE	265
XIV PERISCOPE POND AND ST. NAZAIRE	281
XV I BEGIN TO SEE THE WAR	298
XVI SOME LEISURE AND SOME LETTERS	315
XVII THE LAST WAR BURSTS	331
XVIII THE TIDE TURNS	348
XIX THE DAY'S WORK	368
XX THE FIRST PUNCH	385
XXI BACK AGAIN	403
XXII ST. MIHIEL AND AFTER	421
XXIII THE BIG PUSH BEGINS	437
XXIV THE WORK GOES ON	454
XXV THE LAST SHELL	468
XXVI "CEASE FIRING"	486
EPILOGUE	505

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
THE SIGNING OF THE TREATY OF VERSAILLES (<i>From the Official Painting by Sir William Orpen, R. A.</i>)	Frontispiece
MARSHALS FOCH AND JOFFRE RIDING THROUGH PARIS AT THE FEAST OF THE ARMISTICE	19
A SCENE OF RUIN AND DESOLATION IN THE WAKE OF THE GERMANS	20
"OLD NASSAU" HALL, PRINCETON UNIVERSITY	21
GERMAN PRISONERS OF WAR BEHIND THE AMERICAN LINES	23
SCENE IN THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS, ON THE SIGNING OF THE ARMISTICE	25
MARSHAL FERDINAND FOCH	27
COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT, IN CUBA	28
THE U.S.S. "MAINE" IN HAVANA HARBOR, TWO DAYS BEFORE SHE WAS SUNK	29
COMMODORE, LATER ADMIRAL, GEORGE DEWEY	30
WHERE THE DRIVE OF THE 307TH REGIMENT OF INFANTRY STARTED IN THE ARGONNE	31
THE CAR IN WHICH THE ARMISTICE WAS SIGNED, NEAR COMPEIGNE, FRANCE, NOVEMBER 11, 1918	Full Page 33
A. E. F. FIELD ARTILLERY IN THE ARGONNE-MEUSE OFFENSIVE	35
PRESIDENT'S HOUSE AT PRINCETON UNIVERSITY	36
REVIEW OF ALLIED TROOPS IN THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE IN CELEBRATION OF VICTORY, JULY, 1919	37
THEODORE ROOSEVELT, WHEN FIRST ELECTED PRESIDENT	39
GIFFORD PINCHOT	40
VIEW OF THE CULEBRA CUT EXCAVATION, HALF FINISHED	42
CULEBRA CUT, PANAMA CANAL, IN 1926	43
CHAMP CLARK	45
DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION AT BALTIMORE, THAT NOMINATED WOODROW WILSON FOR THE PRESIDENCY IN 1912	47
PRESIDENT WILSON AND HIS SECRETARY, JOSEPH TUMULTY	48
SENATOR ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE	49
PRESIDENT TAFT AND HIS CABINET	Full Page 51
ALTON B. PARKER AND WILLIAM J. BRYAN	54
WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT	57
SENATOR NELSON W. ALDRICH	59
JOSEPHUS DANIELS	60
ROOM IN THE NAVAL ACADEMY, VERA CRUZ, SHELLED BY THE U.S.S. "CHESTER"	61
AMERICAN MARINES LEAVING THE U.S.S. "FLORIDA" IN VERA CRUZ HARBOR	63
AMERICAN TROOPS, SUPPORTED BY WARSHIPS, OCCUPY VERA CRUZ	64
U.S. TROOPS MARCHING INTO VERA CRUZ	65
REAR-ADMIRAL H. T. MAYO	67
REAR-ADMIRAL FRANK F. FLETCHER AND STAFF AT VERA CRUZ	68

	PAGE
PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON AND HIS CABINET	<i>Full Page</i> 69
STATE, WAR AND NAVY BUILDING AT WASHINGTON	72
THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON ON A RAINY NIGHT	<i>Full Page</i> 73
ANNAPOLIS NAVAL ACADEMY FROM THE AIR	77
THE WHITE HOUSE DURING THE WILSON ADMINISTRATION	79
WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, AS SECRETARY OF STATE	81
RED CROSS TRANSPORT IN THE BALKANS	83
A WARTIME SCENE IN THE BALKANS — TURKS AND BULGARIANS	85
WOUNDED TURKISH SOLDIERS AT TARABOSH	88
MONTENEGRINS GUARDING THEIR FRONTIER	91
CIVIC GUARD OF BRUSSELS GOING OUT TO SURRENDER	95
DINANT, BELGIUM, SHOWING FORTRESS AND CHURCH	97
THE GERMAN EMBASSY AT WASHINGTON, IN 1914-15	<i>Full Page</i> 99
GERMAN INFANTRY ENTERING BRUSSELS, BELGIUM	102
U.S.S. "NEBRASKAN" TORPEDOED BY A U-BOAT, MAY 25, 1915	103
CAPTAINS BOY-ED AND VON PAPEN	104
BRAND WHITLOCK	105
GERMAN TROOPS IN THE SUBURBS OF BRUSSELS	106
THE RIVER MEUSE AND PARK DE LA CITADEL AT NAMUR, BELGIUM	107
GERMAN TROOPS INSPECTING CAPTURED RUSSIAN GUNS	108
GIRONDIST MONUMENT AT BORDEAUX, SEAT OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT IN 1914	109
RUSSIAN PRISONERS OF WAR	111
WERNER HORN	114
BRIDGE AT VANCEBORO, MAINE, MYSTERIOUSLY DYNAMITED	115
KIEL HARBOR, SHOWING WARSHIPS AND PLEASURE CRAFT AT ANCHOR	118
HELGOLAND — A VIEW FROM THE MAINLAND	121
KIEL, SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN	122
GERMAN BOATS, INCLUDING THE "VATERLAND," DOCKED AT HOBOKEN	125
THE "KRONPRINZESSEN CECELIE" AT BAR HARBOR, POLICED BY A U.S. DESTROYER	127
JAMES W. GERARD, U.S. AMBASSADOR TO GERMANY	128
DR. CONSTANTINE DUMBA, AUSTRIAN AMBASSADOR, AND COUNT VON BERN- STORFF, GERMAN AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES	131
CAPTURED ENEMY GUNS ON PARADE IN BERLIN — ROYAL PALACE IN THE BACKGROUND	135
GERMAN MEDALS AWARDED BY THE KAISER DURING THE WAR <i>Full Page</i>	137
GERMAN SUBMARINE U-1, WITH TORPEDO BOAT IN THE BACKGROUND	140
SECTIONAL VIEW OF A GERMAN SUBMARINE, OR U-BOAT	143
GENERAL HUGH L. SCOTT	149
THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON, SENATE WING IN THE FOREGROUND	151
A CANADIAN FIELD DRESSING STATION AND TEMPORARY PRISON CAMP	153
GENERAL PERSHING, AT THE TIME OF THE MEXICAN FRACAS	155
AMERICAN ARTILLERY CAMP ON THE RIO GRANDE	156
AN AMERICAN COTTON MILL IN TEXAS	157
NEWTON D. BAKER	159
PANCHO VILLA AND HIS LIEUTENANTS	160
GENERAL PERSHING CROSSING THE RIO GRANDE, ON INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE	161
AMERICAN CAVALRY AT CHIHUAHUA	163

ILLUSTRATIONS

II

	PAGE
GENERALS BLANQUET, FELIX DIAZ AND MONDRAGON	165
PANCHO VILLA	167
MOTOR TRUCK TRAIN CARRYING SUPPLIES TO THE AMERICAN ARMY HEAD- QUARTERS NEAR NAMIQUEPA, MEXICO	168
CHARLES EVANS HUGHES	170
CHARLES E. HUGHES AND FAMILY	172
JOSEPH G. CANNON	174
HIRAM JOHNSON	175
THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS	177
VIEW OF THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION OF 1916	179
CHARLES E. HUGHES ON ACCEPTING THE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION	181
THE U. S. TRANSPORT "HENDERSON"	182
WOODROW WILSON BEING NOTIFIED OF HIS NOMINATION, IN 1916	185
DEFEATED TURKS RETURNING TO CONSTANTINOPLE	189
PAVEL NIKOLAEVITCH MILYUKOV	192
ANTI-SUBMARINE GUN MOUNTED ON AN AMERICAN MERCHANTMAN	194
DR. ALFRED ZIMMERMAN	196
CZAR NICHOLAS II, OF RUSSIA, AND HIS FAMILY	199
THE U. S. DECLARATION OF WAR AGAINST THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT	200
HENRY CABOT LODGE	201
AMERICAN PEACE DELEGATES	203
THE HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT—VIEW FROM THE THAMES RIVER	205
PRESIDENT WILSON ASKING CONGRESS TO DECLARE WAR, APRIL 2, 1917	207
GENERAL E. H. CROWDER	209
TREASURY DEPARTMENT BUILDING AT WASHINGTON	211
RECORD SHIP, BUILT IN 21 DAYS BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT	212
THE LAUNCHING OF THE WAR EMERGENCY SHIP "QUISTCONCK" WIT- NESSED BY PRESIDENT AND MRS. WOODROW WILSON	213
THE STARS AND STRIPES AND THE UNION JACK FLOATING SIDE BY SIDE OVER ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD IN LONDON	214
THE CANADIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE—"THE LADIES FROM HELL"— SHOW THEIR COLORS IN LONDON, EN ROUTE TO THE FRONT	215
FRANKLIN K. LANE	216
MAP OF BRITISH-AMERICAN MINE-LAYING OPERATIONS IN THE NORTH SEA	217
AMERICAN "ROOKIES" REHEARSING IN A TRAINING CAMP	218
ARRIVAL AT ST. NAZAIRE, FRANCE, OF THE U. S. TRANSPORT "SARATOGA" WITH AMERICAN TROOPS, JUNE, 1917	219
ADMIRAL WM. S. SIMS	220
JOSEPHUS DANIELS AND HIS ADVISORY COUNCIL	221
SECRETARY OF WAR NEWTON D. BAKER AND GENERAL GEORGE W. GOE- THALS, WITH HIS EMERGENCY FLEET CORPORATION STAFF	223
COUNT GENERAL LUIGI CADORNA	224
A CONVOY OF AMERICAN DESTROYERS <i>Full Page</i> opposite	224
A CAMOUFLAGED TRANSPORT	225
GENERAL PERSHING ARRIVING AT BOULOGNE, JUNE 8, 1917	227
ARTHUR J. BALFOUR	229
SECRETARY OF WAR BAKER DRAWING IN THE DRAFT	231
HOW THE GERMANS SMASHED MACHINERY ON THE "GEORGE WASHINGTON" BEFORE ITS SEIZURE BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT	233

	PAGE
RHEIMS AND THE FAMOUS CATHEDRAL BEFORE THE BOMBARDMENT OF SEPTEMBER 19, 1914	<i>Full Page</i> 233
AN AMERICAN MINE-LAYING FLEET IN THE NORTH SEA	235
A ROOKIE, WITH COMPLETE OUTFIT	239
RAW RECRUITS IN A ROOKIE TRAINING CAMP	241
HARRY A. GARFIELD	242
NICOLAI LENINE ADDRESSING A MOSCOW CROWD	243
SAMUEL GOMPERS	244
DR. GEORG MICHAELIS	245
POPE BENEDICT XV	247
ELEUTHERIOS VENEZELOS	248
A BRITISH "TANK"	250
A FRENCH "TANK"	251
BAYONET PRACTICE IN A TRAINING CAMP	252
GENERAL PERSHING RETURNS THE SALUTE OF THE PARIS POPULACE	253
AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN FRANCE, MARCHING TO QUARTERS	<i>Full Page</i> 255
GENERAL LORD ALLENBY	257
A TYPICAL AMERICAN TRAINING CAMP UNDER CONSTRUCTION	259
VIEW OF CAMP DIX, WRIGHTSTOWN, NEW JERSEY	261
BUILDING A CANTONMENT	263
PRIZE-WINNING WAR SAVINGS POSTER	265
ROOKIES ON THE "LEVIATHAN" GETTING THEIR FIRST GLIMPSE OF FRANCE	266
SHOWING THE "LEVIATHAN" MARVELLOUSLY CAMOUFLAGED	267
PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, SHOWING THE CAPITOL DOME IN THE DISTANCE	269
AMERICAN TROOPS SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE—NOT FAR FROM THE FRONT	271
DROPPING THE FIRST BOMB	<i>Cartoon</i> 273
ENTERTAINING THE BOYS IN A Y. M. C. A. HUT	274
TRENCH-BUILDING	275
SPIRITED BAYONET PRACTICE IN AN AMERICAN TRAINING CAMP	277
THE "LEVIATHAN," FORMERLY THE "VATERLAND"	279
AN AMERICAN-BUILT DOCK AT ST. NAZAIRE, FRANCE	282
THE AMERICAN CONVOY DESTROYER "REID"	283
AN AMERICAN ARMY DOCK IN BORDEAUX	285
A CAMOUFLAGED TRANSPORT	287
AN AMERICAN TRANSPORT CONVOYED BY DESTROYERS	288
VICE-ADMIRAL W. S. SIMS	289
AMERICAN DOUGHBOYS MARCHING THROUGH LONDON, EN ROUTE TO FRANCE	<i>Full Page</i> 291
A SECTION OF THE GREAT LIVERPOOL DOCKS	295
A CAMOUFLAGED AMERICAN RAILWAY BATTERY IN FRANCE	296
GENERAL JULIAN H. G. BYNG	298
THE KAISER TAKES COFFEE WITH PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA AND GEN- ERAL VON HEERINGEN ON THE TERRACE OF A FRENCH CHÂTEAU	299
MARSHAL FERDINAND FOCH	300
FRENCH REFUGEE CHILDREN AT SCHOOL	301
AMERICAN ARTILLERY PASSING THROUGH FRANCE	303
A REGIMENT OF THE A. E. F. AWAITING THE WORD TO ENTRAIN FOR THE FRONT IN FRANCE	305
REMAINS OF A FRENCH VILLAGE IN THE GREAT GERMAN DRIVE OF 1918	308

ILLUSTRATIONS

13

	PAGE
RUINS OF A FRENCH CASTLE ON THE AISNE	309
AMERICAN ARTILLERY GOING TO THE FRONT	310
AMERICAN ARTILLERY AND CAVALRY ESCORT	312
RUINS OF THE CHURCH OF ST. GERVAIS	313
A THIRD LIBERTY LOAN POSTER	315
COUNT CZERNIN	316
COMRADES IN ARMS UNDER MANY BANNERS — A Y.M.C.A. FOYER DU SOLDAT <i>Full Page</i>	317
COUNT VON HERTLING	319
RUINS IN ARRAS, FRANCE	321
A NAVAL GUN AT MESSINES RIDGE	322
TELEPHONE POST OF AN ENGLISH BATTERY	324
A DISGUISED AMERICAN BATTERY	325
THE FIRST LIBERTY PLANE READY FOR FLIGHT	327
A Y.M.C.A. HEADQUARTERS REST ROOM IN FRANCE	329
AMERICAN REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS NEAR BELLEAU WOOD <i>Drawn by Capt. J. A. Smith</i>	331
A ROLL CALL AFTER THE BATTLE IN BELLEAU WOOD <i>Drawn by Capt. J. A. Smith</i>	332
A BRIDGE AT DORMANS <i>Drawn by Capt. J. A. Smith</i>	333
PRESIDENT POINCARÉ VISITS THE RUINS OF CHÂTEAU THIERRY	335
CHÂTEAU THIERRY IN PANORAMA	335
WHAT WAS LEFT OF CHÂTEAU THIERRY	337
BRIDGE OVER THE MARNE DESTROYED BY THE FRENCH AT CHÂTEAU THIERRY	340
SOISSONS — SHOWING THE FAMOUS CATHEDRAL AND COLLEGE BEHIND IT	341
CAMOUFLAGED AMERICAN AMBULANCES IN THE MEUSE-ARGONNE	343
AMERICAN TROOPS PASSING THROUGH SOISSONS	345
A STRONGLY FORTIFIED GERMAN TRENCH	348
SOISSONS AFTER THE BATTLE	349
CAPTURED GERMAN SMALL ARMS AND MACHINE GUNS AT VILLERS COTTERS, 1918	351
GERMAN GUNS CAPTURED BY THE 4TH DIVISION, A.E.F. IN THE ARGONNE <i>Full Page</i>	353
AMERICAN LINES OF COMMUNICATION IN THE ARGONNE	355
AMERICAN TROOPS IN THE ARGONNE	356
GENERAL VON LUDENDORFF	357
GENERALS PERSHING AND CHARLES P. SUMMERALL ON THE EVE OF THE ST. MIHEL OFFENSIVE.	359
"CATERPILLARS" RETURNING TO THEIR BASE AFTER THE STORMING OF JURIGNY	361
"THE TANKS ARE COMING!"	363
A. E. F. INFANTRY OF THE 27TH DIVISION BEHIND A TANK ON THE SOMME.	364
CARRYING TELEPHONE WIRE THROUGH AMERICAN TRENCHES NEAR SOIS- SONS	366
BOUND FOR THE HINDENBURG LINE!	369
A MILITARY ROAD IN FRANCE AFTER A DELUGE	370
DRAINING A BRITISH MILITARY ROAD ON THE WESTERN FRONT	371

	PAGE
AMERICANS REMOVING GERMAN WIRE FROM AN ARGONNE ROAD . . .	372
INTERIOR OF A RAILWAY MILITARY CAR ON THE WESTERN FRONT . .	374
A RED CROSS WORKER SPREADING CHEER IN A MILITARY HOSPITAL . .	376
A RED CROSS AMBULANCE FLEET IN FRANCE	377
TOBACCO FOR THE WOUNDED	379
GASSED SOLDIERS AT A FIRST AID STATION	381
THE "FINISH" OF THREE TANKS ON THE YPRES-POELCAPPELLE ROAD .	382
A FLEET OF AMERICAN RED CROSS AMBULANCES ON DRESS PARADE .	
	<i>Full Page</i> 383
PLACING AMERICAN WOUNDED ON A HOSPITAL TRAIN	386
THE FAMOUS HILL NO. 230 IN THE ARDENNES	387
FISMES ON THE RIVER VESLE	389
CIERGES AND HILL NO. 230	<i>Drawn by Peixotto</i> 391
AN IMPROVISED CAMP OF THE 109TH AMERICAN INFANTRY	393
A RUINED VILLAGE ON THE MEUSE	396
AN AMERICAN MILITARY SUPPLY TRAIN—PARKED	399
A. E. F. ADVANCING ON CANTIGNY, MAY, 1918	400
AMERICAN DOUGHBOYS RESTING ON THE MARNE	401
DAVID LLOYD GEORGE AND SIR EDWARD GREY	404
AN AMERICAN-MANNED TANK GOING OVER THE TOP IN THE ST. MIHIEL DRIVE	405
ST. MIHIEL	406
ST. MIHIEL, SHOWING THE ACCURACY OF AMERICAN AIRMEN IN DIRECTING GUNFIRE	407
AMERICAN INFANTRY RESTING ON THE BATTLEFIELD IN THE ST. MIHIEL SALIENT	409
U-BOAT 58—FIRST U. S. NAVY'S CAPTURE, BY DESTROYERS "FANNING" AND "NICHOLSON"	411
A SALVATION ARMY LASSIE AT THE FRONT	413
A CAPTURED U-BOAT BEING TAKEN TO PORT BY AN AMERICAN CREW .	414
A CAPTURED U-BOAT IN NEW YORK HARBOR	415
A MOBILE HOSPITAL ON THE WESTERN FRONT	417
SALVATION ARMY CANTEEN LASSIES WERE THUS EMPLOYED IN FRANCE .	419
A BAVARIAN PRISONER OF WAR	421
CANADIAN MOVING FORWARD TO THE CAMBRAI ATTACK	422
GERMAN ARTILLERY CAPTURED BY THE CANADIANS NEAR ARRAS . .	423
MARSHAL FOCH, SIR DOUGLAS HAIG, GENERAL PERSHING, GENERAL PETAIN SOME OF UNCLE SAM'S "CARDS" TO THE KAISER	<i>Full Page</i> 426
U. S. NAVAL RAILWAY BATTERY IN FRANCE	429
COLONEL EDWARD M. HOUSE	431
CHAUMONT, FRANCE, WHERE THE ALLIED COMMANDERS, WITH GENERAL PERSHING, CONFERRED ON THE GREAT 1918 FALL OFFENSIVE . . .	433
VIEW OF THE GERMAN TRENCHES ASSAULTED BY THE 26TH DIVISION, A. E. F., NEAR BOIS DE ÉPARGES, SEPTEMBER 10, 1918	434
MEN OF THE 80TH DIVISION, A. E. F., FOREGATHER AT THE MONTFAUCON Y. M. C. A.	436
U. S. ATLANTIC FLEET IN FORMATION	<i>Full Page</i> 439
VIEW OF VERDUN AND THE MEUSE RIVER	441

ILLUSTRATIONS

15

[PAGE

GENERAL PERSHING, PRESIDENT POINCARÉ AND FRENCH MINISTER OF WAR PAUL PAINLEVÉ REVIEWING TROOPS	442
THE VAN OF THE A. E. F. MARCHING TO BATTLE	443
ALLIED CAVALRY SKIRTING A SHELL-CRATER, EN ROUTE TO THE FRONT.	444
SHELL-TORN SECTION OF MONTFAUCON	445
RUINS OF MONTFAUCON	447
NO MAN'S LAND, NEAR MONTSEC, FROM WHICH THE GERMANS WERE DRIVEN BY THE A. E. F. SEPTEMBER 12, 1918	449
VARENNES, ONE OF THE FIRST TOWNS CAPTURED BY THE AMERICANS IN THE ARGONNE DRIVE	451
MONTFAUCON — RUINS OF THE CHURCH AND THE PUBLIC SQUARE	452
GERMAN PRISONERS TAKEN BY THE CANADIANS IN FRONT OF CAMBRAI	455
PRISONERS CAPTURED BY THE CANADIANS IN A NIGHT RAID	456
A 15-INCH GUN ABANDONED BY THE GERMANS IN THEIR RETREAT FROM VERDUN. <i>Full Page</i>	457
THE FAMOUS CANAL DU NORD, WHICH THE CANADIANS STORMED	459
IN THE CHÂTEAU AT THE LEFT WAS FOUND BY AN OFFICER OF THE 37TH AMERICAN DIVISION A FINE TELESCOPE USED BY THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE DURING THE VERDUN OPERATIONS	460
SCOTCH-CANADIANS MOVING UP TO THE ATTACK ON CAMBRAI.	461
CANADIAN "LADIES FROM HELL" EXAMINING AN ABANDONED GERMAN MACHINE-GUN NEST NEAR THE CANAL DU NORD	463
HOWITZER FIRING AT MESSINES RIDGE	465
CANADIAN VANGUARD ENTERING CAMBRAI	467
ARMISTICE DAY DEMONSTRATION AT BROAD AND WALL STREETS, NEW YORK <i>Full Page</i>	469
"THE LOST BATTALION" AND MAJOR CHARLES WHITTLESLEY, NEAR APREMONT, ARGONNE FOREST, OCTOBER 29, 1918	472
HOW NEW YORK CELEBRATED THE SIGNING OF THE ARMISTICE	473
A FIFTH AVENUE SCENE ON ARMISTICE DAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1918, IN NEW YORK <i>Full Page</i>	475
SIXTEENTH INFANTRY, 1ST DIVISION, A. E. F., MARCHING INTO BANTHE- VILLE, NOVEMBER 12, 1918	477
BULGARIAN RESERVES LEAVING FOR THE FRONT	479
AN IMPROVISED AMERICAN RED CROSS CANTEEN	480
"DEAD MAN TRENCH" NEAR THE MEUSE	481
DOUGHNUTS WERE EVER READY IN THE SALVATION ARMY HUTS	482
A SALVATION ARMY WORKER ROLLING DOUGHNUTS FOR THE DOUGHBOYS IN FRANCE	484
STREET IN FLEEVILLE, OCCUPIED BY THE A. E. F. ON OCTOBER 5, 1918	487
AMERICAN DOUGHBOYS RETURNING HOME ON THE S.S. "AGAMEMNON"	489
THE STRASSBURG MONUMENT, IN PARIS — OUT OF MOURNING	491
PREMIERS ORLANDO, LLOYD GEORGE, CLEMENCEAU AND PRESIDENT WIL- SON, AT VERSAILLES	493
SHOWING PRESIDENT AND MRS. WILSON AS GUESTS OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF BELGIUM AMID THE RUINS OF LOUVAIN	494
A GERMAN HANOVER BROUGHT DOWN BY AMERICAN "ACES" RICKEN- BACKER AND CHAMBERS, KILLING THE OBERVER AND WOUNDING THE PILOT	495
PRESIDENTS WILSON AND POINCARÉ ARE HAILED IN PARIS	497

	PAGE
HOTEL CRILLON — HEADQUARTERS OF PRESIDENT WILSON AND THE AMERICAN DELEGATES DURING THE PEACE CONFERENCE	498
PRESIDENT AND MRS. WILSON ARRIVING AT BREST FOR THE PEACE CONFERENCE	499
THE GERMAN EMPIRE BEFORE THE WAR — WHAT IS LEFT OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE <i>Maps</i>	500
ALLIED GENERALS OF THE INTERNATIONAL ARMISTICE COMMISSION	503
"VON HINDENBURG," THE FIRST AMERICAN HORSE TO DRINK FROM THE RHINE, AT BOPPARD, GERMANY, DECEMBER 10, 1918	504
WOODROW WILSON, IN 1918	505
FIUME	506
TRIESTE	507
ANDRÉ TARDIEU	509
VITTORIO ORLANDO	510
THE TRIANON PALACE	511
THE PEACE CONFERENCE IN SESSION, IN THE HALL OF MIRRORS, PALACE OF VERSAILLES	513
DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, VITTORIO ORLANDO, GEORGES CLEMENCEAU AND WOODROW WILSON AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE	517
THE ALLIED SUPREME COUNCIL AT THE GENEVA CONFERENCE	519
SIR ROBERT CECIL	520
ROBERT LANSING	522
LEON BOURGEOIS	524
AMERICAN COMMISSIONERS TO THE VERSAILLES PEACE CONFERENCE	527
RAYMOND POINCARÉ	529
FOCH AND PERSHING	532
WILLIAM M. BULLITT	534
COUNT BROCKDORFF-RANTZAU	535
A FRENCH CELEBRATION OF VICTORY — THE CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES, PARIS, JULY 14, 1919 <i>Full Page</i>	537
VIEW OF THE FIRST LEAGUE OF NATIONS MEETING AT GENEVA, SWITZERLAND	541
PRESIDENT HARDING AND HIS CABINET	545
JAMES M. COX	546
CHARLES E. HUGHES	547
THE CONFERENCE ON THE LIMITATION OF ARMAMENTS, AT WASHINGTON, NOVEMBER, 1921	548
CALVIN COOLIDGE	553
MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA	555
ALLIED PRIME MINISTERS CONFERRING AT 10 DOWNING STREET, LONDON, ON GERMAN REPARATIONS	557
SIGNING THE LOCARNO PEACE PACT <i>Full Page</i>	561
THOMAS MAZARYK	563
THE ALLIED REPARATIONS COMMISSION IN SESSION	565
THE CATHEDRAL OF RHEIMS, RESTORED	567
JAN SMUTS	569
AMERICAN SECTION OF THE PANTHEON DE LA GUERRE	571
BRITISH SECTION OF THE PANTHEON DE LA GUERRE	573
CHARLES LINDBERGH AND HIS MOTHER, ON THE EVE OF HIS EPOCHAL FLIGHT FROM NEW YORK TO PARIS	574
CHARLES LINDBERGH AND HIS FAMOUS "SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS"	575

THE AMERICAN CRUSADE—II

THE AMERICAN CRUSADE—II

THE AGE OF DEMOCRACY

CHAPTER I

I BEGIN AT THE END

WELL, it's all over! As I lie propped up in my bed here in Paris, putting down these very words, the guns of the outlying forts are shouting in the distance and the sirens that have been letting people know of late that another air raid was on are tearing out their throats to announce and celebrate the news that the Armistice has been signed.

So all along the sodden line from the Vosges to the sea—over the watchful hills in front of Mulhouse, up by St. Mihiel, where we first went in, sweeping



MARSHALS FOCH AND JOFFRE RIDING THROUGH PARIS
AT THE FEAST OF THE ARMISTICE

past the wilderness where Verdun still stands unconquered with her many scars, along the Meuse and past the Argonne, where America made her thrust in the final grand assault, out across the barren wastes where the British and the French, called to war from their pursuits of peace, have been at grips with the hideous invader for four bitter, weary years, up through stricken Belgium, beaten and brave, and so to the English Channel, which has become little better than a castle moat — on front and field the firing has ceased.

Suddenly, through the lifting of a hand and the turn of a wrist, at the changing complexion of a thought, death has ceased to stalk across the gaunt and ruined land and men may once more look upon their fellowmen unafraid and without hatred. A sigh, a sob of relief and release, escapes from



A SCENE OF RUIN AND DESOLATION IN THE WAKE OF THE GERMANS



"OLD NASSAU" HALL, PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

the strained and tired world, and the rejoicing of the people comes in a far-off murmur, like distant surf, through the windows of my room.

I am trying to picture the scene along that far-flung battle line when the firing ceased. The last shots; the sudden hush, deep as eternity; the shock of the abrupt and vacant and reverberating silence; then a whisper of voices, like the spirit of reviving man, gathering, as a cresting wave lifts up and curls and breaks, into a treble cheer; and men rising from their dugouts and ditches to look incredulously about them.

It was, perhaps, the most stupendously dramatic moment in human history and one which, if the human spirit is wise and willing, will never come again. I would have foregone the precious weeks of peace and comfort and security I have experienced here with Uncle Sam and Princess Pat and Mildred Birmingham to have been there. But a certain German shell, tracing its arc of destiny across the autumn sky in the Argonne four weeks ago, decreed otherwise.

They pulled me out of the soft-lipped shell-hole which it created when they got around to it — feet first, I am told; I remember nothing after the deafening noise and the upheaval of the earth as the shell let go — and packed me off, by stages, to a base hospital, where I presently awoke, a bit mashed and flighty, in the arms, so to speak, of Peggy Birmingham, who was nursing there. In due time Sam Stevens came and fetched me home to Patricia, who tucked me away in a little back room of their flat in Paris, overlooking a quaint, tiny garden with an iron seat in it, and a chilly cherub waiting for some one to build a fountain for him to catch fish in, and proceeded to invite me back to life and the pursuit of happiness, but hardly liberty, I am afraid, by putting her niece, Mildred Birmingham, in charge of me; Mildred herself having just arrived from London for rest and refuge.

And here I am now, propped up in bed, beginning, with Mildred's help, to write a book about it all, as it seemed to one of the millions of young Americans who were caught up by the hurricane of war and hurled into the great crusade.

Sam Stevens, discovering me propped up in bed, just now when he came home to join us in the news, was in a humor to amuse himself and the others, including me, over my precipitate recovery at this precise juncture of the war, when all fighting is safely over; and he is more than half right. I will not say that I have been stretching my legs deliberately in delicious convalescent security and ease while others fought; but, on the other hand, I have not been peevish and impatient to get back into it again. War has no charms for me. I am, I shall have to admit, a hero of another mold, preferring the detached difficulties and quiet opportunities of peace to the glory of the trenches and the high romance of being strangled *en masse* by poison gas or drilled through with bullets or blown up with shells.

Of course, if we had still been in the midst of it, with the decision in doubt, and they had needed every man. . . . But even when I left the slackening resistance to our pressure and the spirit of the men that came in as prisoners, many of them deliberate deserters, showed that their morale was broken and that a few more pushes against the German Juggernaut were bound to bring it tumbling down about the ears of those who had reared it up.

It has been a long, hard pull, but it could not have ended otherwise. What will come of it? Will war be in fact abolished and the world "made safe for democracy"? Or will the high emotion of the last efforts subside and drain off, leaving the dregs of wrath and fear and selfishness and bitterness from which other wars shall brew? We shall see. Further wars seem incredible and impossible; but so did this one. A great opportunity, and a crushing responsibility, confront our President.

Billy Florida is at the bottom of my putting down this



GERMAN PRISONERS OF WAR BEHIND THE AMERICAN LINES

personal narrative of an American soldier in the World War. "Why don't you write it up, Ken?" he said to me when he was in to see me the other day. We had been talking over our experiences; mine, in particular.

"Good Lord!" I said. "There has been enough written about it."

"I know. But you've got things pretty straight." I could n't see that I had, but Billy was convinced, and passed over that. "Besides," he went on, "you have had a chance to see the inside of things and have got a line on Wilson that not many have. You saw the thing growing under our feet." He expanded that point.

Then Mildred Birmingham chimed in. "I'll help you," she said. She had taken up stenography in London to help in war work. So here I am, pencil in hand and pad on knee, writing half a sentence to get a good start on it, and letting Mildred finish it for me.

If Billy Florida would write his own story it would be something worth while. But he won't, and probably could not for the things Billy has done and knows about in his work in the Intelligence Department had best, perhaps, not be told during the present generation. No doubt many of them go too deep. I can only guess at that. Billy has confided none of his secrets to me, despite our long friendship and complete intimacy.

He is the same old Billy, and always will be. The first time I saw him, in his yard in Princeton fifteen years ago, is as clear in my memory as the last time, when he walked into this room, day before yesterday.

My father was a practicing attorney in the quiet, quaint old university town, where I was born in 1891. Why he chose Princeton as a place of residence and a scene for a career I do not know. It certainly did not give full scope to his ability in the law and his brilliant mind. I have

sometimes thought that he went there, after his graduation from Harvard and his marriage, to avoid a career. He was a studious, scholarly man, preferring to read and meditate in quietude and ease rather than to engage in the brusque "give and take" and of the busy lawyer's life; independent means sufficient for especially at first, have for a living.

When my memory about covers his income did unfold, in spite of inheritance. We had fortably and decently, but undue indulgence. Father simple, like his own — until, got old enough to take him in

begins, "support" just from his practice, which him; and his original enough to live on com- without flourish or kept our wants at last, Evelyn hand. A



SCENE IN THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS, ON THE SIGNING OF THE ARMISTICE

good, homelike house, plain food well cooked, plenty of books, a few friends, and a little travel now and then, when some productive case was brought to a conclusion or a new estate came into the office, comprised the pleasant round of his existence, and we basked in the benign glow of his contentment.

Our mother, I think, would have enjoyed earlier in life some of those flourishes and seasonings which it remained for Evelyn to introduce into the family career. She had a social urge, in a mild way, and I have come to suspect that in their early married life there were some rather trying times between them on this and other scores — trying, at least, to my mother. No doubt father rode them easily enough, if, indeed, he was aware of them. He was a serene and imperturbable man in his personal affairs; although anything involving principle, or intellectual deductions or opinion, philosophy or theory, found him aroused from head to heel and standing by his guns to the last.

All this is inference, drawn from cumulative impressions of our home life and seen in the light let in upon it by the changes Evelyn wrought. If mother had recurring moments of reluctance or regret as the years wore on she gave no sign of them that a son could see, and I do not think she had them. Father possessed a rare charm of nature and a depth of character which must in the end have proved a high compensation to as fine a woman as my mother, for any lesser qualities which she might have missed.

In any case, when I began to know her she was consecrated to her home and husband with a placid mellowness and affectionate solicitude which, if they did come from a self-abnegation required of her by my father's tastes in life, proved a blessing to her as well as to us. We all, I am beginning to perceive, pass through refining experiences, and it is no reflection upon us if such processes are necessary for

our richer development. In the case of my mother experience happened to take the form I have mentioned, and I am sure she was happier and better for it than she would have been if the inclinations of her early life could have been followed to their vain conclusions.

It was a happy time. There were three of us: Hugh, a couple of years younger than myself, and our sister Evelyn, two years younger than Hugh. Mother took over the details of our bringing up. Discipline was rigid and definite, but gentle, and always just. She understood with rare judgment where to draw the line between freedom and license, and knew how to draw it effectively. We had complete liberty of action up to a certain point, and then none at all. The point was always well taken, and we knew it.



MARSHAL FERDINAND FOCH

Father, perhaps, had a deeper influence upon all of us. He had a quick insight into our several natures, and a lively imagination which enabled him to enter into our concerns and interests delightfully.

When we believed ourselves farthest from his thoughts, he would suddenly enter into our experience with a vivid flash of understanding and sympathy which was golden.

As years rolled by he and I became particularly companionable. I had a natural interest in many of the things that most interested him, and felt a freedom with him which established a most responsive contact between us.

He would talk to me amazingly about matters of history and statecraft and sociology and economics, and I, as likely as not, would as amazingly dispute with him upon the rightness of his views; which no doubt was very amusing to him, and I know was very educational to me, for he always put me to it to defend my stand. You can imagine with what results these attempts were usually attended, in one so callow and uninformed as I.

This companionship at an impressionable period with a man of his bent early directed my thoughts and ambitions along the line of a public career, the more especially as nothing in my life for many years suggested the thought of money-making as an end of existence, as it was with so many Americans growing up at that time. I read a great deal of history, and followed with particular attention the political and social history of our own country, in which

father was enormously well versed.

My father was a Gold Democrat. One of my first recollections is of his deep indignation with William Jennings Bryan over his free silver campaign of 1896. A little fellow of five, I was positively frightened by his actual raillery at the silver-tongued orator of the Platte. He went far and wide that year mak-



COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT, IN CUBA



THE U.S.S. "MAINE" IN HAVANA HARBOR, TWO DAYS BEFORE SHE WAS SUNK

ing speeches against the pernicious doctrine of "16 to 1" and the standard bearer who proposed it. The election of a Republican, and especially of a Republican who, my father believed, was tarred with the stick of high finance and selfish business, in the hands of Mark Hanna, was a bitter pill to swallow, and I believe that he voted for Bryan in the end. But I am equally sure that he would not have done so had there been any fear in his mind that Bryan would be elected.

The Spanish War, coming two years later, was another great topic of talk in our home. Father heartily disapproved of it. He believed, with many others, before and since, that it was a needless war, and that it was undertaken purely for political purposes, in order to distract the attention of the country from growing dissatisfactions over the conduct of affairs by the party in power. We were then on the brink of the outbreak against "big business," and all its affiliations, political, financial and industrial, which came to a climax in President Roosevelt's administration, and which the Republican leaders wished to delay, if they could not avert it.

Father was one of the first to hint that the *Maine* might have been blown up through some other agency than Spanish, and for some ulterior motive. Of course at the time I was much too young to form any valid opinion upon the subject, but I do remember that I indignantly repudi-



COMMODORE, LATER ADMIRAL, GEORGE DEWEY

ated such a suggestion, and would have quarreled with him over it, had he been inclined to take up the issue with a seven year old son.

I was very indignant when he belittled the achievement of Commodore Dewey at Manila on the first of May. He laughed at the idea of the Spanish fleet being any match for the American — in which I agreed with him. But his view was that the Spanish fleet was so incapacitated and

rotted out by the general rottenness of Spain that it would be no match for anything, whereas I felt, as any young American would be expected to feel, that no fleet of any nation could by any distortion of prejudice be held to be any match for an American fleet.

He had much to say about the way the war was being conducted by the Government, which I find it very interesting now to contrast with criticisms of our conduct of the present war, much to the advantage of the latter. The "Embalmed Beef" scandal, and other things involving Secretary of War Russell Alger; the muddling of our mobilization; defective transport; the inchoate excursion into Cuba under General Shafter, redeemed at last by only American audacity and resourcefulness, with a sauce of luck, all came in for caustic comment.

On the question of Colonel Roosevelt and his Rough Riders my father and I split poles asunder. My father never had a fair judgment of Roosevelt, I feel. At this time he accused him of "mock-heroics," while to me, at that time,



WHERE THE DRIVE OF THE 307TH REGIMENT OF INFANTRY STARTED
IN THE ARGONNE

the man was an out-and-out, clear-cut hero. His organization of the Rough Riders and his charge with them up San Juan Hill appealed strongly to my imagination, and still do, although military experts have since held a different view of them.

The question of Imperialism was one which stirred my father deeply. He believed we had committed a breach against our own traditions and against the principle of righteousness and freedom in our dealings with Aguinaldo; a theory pretty widely shared then and since by many who, perhaps, were not as familiar with the exigencies of the situation as those were who were responsible. He wanted to see the Democrats make a campaign on the issue of anti-imperialism.

His amusement and satisfaction was a treat to see when Platt succeeded in putting Teddy on the political shelf, as they thought they had done when they nominated him for the Vice-Presidency in 1900. I think Roosevelt's election to that office compensated him as nearly as anything could for the Republican victory of that year, when McKinley was re-elected; and shock and grief over McKinley's assassination were made more poignant by the fact that it placed Roosevelt in office.

Woodrow Wilson was president of Princeton while we lived there. He and father formed a rather close acquaintanceship. President Wilson used to come to the house to refresh himself with talks with father. They were fundamentally in agreement, with just enough differences in detail to make their talk racy. I was often permitted to sit with them and listen, and now and then I used to express myself. They must have been amused at me, but they both took it with a surface seriousness which touches me now, as I recall it. I thought Wilson a very great man.



THE CAR IN WHICH THE ARMISTICE WAS SIGNED, NEAR COMPIÈGNE, FRANCE, NOVEMBER 11, 1918

One of the weirdest of the many tricks this war has played in the lives of people is that it should have made a soldier of me, and a pretty good one. I was the least combative of the boys in our vicinity, always contriving to avoid the fights and squabbles characteristic of boys, but without loss of honor among them, or of my own self-respect. I rarely found myself in a situation which seemed to me to demand personal conflict, and when I did, I usually hit upon some way out which was satisfactory to all concerned. I early learned this: that if you are right you usually can, if you will, win out without trying to use personal force; and if you find you are wrong, the best possible way to do is to get right, which sweeps away all cause of conflict.

I was only fair in school. In those subjects toward which I had a natural inclination — history, geography, “English” — father at home was so much more interesting than the



A. E. F. FIELD ARTILLERY IN THE ARGONNE-MEUSE OFFENSIVE



PRESIDENT'S HOUSE AT PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

teacher in the class room, and so much better informed, that I am afraid I did not have much respect for the young women into whose hands I successively fell; while toward other subjects all the teachers that I had were too lacking in their own imaginations to awaken mine.

I recall one experience I had with a teacher in the Fifth Grade. She was holding forth one afternoon in a glorification of American arms in the war of 1812, as the custom is in our schools, when I stopped her to point out that we were "licked" in every fight on land of the entire war, excepting Jackson's victory at New Orleans, which was achieved, with the help of some local pirates, two weeks after peace had been declared; that the enemy actually burned our capital; that certain sections of the country were in effective revolt against the war, and would contribute nothing to it, either in men, money or effort; that our naval victories, while spectacular and inspiring to a young nation, did not even so much as scratch the surface of

England's sea power, and were entirely without practical effects upon the war, with the exception of Perry's victory on Lake Erie; and that we made peace without gaining even one of the points for which we had gone to war. Father had been talking about it the night before, having learned what my history lesson was for the day, and I was full of it. This was the rankest treason, of course. I shall never forget how some of my schoolmates — all those who were listening — gazed at me in awe. The teacher reported me to my father — with what consequences to herself can be



REVIEW OF ALLIED TROOPS IN THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE IN CELEBRATION
OF VICTORY

imagined — and gave me a very low mark in history for the month.

This was not the only time when my failure to entertain a proper animus toward England brought me into collision with my fellow-Americans. For my part, I was not, and never have been, able to see why our people should continue to nourish a grudge against our mother-country because at one time a German king sitting upon her throne tried, against a constantly growing popular sentiment which finally defeated him more than our activities in the field did, to accomplish much the same thing in a small way that Germany herself has just failed to accomplish in a larger. But that is a topic which later on will fit better into the pattern of my story.

CHAPTER II

BILLY FLORIDA

BILLY FLORIDA lived around the corner from us in a crazy little cottage set on the ground. It was one of those premises every town has, which catches floating, ne'er-do-well families in their drift through life, and always comes out the worse for each experience.

The Floridas moved in when I was ten or eleven — perhaps older. I don't know to this day what the father did; probably because he did nothing. He came and went; no one paid much attention to him. I rather think, from signs I have since identified, that he drank. Finally he did not come back, which no doubt was a great relief to all of them. It resulted, at least, in their remaining in their little house up the side street, which began in due time to take on signs of respectability.

Billy's mother was a poor, washed-out, tired little thing with a sweet face, a hopeless sort of a smile, and a desire to rest. She was always sliding into the nearest chair, or onto



THEODORE ROOSEVELT, WHEN FIRST
ELECTED PRESIDENT

the closest door-step, and sitting with her hands turned up in her lap. She used to keep saying to Billy: "Now, Billy! Now, Billy!" when he was tearing around, as he usually was, and considered that, apparently, a full discharge of her maternal obligations. Merely because she was tired.

There was an aunt, Florida's sister. I know now that she must have been the source of what funds the family

had, which were slight enough. She kept things running; more, I have always thought, out of a sense of reparation to the victims of her brother's shiftlessness than out of any warmth of spirit. But she loved Billy, and had a restraint over him. Hers was the only strength which he saw about him, and he built on it.

Billy was a wild one. Neighbors thought him devilish and wicked. I knew better, young as I



GIFFORD PINCHOT

was. I had a sense that he was a good boy at heart. I understand him now, of course, in retrospect, better than I could then; and I can see that the very outbreaks which brought him into greatest disrepute came from exactly those fine qualities which we all admire and seem to be afraid of. Life to him was a continuous adventure, and he approached it from every angle in a fine spirit of experiment. Not merely out of curiosity, but out of a strong desire, born of a towering honesty, to see what it was all about, to learn what it meant.

Billy's was the most honest thought I have ever met with. It was the sort of thought, applied to life, which the true scientist applies to his science. He took nothing for granted. He sounded everything that came claiming his acceptance. He had no respect for anything or anybody unless their authority stood the test of being so. I think his home life helped him in this fine attitude, because there was no one there to build up traditions and conventions in his life. His aunt had none; I fancy she was very like him in her mental attitudes.

With it all went a fairly fierce unconsciousness of self. It would be more accurate to say that what I have described sprang from this unconsciousness. Such independence and fearlessness come only from perfect humility; the humility that is always an accompaniment of true greatness. He feared neither man, devil, nor the popular concept of God. He feared only not finding out what was so.

It was this fearless honesty of thought and action which made Billy such a great success afterward in the remarkable work he did ferreting out the evil workings of the German mind, before we went into the war, and while we were in it. That may seem strange to those who believe in the old adage: "Set a thief to catch a thief." But nothing uncovers dishonesty so quickly and so mercilessly as perfect honesty. It does this by divination, much better, much more thoroughly, than the trickster can out of his own practical experience in trickery.

I shall never forget my introduction to Billy. I had a dog; no particular kind of a dog, but a sort of canine melting pot. Father named him "Dandelion" for me, because he was yellow, and we found him in the back yard one spring morning. He grew leonine in aspect as the months rolled around; whether in response to the suggestion in his name, or whether because of some antecedent in the dog world I

shall leave to others to determine, if they care to. I called him "Dandy" for short, and he was dandy — intelligent, alert, responsive, appreciative, affectionate.

One day, shortly after the new family had moved into the tumble-down cottage, I missed Dandy. He had been gone all night. I went out to look for him, full of distress. Hugh was with me, to learn the worst as soon as I might learn it. We found Dandy playing in the front yard of the cottage with a ragged boy. Dandy was tugging at a stick which the boy knew how to pull on just enough. Dandy cocked an eye at me, wagged his tail, and kept on tugging. Hugh and I stood at the gate. We both called the dog.

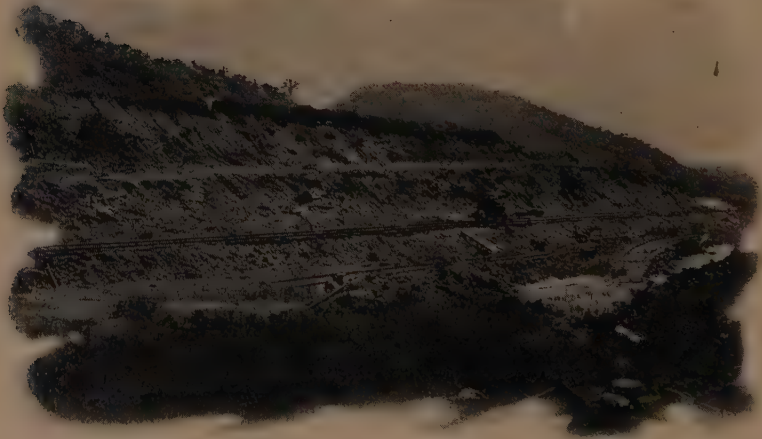
"This your dog?" asked the boy.

I told him that it was.

"He's a pretty good dog," he observed. "Where did you get him?"

"He came to us," I said. I called him again, which set Dandy off into a prodigious tugging at the stick. The boy kept on with his share of the game.

"Now, Billy, let the little boy have his dog," said his



VIEW OF THE CULEBRA CUT EXCAVATION, HALF FINISHED



CULEBRA CUT, PANAMA CANAL, IN 1926

mother. She was sitting on the low front steps, knees apart, with her long, thin arms stretched out between them, palms up.

"I'm letting him," said Billy Florida, snatching the stick from Dandy and giving it a fling, for Dandy to run after; which he did, with a glance or two at me as he brought it back.

"Now, Billy! Now, Billy!" said his mother.

His father came out and walked away without a word to anyone. I watched him with the awe of mystery.

Billy sat down in the grass, which needed cutting. Dandy, his chin on Billy's thigh, teased to go on with the sport. "Anything to do around here?" Billy inquired.

There was: woods, a little stream not far away, the Millstone River not much farther. Open fields.

"Many fellows?" Billy asked.

We told him there were plenty of boys.

"Let's have a game of ball," he proposed. "First Innings."

"Now, Billy," cautioned Mrs. Florida, and let it go at that.

Half an hour later Billy Florida was running our ball game for us, with Dandy as shagger; a rather disturbing function for the rest of us, because he would return the ball to no one but Billy Florida, which did not work out advantageously when Billy was batter — as he was most of the time because of his prowess in hitting.

From that time on I shared Dandy with Billy Florida, and was glad to do it. I think our friendship was cemented by our mutual dog.

Billy served me the same way with my "girl." Her name was Sadie Lockhart. Her father was engineer at the water works. She was an audacious little thing, straight as an arrow, with yellow hair, and loved an escapade. A strange mixture of sobriety and merriment; a baffling little minx. She played with us boys from preference. I was desperately devoted to her, and at odd times she gave me great reward by recognizing the man in me and demurely accepting my devotions for what I intended them to be.

Billy Florida did n't pay the slightest attention to her from the first, which was perfectly fatal, to her, and to me. She hunted him with all the fierceness which a girl of spirit could consistently display. She sought his favor with a subtlety and finesse which were only too obvious to the despairing rival. Billy maintained his indifference, excepting at rare intervals when it would suit his fancy to take a sojourn in femininity, and the rest of us would not see them for days, excepting in her back yard, or his, or walking up and down the streets. Such times I would solace myself with Billy's sister, Nancy, who was growing more and more like her mother, and was possessed of a complacent, receptive stupidity which my hungry imagination was able to conjure into a reservoir of character. Then, when Billy tired of The Woman, she would recoil back to me.

It is a strange thing that these depredations upon my peace of mind and happiness in the most savage field of a man's experience never shook, or lessened or embittered, my growing friendship for Billy Florida. I think it was his unconsciousness that took the sting out. He took everything so much as a matter of course that it never could occur to him that running off with my girl was a matter for comment or sensitiveness between us. Especially in view of the fact, perhaps, that she ran off with him. He had no sense of having injured me — because he had n't done so — so I could have no sense of having been injured.



CHAMP CLARK

Everybody liked Billy, whether they approved of him or not. His forthright honesty and frankness were refreshing and appealing. What a rare thing it would be if we could all go through life without being afraid of being right! My father enjoyed him immensely, and gave him a great deal of attention, from which Billy profited. It was a delight to see that young chap, with his freckled face and steady eyes, all a-light, meeting my father as man to man across his study table — I often took Billy in there — or on the edge of some game going on in our yard. My mother, wise woman that

she had become, overlooked the ramshackle cottage, and the side street, and the dirty hands, and the untutored manners; on the theory, no doubt, that it is best to keep close to the undesirable friends of your offspring which you cannot eliminate.

Billy never entered into an argument. When he got into a discussion he listened to what the other had to say, to see whether it was so. If it was, he was glad to be set right, and said so. If it did n't seem to him to be so, he said what he thought was so, and that ended it, so far as he was concerned. He could n't grasp the mentality that preferred its own opinion to what was really so, or that wanted to force its own opinion on others, merely because the opinion was its own.

I happen to remember an instance of this characteristic. It transpired sometime in the Presidential campaign of 1904, when Roosevelt was running for reelection against Judge Alton B. Parker, that old-school Democrat whom no one had heard of up to that time, excepting those who knew he was "safe and sane," and got him nominated.

I was thirteen, and just finishing grammar school. Billy Florida had gone to work on one of the papers, as copy boy. Once in a while he got the city editor to let him cover a story, or write one that came into the office. He was then seventeen. I had him home with me often. His hands were washed, his freckles not quite so brilliant, the cottage around the corner was more spruced up, and his manners were such a matter-of-course expression of himself that they were not offensive, even to mother.

Sadie had faded from his thoughts; he had been finding things out with other girls since those days. She was in school with me. I still clung by habit to the old attachment, and our sentimental experience had many brief revivals; but I think I was already beginning to leave her out of the struc-

ture of my future. I had quite definitely decided to prepare myself for a diplomatic career, which I realized would begin, probably, in some obscure South American or foreign consulate and would be long in developing to the point where a woman could be taken into it with me.

The instance I refer to occurred one evening in my father's study. Billy had dined with us. "Well, Florida, who is going to be our next President?" father asked him.



THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION, AT BALTIMORE, THAT NOMINATED WOODROW WILSON FOR THE PRESIDENCY IN 1912

"Roosevelt," said Billy.

"Will that satisfy you?"

"Yes."

"You think he is all right, do you?"

"No. But he is n't as bad as Parker."

"What is the matter with him?"

"He doesn't know how to think. He just feels. But he happens to feel on the right side. He is like a man helping to put out a fire. He does n't stop to figure things out much. He just puts out the fire."

"Do you think he is on the square?"

"Sure he is. He follows his impulses. They may be wrong, because he does n't know how to think. But he believes they are right, and that makes him honest."

"How about the Panama deal?"

"Rotten," said Billy.

Then father began, with his own peculiar quiet enjoyment, to tell Billy what he thought of Roosevelt. "Mr. Roosevelt never had an advanced, progressive idea of his

own in his life," he announced, "and never will have. Mr. Roosevelt would have raved and torn his hair over the Populists, but now he is putting forward their program, in so far as it has enlightened him. The seeds they and other foot-free thinkers who followed them had planted have borne fruit in the public consciousness, and he has climbed the tree and is shaking it down. Which makes him a demagogue. He is the man on horseback. He is mesmerized by



PRESIDENT WILSON AND HIS SECRETARY,
JOSEPH TUMULTY

the idea of power." And so on, for half an hour.

I took up the cudgels for Roosevelt. I agreed with them both on the Panama deal. That revolution was so obviously a frame-up that it could not be defended on any grounds of international morality, I believed. The canal was to be built, sure enough, but the end could not justify such means. But I looked upon him as a great and timely



SENATOR ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

champion, and said so, which drew father out to still greater length.

Billy sat listening through it all, with never a word. I walked down the street with him afterward, on his way to the newspaper office. "Your father talks just to hear himself talk sometimes, does n't he, Ken?" Billy observed.

That had never occurred to me before. I was not sure that he did n't, now that I was confronted with the suggestion. I told father afterward what Billy had said. He did not like it very well.

Roosevelt was elected by an overwhelming majority. Things could not have been better for him. The issues were clearly drawn between the people and the interests, as the

phrase goes. And the people were intensely self-conscious. Not many of them knew what they wanted, except that they did n't want what they had, and that was what Parker thought was good for them; while Roosevelt, they believed, was going to help them get something else.

The following years saw a picturesque fight; one of the most picturesque we have ever had in this country. Roosevelt had all the elements of the popular hero; great gusto, a gift of gesture, a happy faculty of hitting off phrases which seemed to express in a few pungent words what everybody had been feeling inside of themselves right along, and a glorious gift for making the first page in the press. Napoleon alone of public men outdid Theodore Roosevelt when it came to publicity.

Without doubt Roosevelt did an immense service to the country and to the world in gathering into expression and some coherence the blind and futile groping of a people for a greater freedom from the new form of serfdom into which they were beginning to realize they had slipped. Religious freedom had long since been achieved in form. Political freedom, in form, was theirs. But the substance of real freedom seemed to be lacking. And many thought they saw that what was lacking was industrial freedom. At that time the concept of industrial freedom had not passed far beyond an instinctive fear of the enormous powers of high finance and big business, gathering together into still more inimical power in monopolies and trusts. And all still thought that freedom from this new form could be achieved through the form of political freedom which they enjoyed; by passing laws from the outside to affect and control the inner workings of industry and economics, without seeing that industry and economics are a thing apart, subject to their own laws only, and that the problem must be worked out in some way by the proper use of those very laws.



PRESIDENT WILLIAM H. TAFT AND HIS CABINET

(Left to right around table) FRANKLIN MACVEAGH, GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM, GEORGE VON L. MEYER, JAMES WILSON, CHARLES NAGEL, RICHARD A. BALLINGER, FRANK L. HITCHCOCK, J. M. DICKINSON AND PHILANDER C. KNOX

Hence the pastime of political "trust-busting," while exceedingly popular, and pursued by many engaged in it with real earnestness and conviction, could be expected to achieve little beyond the setting up and pulling down of political idols. Roosevelt satisfied all the requirements of the trust-buster par excellence. He went after them hot and heavy. He said things about them that withered everything within hearing, excepting the trusts. He fought the Senate, which was regarded, no doubt, with more or less justice, as the stronghold of the trusts in government. He got some railroad bills passed looking to the control of the railroads, which had been behaving very badly in high finance. He turned Gifford Pinchot loose on the water-power plunderbund, as many regarded it, through the conservation program to which that ardent specialist converted the President across a tennis net. Meanwhile the American Tobacco Company and the Bethlehem Steel Company, to mention only two big ones, took their places in the ranks of trusts, and did a very good business.

Then came the Tennessee Coal and Iron affair. That was in 1907. The Interests, or Wall Street, or Big Business, or whatever you might choose to call that intricate interlacing of industrial, financial and commercial activity which characterized America at the time, decided that Roosevelt had gone far enough. So they made a panic to scare people into repudiating him. It was an opera bouffe panic, with all the trimmings; including the failure of a number of innocent victims who had to be sacrificed for scenic effects. It was a beautiful piece of work. Everybody pretended to take it very seriously, because nobody is ever expected to understand those things, excepting the bankers, and the bankers said there was a panic, and it would n't do to show one's ignorance by not being able to perceive where the panic was supposed to be.

When Wall Street thought the panic had gone far enough, it went down to Washington and told the President that the reason there was a panic was because the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company was not in the Steel Trust, and that if he, Roosevelt, would promise that the Government would let the Tennessee Coal and Iron be absorbed by the Steel Trust, the panic would come to an end. He thought from what they said that it might, and told them to go ahead. They went ahead, sent word down the line that the panic was over, and it was.

This settled my faith in Roosevelt as a wise leader. It had been tottering for a long time. His rehabilitation of the consular service, as touching my future prospects, naturally bolstered it up for a time, but I had already begun to feel



ALTON B. PARKER AND WILLIAM J. BRYAN

that he was deliberately setting the poor people of the country against the rich for personal aggrandizement, and while I heartily approved of the idea of controlling the selfish tendencies of the times as expressed through big business and the trusts, I could not approve of his loud, violent methods, and did not believe that the cure lay in the political realm. I did not, however, and I do not now, join with those who found in his action in the Tennessee Coal and Iron matter, and in many other things he did, proof of insincerity amounting to dishonesty. He simply "did n't know how to think," as Billy Florida said.

In the last months of his administration President Roosevelt was grooming William Howard Taft for his successor. Mr. Taft had made a good record in the Philippines as an administrator, and later in Cuba, when he was sent down there to straighten out island affairs. He had made a creditable Secretary of War, and it was generally understood that he was in sympathy with the incumbent's policies. William Jennings Bryan ran against him, with the usual results.

Taft was not long in disappointing those who wanted the Roosevelt policies carried out. He surrounded himself with a Cabinet which was alarming to them, including Philander Knox, of Pennsylvania, as Secretary of State, Wickersham as Attorney General, Dickinson as Secretary of War, Ballinger as Secretary of the Interior. Ballinger promptly got into a row with Gifford Pinchot through attempts to free Government lands from Government control for the benefit of private interests, and had to retire. Knox started on a career of Dollar Diplomacy which some day will be recognized, no doubt, as one of our national disgraces. Dickinson, a railroad attorney, was able to be of great service to people who expected things of him.

Presently came the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill, with its

notorious Schedule K, on wool. Both authors of the bill were dyed-in-the-wool stand-patters. President Taft destroyed himself politically defending the new Tariff Bill, which was exceedingly unpopular, in a speech at Winona, Minnesota, and from that time it was pretty generally recognized that he was "surrounded by men who knew precisely what they wanted."

Roosevelt, meanwhile, was holding aloof from active politics, but not from active publicity. He kept attention by a thoroughly advertised trip into Africa hunting big game, and on the way home made many spectacular speeches to the peoples of Europe. Things had gone from bad to worse when he reached America. Progressives and insurgents were up in arms. The Republican Party was badly shaken. Robert M. La Follette, who had made a great record in Wisconsin, especially against the railroads, and was now an aggressive United States Senator, was assuming proportions of leadership of a movement to restore the Party to progressivism. Roosevelt's alignment was awaited with great interest and eagerness. It was felt that if he would fall in behind La Follette and the nucleus that had gathered about him, the day would be won.

But he did n't. He kept very quiet. As the campaign year of 1912 drew near he kept quieter and quieter. An urge back to him as the leader set in. He let it set. La Follette lost his temper. In a speech at Philadelphia, which my father and I happened to hear, he broke down and lost his mental control. He rambled on for two hours in a way which shocked and dismayed his friends, delighted his enemies, and made those who were neither feel very sorry for him.

Then Roosevelt announced that "his hat was in the ring," and the bitter fight against Taft, whom he had made President, and whom he now repudiated, was on. There are those who say that Roosevelt's support of Taft was a deep-laid

scheme, formed with the expectation of just what happened, but I do not believe this.

In the primaries Roosevelt was a distinct winner. But the Republican machine had other designs. They put in play the "steam roller" which Roosevelt himself had organized and used so effectively four years before, and re-nominated Taft. That led to the "Bull Moose" party, as the Progressives called themselves, because Roosevelt had said that he "felt like a bull moose," when he arrived in Chicago and some one inquired as to his health. So Taft and Roosevelt were both running.

The Democratic Convention in Baltimore that year was equally interesting. Father was a delegate. Governor Wilson, who had made a splendid record as a thoughtful, effective



WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

Progressive in New Jersey, was a leading candidate. Champ Clark, of Missouri, an old school Democrat of the big-black-hat brand, led at the primaries, but failed of nomination, due to the activities of William Jennings Bryan, who threw the Convention to Wilson on the ground that Clark had the support of Tammany, and he could not back anyone having such support.

It was all very picturesque and dramatic.

Naturally, father and I were all eagerness to see Governor

Wilson elected. Father made speeches for him. So did I — a few. I was then in the midst of college work, preparing for the career I had settled on while yet in grammar school. My life had gone on without event. I studied hard, played a little, had some friends, spent summers here and there, took a trip or two, including one down to the Mexican border, to see if I could get some understanding of the Mexican situation, which was growing more acute and complicated, and which promised to be a vicious inheritance for the next administration, with Huerta on the job, and rival revolutionists marauding up and down. But the nearer I got to the border, the less I could see through anything.

The Floridas had moved out of the house around the corner. Mrs. Florida had died, and the Aunt had taken Nancy off with her to Nebraska. Billy by this time was a reporter on one of the New York papers, and a very good one. Now and then articles of his appeared in magazines. He was one of the lesser muckrakers. He also wrote a short story occasionally. Sadie was gone. Her father was running a water works in some other town, and she was in Philadelphia, working as a stenographer. I saw her off; it was two years before the time of which I am writing. We both pretended that it was a touching party, and that we would write, and see each other again soon and often, and much more to that effect. I think I kissed her. One ought to remember such incidents. But we both knew that we had reached the end of our road together. It had been a happy one, with all the romance either of us needed; a very happy, wholesome journey through youth. All such things seem very strange to me.

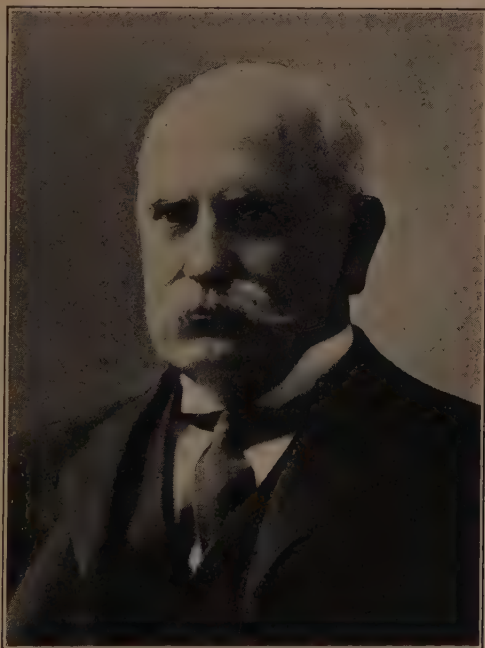
Meanwhile, I had formed another attachment. . . .

CHAPTER III

I BECAME A BOARDER

WOODROW WILSON was elected President in November, 1912. The fight between Taft and Roosevelt, scattering the Republican vote, let him in; he did not have a majority of the popular vote. What would have happened had either Taft or Roosevelt been running alone against him can be only a guess. My guess is that his Progressive record as Governor of New Jersey would have beaten Taft. It would have been a pretty fight between him and Roosevelt — and a very clarifying one, bringing out a clearer definition of what “Progressivism” was.

President Wilson's first administration up to the time war convulsed the world will come to be regarded in history, I believe, as one of the greatest this country ever had in the way of progressive, constructive achievement. The new President announced his program definitely in a short,



SENATOR NELSON W. ALDRICH



JOSEPHUS DANIELS

eloquent inaugural address, lofty in tone. The Democratic Party had been called in to get the country out of the troubles which big business and vast wealth had brought upon it, he held. "Our duty," he urged, "is to cleanse, to reconsider, to restore, to correct

the evil without impairing the good, to purify and humanize every process of our common life without weakening or sentimentalizing it."

He at once called a special session of Congress. It met April 7. The President put through a Tariff bill based on morals as well as economics. American business was put on its mettle to compete with foreign business. Private interests had to give way to public advantage. Rates were reduced on food, clothing and raw material; iron and steel schedules were reduced.

When the Congress convened the President went before it in person to deliver his message. This had not been done since the elder Adams was President. People liked it. Later on he caught public favor again when he denounced the lobby that was busy trying to get rates through the way they wanted them. He called attention to the "extraordinary exertions" of "great bodies of astute men" who

were seeking "to create an artificial opinion and to overcome the interests of the public for their private profit." It created such a stir that both the House and the Senate carried on investigations going back over many sessions, which showed up an amazing state of affairs. Legislation had been tampered with for years.

One big feature of the new Tariff bill, which finally passed about as the President wanted it, was the Income Tax clause. The Income Tax Amendment to the Constitution had just been ratified. This gave the Democrats the first chance to see what could be done with it. The country thought they made a pretty good job of it. And the entire bill was popular. What effect it would have had on the tariff theories and practices of the country, and on business and living conditions, will never be known, because the war came along, making everything abnormal.

Next came the Federal Reserve Act. The banking



ROOM IN THE NAVAL ACADEMY, VERA CRUZ, SHELLED BY THE U.S.S.
"CHESTER"

question had come and gone in national politics. "Old Hickory" Jackson had gotten into a great row over it. Aldrich had just tried to put through a new banking law. People knew something was needed badly enough, but they did n't feel like trusting Aldrich to give it to them, so his efforts came to naught. President Wilson got a bill through which took the financial control of the country out of the hands of a few strong bankers and put it under a Federal Reserve Board. The bill made currency more elastic by a system of twelve Federal Reserve Banks which could issue bank notes on commercial paper deposited with them by national banks; so when business was brisk and business paper plentiful, the currency would expand to meet the need, and as business fell off the currency based on business paper would fall off also. There would always be just enough money to transact the business being done; money would have a steady, stable value.

The administration took its turn at the Trusts in the Clayton Anti-Trust Act. It went through in the Summer of 1914. It shut down on the playful practice of interlocking the directorates of many corporations, so that they were virtually under one control or influence. It prohibited one corporation from absorbing another. It declared that labor was not a commodity of commerce which could be bought and sold willy-nilly. It curtailed the use of injunctions in labor disputes, recognized strikes, picketing and boycotts as legal, and created quite a sensation and more or less indignation by declaring that labor unions and farmer's associations were exempt from anti-trust laws.

Another step in this direction from which much was hoped was the creation of the Federal Trade Commission, to function in the business field the way the Interstate Commerce Commission had come to function in the railway field. The Commission could investigate business conditions,

prescribe and proscribe business practices within certain limits, and enforce provisions of the Clayton Act. No doubt these two measures were as effective in protecting the public from selfish money power as any legislative means could be. But the regeneration of business must come from within itself, in a keener sense of what it is and what it is for — the



AMERICAN MARINES LEAVING THE U.S.S. "FLORIDA" IN VERA CRUZ HARBOR

highest form of social service which we have in modern times, for the benefit of civilization itself.

President Wilson was a strong party man. He believed in party government, party lines, party responsibilities. I have heard him have this out with father in the old days back in Princeton. And he believed in leadership. He held that the President held a mandate from the people to do certain things, and must see to it that they were done. Even Roosevelt did not approach the fierce firmness of Woodrow Wilson's control over his Party and his Congress.



AMERICAN TROOPS, SUPPORTED BY WARSHIPS, OCCUPY VERA CRUZ

I think it was this thought of personal responsibility as a leader that led to his selection of a Cabinet that was a pretty big disappointment, on the whole. He did not take any really big men into it. It can be seen now that this was a foreshadowing of that trait in him which is causing so much trouble now — his inability to delegate to others the responsibility of doing what he sees so clearly should be done. The new Uzzah was already beginning to worry about the ark. He was surrounding himself, as he thought, no doubt, with hands that could be used to steady it in compliance with his own ideas of how it ought to be steadied.

Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, was a political appointment; so was Burleson, of the Post Office. Neither came quite up to the mark. McReynolds, Attorney General, who had fought some great suits successfully for the Government, seemed to stop fighting them in the bigger job. Bryan, of

course, was inevitable as Secretary of State; he had made Wilson President by turning the nomination to him. No one, probably not even Bryan himself, thought he was qualified for that job. It was out of his line.

The selection of Bryan put my father in a predicament. President Wilson wanted him to come to Washington and join the staff of the State Department. The President had a high respect for father's knowledge and sanity, and believed they would be of use. Such a line of work suited father perfectly. But there was Bryan at the head of it! Bryan was one of father's pet aversions. He could not see, or would not see, that the Great Commoner had had a marked influence on the life and public opinion of the nation, through his faculty of appealing to the better sentiments and emotions of that vast body of the public which gets its opinions through those channels. He thought the man shallow, foolish and a mountebank.

Nevertheless he went to Washington, succumbing to the lure of the opportunity it afforded him for precisely the sort



U. S. TROOPS MARCHING INTO VERA CRUZ

of leisurely activity he liked, and to the flattery of the President's friendly desire to have him there; and the family soon followed him.

President Wilson's first attention to foreign affairs was given to Mexico. The new administration had a very bad inheritance in the state of affairs down there. President Taft had been holding his breath in our Mexican relations for several months, avoiding the issue, and quite properly leaving its solution to the succeeding administration. Huerta, who had murdered Madero and was in power, was thought by many to be the strong man needed down there, although his methods were not condoned. Carranza, up in Coahuila, was leading a revolt against Huerta, and Villa was miscellaneously busy.

The President announced a flat refusal to recognize Huerta, on the grounds that he had risen to power by force, had failed to hold an election, and had not the country under control. "We can have no sympathy with those who seek to seize the power of government to advance their own personal interests," he told Congress. It was the first time that the Government, in its dealings with Latin-American States, had laid down the principle of withholding recognition from rulers who came into power by murdering their predecessors, and it must have been rather disturbing to professional politicians down that way.

He announced his doctrine more clearly in a speech before the Southern Commercial Congress at Mobile in October, 1913. Delegates from South and Central America were there. He took the opportunity to assure them of our national friendship toward their just development. Mistrust of us began to disappear from the Latin-American mind; and the treaty which Secretary Bryan drew up with Columbia, apologizing to that country for the acquisition of Panama, and offering payment of \$25,000,000 in reparation,

although it did not pass the Senate, gave them all further reassurance of our new attitude toward them.

It was needed, for Secretary Knox had been playing dollar diplomacy down there with a vengeance. This was all stopped; as well as the plan of American bankers, supported by the previous administration, to join a loan with European bankers to be made to China, for the exploitation of that country.

The removal of the family to Washington left me alone at Princeton pursuing my studies. The question came up of where and how I was to live. I remained alone in the old house at first, but that was financially impossible, as well as impracticable.

The solution which worked itself out introduced elements of drama into my life, before many years, which, if I had seen them set forth

at the time in some play or story, I would have regarded as the very ingenious invention of some literary creator who did n't let the probabilities stand in the way of any effect he thought might be good.

There was a German instructor at Princeton, named Hauptmann — Otto Hauptmann. I had him in some of my courses. He was a square-jawed Prussian with a military carriage, a scar on his cheek from duelling, and a short, stiff pompadour. I did not like him. He made me bristle. He had superficially agreeable manners; I never saw anyone that could be more gracious and pleasing than he could be. With his superiors, in social contact, and with my father, with whom he had struck up an acquaintanceship, he was



REAR-ADMIRAL H. T. MAYO

the height of affability. But in the class room he was a cynic and a bully — slyly so, and in subtle ways which few detected beneath the brusque polish of his exterior. But I always felt a discomfiting sense of ruthlessness and cruelty in the man.

This Herr Hauptmann, soon after the family left, proposed to father, who came up to Princeton one day to attend to some of his private law affairs, that he occupy the vacant house at a good round rental, and keep me there, on a nominal basis of board and lodging. Father thought that a good arrangement. Hauptmann seemed to him an agreeable sort of person. I did not seriously object; the house was large, I had my own quarters in it, and I thought it would be a good chance for me to keep brushed up on my German. Besides, I must admit that there was a certain sort of mesmerism about the man that drew me curiously toward him. It seemed strange to me at the time that a college instructor could pay so reckless a price for the luxury of living in a roomy old residence, but no one saw fit to go into that. So the arrangement was made.

Hauptmann had a daughter. None of us knew that before he moved in. Probably it would have made no difference. She was a pretty young woman, a year or two my junior, with pleasing blonde hair and nice blue eyes, and a



REAR-ADMIRAL FRANK F. FLETCHER AND STAFF AT VERA CRUZ



PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON AND HIS FIRST CABINET

(Left to right around table) Wm. G. McAdoo, Jas. C. McReynolds, Josephus Daniels, David F. Houston, Wm. B. Wilson, Wm. C. Redfield, Franklin K. Lane, Lindley M. Garrison and Wm. J. Bryan, of his cabinet

compact little German figure. There was something wistful and appealing about her which worked on my sympathies. I soon saw the cause of it. Hauptmann habitually browbeat and whipped her mentally in the best Prussian fashion; although I did not then realize that it was Prussian. I thought it was only personal.

Hauptmann took possession of the house with a lordship which aroused my resentment. He was supposed to take possession, of course; but he need not have done it with such an air of positive ownership. His occupation of my father's study, which I began to realize now was a hallowed precinct, amounted in my mind to desecration. I rarely went there on any pretext; never without an invitation which I could not civilly refuse.

Hauptmann kept to himself. As a rule I saw him only at meal times, or in passing to and from the rooms. Sometimes he did not appear even at meal times; and he would go off on trips without notification of departure or return. He received a great deal of mail, in plain envelopes, from Germany — mainly Berlin — and from Washington, as well as other American points of importance, and wrote long and often on a typewriter. His filing system in my father's study was a model of precision and method. I early began to build mystery about the man.

Of Elizabeth, the daughter, I saw little at first. Gradually I began to think that I detected that she was keeping herself in the way of meeting me more and more about the house. What made me think that I was wrong, and only fancied she was doing this, was the fact that she did not seem to get any particular pleasure from the meetings, or put them to any particular use. Later, I could see that Hauptmann was behind it. He kept knocking us together when we three were at meals. That is the only way of expressing it. He would make blunt remarks, intended, no doubt, to be subtle,

which were most embarrassing to Elizabeth, and distressing to me, on her account.

His general treatment of her evoked my sympathies more and more toward the girl. He ignored her like a piece of furniture when he had no use for her, and when he had, used her just as he would any other piece of furniture, with sole regard to his own conscience. She never complained, and I never mentioned it; but times became more frequent when I could not help showing a real tenderness for the poor girl, and a sense of protection, to which she gradually responded, though with an inner resistance, to a degree I had no desire or intention of bringing about. Imperceptibly, this grew into a sentiment between us that found many little forms of expression; based on this sympathy and sense of protection on my part, and on gratefulness for attention and tenderness on her part. I patterned my attitude toward her on what I thought the attitude of a cousin, or perhaps a brother, should be in the circumstances. I think she tried to maintain it on the same basis. Neither of us ever grew personal; or, I think, felt very personal about it, for a long time.



STATE, WAR AND NAVY BUILDING AT WASHINGTON



THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON ON A RAINY NIGHT

Hauptmann had his moods. I ought to call them his bursts of intensity, because he was not moody. Whenever the talk got around to Germany such a storm would come over him. His admiration for German philosophy, for German methods, for German efficiency, for its governmental machinery and its doctrine that the individual existed for the State, as opposed to ours that the State existed for the individual, amounted to a religious fervor. Nothing approached it excepting his hatred of England. He kept talking about "Der Tag" with such open and brazen bluster that it was impossible to take him seriously or to believe that he considered such a possibility as another European war.

His scorn for America in her policy toward Mexico was the most cynical manifestation I had ever seen, up to that time. It was wholly impossible for him to form any mental conception of an international relationship based on anything excepting the material advantages which might be derived from it by the stronger one involved. President Wilson's persistent adherence to the doctrine that our neighbor to the south must be allowed to work out her own destiny he at first thought was some deep, adroit manipulation of the cards; but when he saw that it was leading to nothing he attributed it to a moral and material weakness which was beneath contempt. Weakness of any sort was with him the unforgivable thing. Failure came second.

Our occupation of Vera Cruz, as a result of Huerta's refusal to salute the flag at Admiral Mayo's insistence in reparation for the arrest of some of Mayo's men at Tampico, he regarded at first as an initial step in the development of the plot he suspected; but when he saw it progressing no further, and when the A. B. C. (Argentina-Brazil-Chile) delegates met in the United States to patch up the situation, his disgust knew no bounds. "You not only have no brains,"

he cried. "You have no guts." He put the accent, by ascending climax, where he thought it should be—on "guts."

I tried to say to him that possibly Wilson went into Vera Cruz as the only way out of an awkward situation which had been created without authority or instruction by a government agency which could not be repudiated; but he would not listen to me.

Billy Florida heard him once. Billy had come over to Princeton on a story for his paper. He got through, and looked me up about noontime. He stayed to lunch. Billy set Hauptmann off with some penetrating questions about Germany which Hauptmann felt put him on the defensive. He had been pumping Billy, without effect, on internal questions in America. I never heard him more violent or arrogant. Billy listened steadily, without a word.

"What's the idea of having a man like that teaching Americans about Germany?" he said to me when we were alone. "Does he spring much of that in the class room?"

I told him that he made it very mild in school.

"So much the worse," Billy commented. "You're in a fine bunch here. How about the girl?"

I explained her to him as well as I could, leaving myself out of it.

"Don't fall for her," he warned me.

Before he left I asked him about Sadie. "Do you ever hear from her?" I said.

"Once in a while."

"Where is she? What is she doing?"

"The last I heard she was going to Washington. She is one of these secretaries that big men can't get along without."

"Do you ever see her?" I inquired.

"Once in a while," he replied.

"What's she like?"

"A good deal," he answered, "like Sadie Lockhart."

CHAPTER IV

THE SHOT THAT SET THE WORLD AFIRE

THE shot that set the world afire and eventually made a soldier of me, and brought about many other equally amazing consequences of more general interest and importance, was loosed half the world away, at Serajevo, when I was at the end of my graduating exercises at Princeton, late in June, 1914.

I recall now how Hauptmann took the news, although it did not impress itself upon me especially at the time, being in keeping with the way he took many bits of news from Europe.

How he brought the news would be more accurate, for I had not heard it until he came home with it.

Elizabeth and I were seated on the porch, she in the porch swing, looking very wistful and pretty in some fluffy lavender outfit which showed her plump neck and arms, and I



ANNAPOLIS NAVAL ACADEMY FROM THE AIR

quite close in summery flannels. My imminent departure for Washington, where I was to help father in his work in the Department of State, and the sentiment which is prevalent in the air at such times in college towns, had made our afternoon a more than usually personal one. I had pretty fully persuaded myself that the separation would be very hard on me, and believed that I saw signs that it would be the same to her.

We had journeyed pretty far along this course, and there was every certainty that we would have journeyed farther, when Hauptmann came charging out upon us.

"Hah!" he cried. The sound was half laugh, half grunt. "Hah! Hah!" and "Hah!" again.

"Those pigs!" he went on.

"Which pigs in particular do you mean?" I asked. I was not altogether pleased with his intrusion, or the manner of it.

"Franz Ferdinand was no good. It is better so. He would have made a mess of things. But they will hear from this, the pigs. Hah!"

Elizabeth evidently caught a meaning that I did not. "What have they done to Franz Ferdinand?" she asked, with a good deal of anxiety, I thought.

"Assassinated him. Today. Those Serbs. At Serajevo."

"How absurd," cried Elizabeth.

"Serbia must be crushed," shouted Hauptmann, clenching his fists. "It is Austria's chance."

"What has Serbia got to do with it? Serajevo is in Bosnia, and that's a part of Austria-Hungary," I interposed.

"The Serbs are behind it, the dogs. It was done by members of a society that has the support of the Serbian Government. They put the assassins up to it. They have been a litter of insolent puppies ever since they were permitted to be victorious in the Balkan wars. That was a great mistake."

"All Serbia wants is to get back Bosnia and Herzegovina that Austria stole from her a few years ago," I went on.

"They must be taught not to meddle. . . . But it is a good thing Franz Ferdinand is disposed of, into the bargain. He would have made a bad mess of things." With that he stalked off, and we soon heard him clicking away at his typewriter in father's study.

I was ready to resume the sentimental courses in which we had been interrupted, but such thoughts had been driven entirely out of Elizabeth's head by the news. I did not stay with her much longer.

That evening I left for Washington, without seeing her again to say good-by. She was nowhere to be found.

It had been the plan from the first that I was to go into the office with my father in the State Department as a clerk or secretary to him. In fact, I think he finally consented to



THE WHITE HOUSE DURING THE WILSON ADMINISTRATION

go and serve under his pet aversion, Bryan, largely to give me this opportunity to get into my chosen line of work. So the day after I left Elizabeth I was launched on my diplomatic career at a large, important-looking desk-table in a spacious, imposing ante-room to a suite of offices in the State Building, one of which held my father.

It is surprising how soon a man begins to be touched by what my friend Torrance called "departmentalitis." It is an aggravated form of mental and spiritual strabismus which causes its victim to see the whole world reflected in the petty routine of his official work. It is a moral hardening of the arteries which makes it impossible for the one afflicted with it to do anything in a new way, or anything that has never been done before. The world must adjust itself to the forms of the department or suffer the consequences.

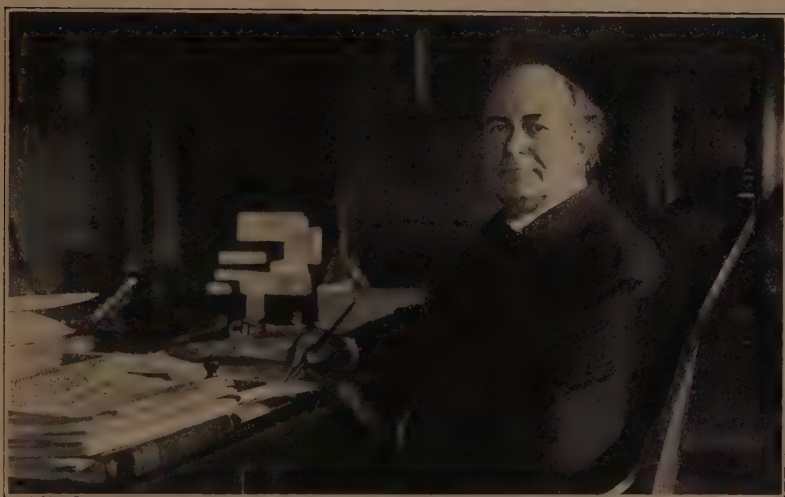
I had heard about this disease, with a good deal of impatience and more or less contempt for its victims. Being a victim to it or not being a victim to it was, I thought, merely a matter of choice. But I found within a week that there was a tendency toward crystallization, form ritual and red tape in governmental affairs which would require the stoutest heart to resist. Father, I was horrified to discover, had been badly affected. He really seemed to enjoy it. He succumbed purringly to its mesmerism. And it was n't long before I was beginning to catch myself regarding the form more than the substance; the technique more than the thing to be done.

Torrance, whom I have mentioned as giving this disease a name, was the one man I knew who successfully resisted it. He was one of the clerks whom I found there when I joined the force. He was completely immune. He never lost his sense of humor. He could unwind or wind up miles of red tape; but he would know all the time that it was red tape, and not take it seriously. When necessary he made short

cuts that were startling and scandalizing to older hands. He had come in only with this administration.

I took a great fancy to Torrance, and he to me. We struck through to each other at once. He was a very natural young man, two or three years my senior, with a fine whimsy of humor. We went out to lunch together the first day, and were intimates before we returned to the office.

"What in the world are you doing in the State Department?" I asked him, half way through our luncheon.



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, AS SECRETARY OF STATE

He laughed. "I don't know," he said. "I just thought I'd come. Bryan wanted me to. I am from [Nebraska, too."

"Are you going to stick here? I should think you'd want to get out and do something."

"I'll probably stick until something dumps me out. I always do. I'm a good deal of an oyster, I guess, waiting around. . . . But how about you?"

"Well, I'm going in for a career of this sort," I replied, a

little conscious of my recent graduation from college with more or less distinction.

"Oh, I see. . . . Well, somebody has to take it seriously, I suppose. I wonder what you will be like in forty years, when I am one of these fussy old chaps coming in here every morning and turning through books. Ambassador to France, perhaps. I'd like to see France."

"I'll make you secretary of legation," I said.

The following Saturday I invited him to dine with the family on Sunday. "I would like to have you know them, and have them know you," I urged.

"I've been there," he said, with a smile up one side of his face. "Fact is, I've fallen in love with your sister."

I was sorry to hear that. For one thing, Evelyn did n't seem to me to be the sort of a girl this sort of a chap ought to expect any happiness from. I could n't fit her into the picture with Jim Torrance at all. I did n't quite approve of Evelyn. She was selfish and self-indulgent. She had her mother's instinct for frivolity without any of the spirit of sacrifice and devotion which saved mother from its consequences. I don't think this generation of young women has. . . . Also, I had learned only the night before that Evelyn was very much infatuated at that time with a young naval ensign who had just graduated from Annapolis — a brilliant and charming young chap named Richard Fiske. So I could n't see how Jim Torrance was going to get much comfort out of his love for my sister.

"Does she know it?" I asked him.

"They usually do, don't they?" he rejoined.

"Do you see much of her?"

"Not half enough."

"Are you in the habit of falling for girls like that?"

"I never saw a girl like that before in all my life. I don't think anybody did."

"No, I don't think they did," I replied, with quite a different meaning.

He caught it. "You and I don't seem to agree on your sister," he remarked.

"But we will, I hope."

He said he would dine with us the following day.

We lived in a quaint old Washington house around the corner from nothing in particular. The dining room was in the basement. You could come into it off the street level, going down a step or two, or by stairs from the front entrance hall. It was a cozy room — a bit too cozy when the company was large, or important. Above it there were two old-fashioned parlors. Sister Evelyn, who despised the house, and railed at it in modern feminine idiom most of the time when she was at home alone with the family, had done her best to make a living room of them, by throwing them together, but the form could not be made to fit the function. Father had a little den behind the back parlor which sister



RED CROSS TRANSPORT IN THE BALKANS

used to preëempt for the private entertainment of certain of her callers. The rooms upstairs were characterless, excepting the one assigned to me, on the third floor, which was pleasantly clipped into by the roof, had deep recessed windows, two or three nooks, and a glimpse of the Capitol out of one window, and the White House out of the other. "You're the only man in public life that can keep an eye on both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue at once," Jim remarked, when I took him up to my room for inspection. . . . There was one drawback — the room was insufferably hot in summer.

It was an agreeable dinner. Hugh had a friend with him — a young chap from Chicago named Bascon; a friend of Teddy Junior. They had just come in from college, and were going to the Adirondacks for the summer. They were full of their plans. Jim Torrance fitted into their talk splendidly. He had had a good deal of experience roughing it, it seemed. At least he could make anyone think he had, from his familiarity with the life. Evelyn was bored to distraction. Mother was beaming and gracious and sociable. Father was at his best. He fenced a good deal with Bascon, who was a stereotyped Republican, which was unfair to Bascon, but amusing to the rest of us.

Torrance got my sister aside into father's den after dinner, and was having I don't know what sort of a time with her, when Ensign Richard Fiske sailed in, with his brother Paul, a sergeant in the Marines. That brought us all out into sister's "living room."

Young Fiske was briskly full of his profession. He was on his way to join one of the ships of the Atlantic squadron. He was very much distressed about our navy. "We ought to have the biggest and best navy in the world," he said.

"Roosevelt would have given it to us," Bascon observed.

"He did n't," returned Fiske. "He had a chance, and



A WARTIME SCENE IN THE BALKANS — TURKS AND BULGARIANS

did n't. All he did was teach us how to shoot and give us a trip around the world," Paul Fiske added.

"Almost everything he did had some noise attached to it," Torrance commented.

"What in the world do we want any more fleet for?" queried my mother.

"We 've got to look out for Japan, for one thing," said Ensign Fiske.

"Nonsense! There 'll never be another war," mother asserted, confidently.

Hugh held that you couldn't be too sure of that; could n't depend on that. You had to be ready.

"Yes," assented Paul Fiske, the Marine. "We service men have to get into the habit of thinking of it as a possibility."

"Which is precisely what makes it a possibility," father interposed. "That 's the danger in military establishments,

of course. It's perfectly obvious. You can't have a wonderful toy, like the German Army, for instance, without wanting so much to see how it really works that some day you start it. And you begin to look forward to the day when you are going to get a chance to start it, and call it 'der Tag'."

"Our chief has wiped out war," said Torrance. "When two nations feel like fighting they sit down and play pinochle for a year and then they have forgotten what they felt like fighting about." Secretary Bryan was arranging arbitration treaties with a score or more of nations, containing an agreement not to go to war for a year, in case a crisis should arise, and to submit the questions to arbitration meanwhile.

The military men present — the naval ensign, the sergeant of Marines, the lieutenant of militia, which was now Hugh's rank — all expressed their opinion of the treaties; largely, I think, because Bryan had proposed them. "He's the biggest pipe dreamer that ever came down the pike," Bascon observed, with finality.

"The only thing that will stop war is a sense of humor," said Torrance. "When people see how funny it is to devote their lives and their brains for years and years to making life safer and easier and better and happier everywhere, and then all of a sudden rush out into the streets of the world and begin to kill each other — when they see how funny that is, they'll stop doing it. Because no one likes to make himself ridiculous, if he knows it."

Torrance's remark suggested to the military men present the various ways of killing each other that men had devised. They began to talk about them. The submarine, the Zeppelin, the airplane, new guns, new explosives, all came in for a discussion. There was a general agreement that a war could not last long now — it would be too destructive and horrible. Men simply could not stand it. And it would cost far too much to be maintained.

It was the light and frothy conversation of a mixed company on a Sunday afternoon — and a hot Sunday at that. It made no impression on any one. War was something to be talked about in the same way as the end of the world — a remote affair which was interesting enough to speculate upon in an imaginative way, but which did not concern us in any other way.

And within a fortnight all Europe was at war!

The first hint of it came one sultry afternoon late in July. Torrance and I were killing time in our spacious and lordly ante-room in the State Department. We had just cleaned up some routine on one of Bryan's arbitration treaties, and Torrance was discoursing upon golf. He had played his first game the week before — with Evelyn.

Father came out of his room, looking rather grave. He had a paper in his hand, which he handed to us to read. It was a report on Austria's ultimatum to Serbia, demanding things that no country could concede without surrendering its very sovereignty, and demanding them within forty-eight hours.

"What do you make of it?" I asked. "Do you suppose they are in earnest?"

"It looks to me like 'der Tag,'" father replied. "Germany is behind this. Russia, of course, is behind Serbia — up to a certain point which nobody can be sure of — not even Russia. Germany has foreseen that France with her three year service laws and Russia with her reorganization will keep on getting stronger faster than she will, and that the time has come to strike."

"If God had only given the Germans a sense of humor!" Jim remarked.

I thought father was wrong. "It's nothing but a big poker game," I said. "They're running a bluff."

Torrance argued for both of us, equally, plausibly and convincingly. It was a trick he had.

Then followed that amazing week, when Sir Edward Grey, the British Foreign Minister, was trying to preserve the peace of the world, and the Kaiser was trying to break it without showing his hand, and Russia and France were looking on with keen apprehension, while Serbia served as the hook to hang it all on, and the rest of the world, or most of it, at any rate, thought as I did — that it was just another one of those diplomatic dust-storms, raised so that some respectable nation could steal something without being caught at it. "If Europe rode through two Balkan wars in the last ten years, she can ride through this affair," was my chief argument, and a good one. "But the Germans have no sense of humor," Torrance reminded me. "They don't see how funny it would be for them to start a war when they



WOUNDED TURKISH SOLDIERS AT TARABOSH

are slowly conquering the world already with their commerce and industry. They just can't leave the pomp of it alone. They have no sense of humor."

Serbia granted everything she could, but the Austrian Minister packed up and went home. Two days later Austria declared war on Serbia, and began to bombard Belgrade. Russia mobilized her southern armies. The Kaiser demanded that she demobilize within twenty-four hours. Meanwhile Germany herself was mobilizing on the French frontiers. And on the Belgian.

I still believed it would blow over; I could n't believe a war would come out of it. "They won't fight; they can't. It is too horrible; too grotesque," I said.

But Hauptmann kept coming back into my head, and disconcerting me. "The militarists are like that," I would say to Torrance. "They have no moral restraint. No principle. When they once think they can get away with it, they may cast everything to the winds. They don't care what anybody thinks, unless he can do something about it."

The thing started on Saturday, August first. Germany was ready. She had whirled herself into battle array with a speed and precision which was unbelievable, and ghastly. Declaring war on Russia, she turned upon France for the first blow. Then came her violation of Belgium — her request for permission to move troops through in attack on France; its refusal; her forcible entry; Belgium's amazing resistance; Germany's hypocritical pretext that France had planned and intended to make the same move, through Belgium; England's entry in defence of Belgium's neutrality, guaranteed alike by England, France and Germany; Germany's amazement and rage that England should come in on the strength of a "scrap of paper," as the German Imperial Chancellor called the treaty respecting Belgium — and war; hideous, abominable, actual war; man killing,

towns crumbling to ruins, countrysides trampled and overrun.

On the sixth, I had an errand in Princeton to get some books father wanted, covering questions of neutrality. It was the day after England had declared war. I had now given up hope. "But it will be a short war," I insisted. "I am afraid it will," father agreed. He thought Germany would swamp her enemies in short order. I could only hope it would n't. Mother wanted to know if it would drag us in; if Hugh were likely to have to go.

Hauptmann was in a furious mood when I arrived at our old home. "Well, young man, what do you want here now?" he demanded, as though he expected me to declare war on him, and rather wished I would.

"I came on business which will not interfere with yours," I replied.

He followed me into the study. "You have no right in here!" he shouted.

"I have a perfect right anywhere in this house," I returned. "Go read your lease."

I soon perceived that father's books had been thoroughly overhauled, and resented it; although there was no reason why Hauptmann should not have read them.

He watched me while I took down what I came for. "Aha! You are trying to find out what you think over here," he sneered. I felt, without looking at him, that his eyes were still afloat with a mad joyousness and triumph which I had detected in them on meeting him.

"I guess we all know what to think," I rejoined.

"What do you think of England?" he quizzed.

"The Anglo-Saxon race continues to be the guardian of liberty," said I, losing my temper.

That brought down the storm. I never saw a man in such a rage of hatred and revenge. "Bah!" he cried.

"Traitors and hypocrites!" His chief grievance was based on the fact that Germany had not been permitted to do as she pleased. They had all interfered with her; Russia, France, Belgium. Now England. That was too much. "But the Fatherland will have its way!" he cried. "Germany is invincible. She will destroy all her enemies. . . . Cowards and traitors!" As far as Belgium was concerned,



MONTENEGRINS GUARDING THEIR FRONTIER

Belgium was a fool. She would be wiped out — exterminated. It was a great pity. Germany had meant her no harm. She would have been so happy and successful in Germany's hands. Germany had been compelled to pass through, to defend herself from her enemies. It was a great pity they were all such fools as to have enraged her. America, he hoped, would be more sensible.

I saw Elizabeth standing in the room. She had heard our

voices, doubtless — even mine had been raised to a high pitch — and joined us. She seldom came to the study without a special reason.

"Well, Elizabeth," I said, rather awkwardly.

She smiled, and made two different efforts to find something to say. "How do you like your new work?" she ventured, as a result of the second one.

"It's interesting; and likely to be more so. But I am not running the department yet."

"The one who is, is just as big an ignoramus," snorted Hauptmann.

I turned to Elizabeth, ignoring him. "Is n't it dreadful?" she said.

"Too dreadful to think of," said I. "The President offered mediation today."

Hauptmann laughed. "He is a babe," he said. "Germany will not be trampled upon."

"He must wait until they have all learned their lesson," Elizabeth put in.

I looked at her in surprise. She had the same floating light in her eyes that I had seen in Hauptmann's.

"It will all be over by Christmas," Hauptmann asserted. "France will be on her knees. Russia will be knocked to pieces, Belgium will be a bundle of bloody rags, and England. . . ." He held out one hand, level with his shoulder, and clutched his fist in a terrible grip, to show what would be England's plight by Christmas.

"Don't you think that you two people, who are virtually guests of a country which wants to remain neutral, ought to be a little more tactful about expressing yourselves?" I submitted.

"We are not afraid to take our ground," declared Elizabeth.

"You need n't be offensive about it," I went on. "Amer-

ica will sympathize with your predicament, if she is not compelled to sympathize with your opinions."

"You have become the diplomat already," sneered Hauptmann.

I bowed in mock acknowledgment of a mock compliment.

"But the Anglo-Saxon race is the guardian of liberty," he flung at me. "That is your neutrality, in a nut-shell. To us you say: 'Keep quiet. Hush. You must not annoy England.' But Germany. . . . That is a different matter. . . . You are all like that over here. Speaking one thing, and thinking another, like the hypocritical English."

"It is not necessary for me, as a matter of official neutrality, to tolerate your insults, Hauptmann," I said, laying down my books and advancing a step toward him. I really think I should have struck him in another moment.

"America must be taught to understand us," Elizabeth interposed.

"You will both have your share in the teaching, and everything you do or say teaches us something about Germany," I replied. "I advise you to think of that."

"Hah!" cried Hauptmann. "We will teach you, all right."

I left without further words, with a sudden sense of one of America's new, or newly revealed, problems. Elizabeth's attitude shocked and surprised and hurt me. Our farewells were very formal.

CHAPTER V

THE CONFLAGRATION STARTS

I FOUND the State Department gunwales under in a smother of turmoil and confusion when I returned from Princeton. All the Americans in Europe — and it seemed as though half the population was over there — wanted to get home over night and expected their Government to accomplish it for them. At the same time all their relatives and friends and casual acquaintances at home were frantically telegraphing in to know what had become of them, and all the wires to and from our Embassies and Legations and Consulates were loaded down with messages of inquiry and report. Torrance was trying to set up some sort of a system in the business when I reported back, but without much luck so far.

Word had just reached Washington of the German attack upon Liége. Nevertheless there were still some in the Department and out of it who could not or would not believe that war was going forward in Europe again. That the major Powers, with all their intricate and delicate adjustments of intercourse, their innumerable activities and pursuits of peace, their high concerns and elaborate amenities of life, their pleasures and their comforts, their safety and their ease, should clash in shattering conflict was beyond the credible. It was only a gesture, a strong bluff in the gigantic game of poker that went on inveterately among the chancelleries. It would reach a point, hold the center of the stage for a while, have its desired effects or fail in them, and then recede. The counters would be gathered in, the hands would be shuffled back into the pack again, and the

game would proceed, with a shrug of the shoulders on the part of the one who had lost and a polite, magnanimous serenity in the behavior of the winner.

As the news kept coming in from Belgium during the next few days telling us that Liège was still holding out against the invaders, wild and fatuous hopes became current that the brave little nation which had flung itself with such gallant spirit in the way of the oncoming hosts was actually



CIVIC GUARD OF BRUSSELS GOING OUT TO SURRENDER

going to stem and stop them. We did not know that what we were observing was nothing more than an advance action, involving only the first frothy fringe of the resistless flood coming on behind, which caught and crumpled only for a moment against the forts of Liège, until the great guns could be brought up. We did not know that Germany had mobile artillery capable of crushing in, like egg shells, the stout cupolas of the Brailmont forts which the newspaper experts now had a chance to tell us about. They were reputed to be

impregnable, those concrete and steel forts of Liège, and our wishes in the matter made us believe they were.

One could hear people laughing in half hysterical mockery at the pompous and swaggering bully that had toasted "Der Tag" so loudly and had now come ridiculously to naught when the actual fighting of "The Day" began. "They are all wind," someone said, one day, at home. A visitor, as I recall. "If that is so," Torrance, who was present, remarked, "the world is about to be treated to an unparalleled spectacle of deflation. But the trouble is, it is not true."

We soon began to see that Torrance, unpopular as he had made himself, was right. The forts commenced to crumble under the long-armed, giant blows of incredible guns. "What have they got, those Germans?" people were saying now. "They are a wonderful race!" But Namur would hold out. Namur *was* impregnable. The forts there were stronger. So we were told.

Hugh and his friend Bascon came storming down out of the Adirondacks at the first word of war. Hugh was all for going over there at once, bag and baggage, lock, stock and barrel, the whole nation, to chase the Germans out of Belgium, give them a good licking, and bring back Dorothy Stevens, who was spending the summer in Europe with her family. "Teddy would do it!" he cried; meaning Theodore Roosevelt, not Teddy Junior, Dorothy's brother, who was with them in their travels. Hugh, as a man of action, had left the Democratic fold of his fathers and gone off after the thundering Rough Rider. As a matter of fact, his hero would not have done it then. Colonel Roosevelt's mind was no more adjusted at the time to what was going on, or clearer on what to do about it, than our minds were.

There was a letter at the house for Hugh from Dorothy. We were all a bit eager to know how they were getting along.



DINANT, BELGIUM, SHOWING FORTRESS AND CHURCH

This Stevens family were cousins of ours, from Chicago. The two families had been in close touch since Hugh and Teddy Junior ran across each other at college, and especially since Hugh had discovered Dorothy. "Dorothy and Teddy are all right," he reported. "But Teddy's girl is in for it." We all knew who Teddy's girl was, of course, and that she was touring Europe with her sister and her aunt. "As near as I can make out from what Dorothy says, they are in Belgium right now," Hugh told us.

Well, it could not be helped. Two or three Americans more or less in trouble in Europe did not add much to the distress or the disturbance of a member of the State Department, struggling with thousands of others in similar difficulties. Nevertheless I did make it my particular business to locate the Birminghams, if possible, and get them out of it, and took it up with our Legation in Belgium at once.

Reports of German atrocities were coming in all this time. We believed them, of course. The more incredible they grew the more we dwelt upon them. It is one of the morbidities of war to gloat over such affairs. It adds to the thrills of our atavistic enjoyment in the phenomenon. I don't

know what to think of them now. Unquestionably the German methods of occupation were more drastic and ruthless than the detached layman expected the practices of modern warfare to be, and apparently more deliberately planned and executed than the usual pillage and plunder incidental to invasion. The Germans were angry and anxious over the delay the Belgians had occasioned them, dislocating their entire schedule and ruining their calculations; but their ruthless destruction of life, liberty and property was not punitive. We all know now what great believers the Germans were in tactics of psychology — and how wrong they always proved to be in those which they employed. Their conduct in Belgium was, I am convinced, the fruit of their faith in frightfulness; a philosophical assurance that terror would break down the will to resist and even win adherence; a commentary, surely, upon the militaristic character! They lined helpless citizens up against the wall and shot them down on flimsy pretexts of the military code, burned towns wantonly on charges of some stray shots fired from windows or doorways, and committed other horrors, not in anger or hatred or vengeful spite or the furious frenzy of war madness, but as a settled policy of war with a purpose to create an impression which would react to their benefit.

It was this very cynicism in their conduct, I now think, which made it so shocking to us. Ruthlessness as a deliberate plan, murder as a calculated system, rape and destruction as well-weighed weapons of war, had never before come into human experience. "Human beings don't act like that," I would say to Torrance. "What are these Germans?" "Human beings who have followed the logic of war to its legitimate conclusions," he would reply. "This is war unmasked; war as taught by their Bernhardis and their Treitschkes and their Nietzsches; war as it ought to be



THE GERMAN EMBASSY AT WASHINGTON, WHEN THE WORLD WAR STARTED

waged if war is going to be waged at all, because it is war as it is; honest war, naked and unafraid. Trying to make war polite, running war with a book of gentle little rules, is just one step more amusing than war itself. The Germans are making war disreputable, as it ought to be made, because it really is a disreputable proceeding. They are showing it up for what it is; letting us see through it. We ought to thank them for it."

Evelyn, overhearing him say something of the sort one evening, could not endure him for a week. She thought he was defending Germany and war itself. That was before Anglophobia got into her blood and made her defend Germany herself because England was fighting her. Torrance was too wise to explain to her. "Never explain anything, Ken," I have heard him say. "If people want to understand you they will, and if they don't, they won't, and you can't make them. Besides, it is more amusing not to."

The State Department was kept busy night and day extricating American tourists from the web of war that had been so suddenly spun about their pleasant Summer jauntings. It was as though they had gone to a matinee and been attacked by the actors. What was Europe for if not to entertain them? What did Europe think it was for?

I think my first sense of what war really meant came to me through the difficulties we had in getting any consideration for our nationals; when it was brought home to me that it was not a thing which could stand aside and wait while the field was cleared of women and children and old men and all the paraphernalia of peace but must go crashing and spraddling over everything, like an infuriated blind beast. I shall never forget what a shock it was to me to hear that pleasant little houses about Liège were levelled down to make way for the defending guns! What was left to defend?

I learned in time from our Legation in Brussels that the

Birminghams were there; Peggy and her aunt, that is. Mildred was safe and sound with distant relatives of the Stevens family in London. The next news from Belgium was that Brussels had been occupied, and our people, it was thought, had gone through to Antwerp. In any case, they were swallowed up again, and we lost track of them. I kept waiting to hear from them at London.

Those were frantic times for our Brussels Legation. I often thought of the grim trick fate had played on Minister Brand Whitlock. Belgium had been picked out for him as a quiet post of dignity and as offering a congenial atmosphere where he would be free to pursue his literary work. Now he found himself at the very focus of the greatest turmoil which history had known.



GERMAN INFANTRY ENTERING BRUSSELS, BELGIUM

Our reports from there had to be circumspect, of course, as our government was maintaining a position of neutrality. But it could be seen between the lines that our representatives realized what they were up against in German insolence, German military autocracy and German deception. Both Whitlock and Hugh Gibson, Secretary of Legation, handled the situation with admirable and effective firmness and tact.

Meanwhile the war swept on. Brussels was occupied; that was amazing. The German flood poured over Belgium. Namur, on the road to France, which was thought to be impregnable — where the invaders would be held; at least until the French could come up, and until the British Army, landing in Ostend, could square itself away for the fighting — fell. I have since heard people describe the interminable swarms of grey troops that swept in long columns across that land, and through its towns. Day after day, and all through the nights, there was the rustle and tramp of marching, the rumble of transport and guns, the sound of voices, the crackle and roar of distant fighting. Those who saw it were awe-stricken by the sight. Nothing, they felt, could stay that torrent; nothing could dam it up, turn it back. And one of



U.S.S. "NEBRASKAN" TORPEDOED BY A U-BOAT, MAY 25, 1915

the astounding things in history, to me, is that it ever was stayed.

We in America, as well as most peoples elsewhere, felt that the war could not last long. The financial burden alone of such vast armies, such prodigious consumption of wealth,



CAPTAINS BOY-ED AND VON PAPEN

such destruction, would soon break its back. Later on, even Kitchener's prophecy of three years of it was not accepted as reasonable.

We kept seeing signs of the beginning of the end. We saw them in the invasion of Alsace by French Armies, not knowing that that was a bit of political expediency, or emotionalism, doomed from the first from a military point of view. We saw it in the irruption of the mighty hosts of Russia in East Prussia and Galicia. Even when we heard of the defeat at Tannenburg, we believed it only a temporary repulse; and Lemberg was in the hands of Russia.

Then came Mons, and the retreat of the French and British Armies through France. We heard of Germans in the most dismaying places. Suddenly they were at the Marne; across it. Paris, it seemed, was tottering; the Government withdrew to Bordeaux; citizens who could fled into the provinces.

What a typically French stroke General Joffre now delivered! I can fancy how they must have delighted in the mere drama of it; and how its dramatic qualities must undoubtedly have helped them in the fierce struggle which they brought to a brilliant and victorious conclusion, known as the Battle of the Marne. The sudden irruption of an army from Paris, flying in taxis, trucks, motors, along the road to von Kluck's exposed right flank; the recoil and *élan* of that long line stretching all the way to where the Crown Prince's army was looped deep around inviolate Verdun, was a spectacle worthy of the setting and of the crisis. Not the least of this achievement of the Allies was the return of the British Army, or what was left of it, with a zest and spirit for fighting back which all their punishment and dogged retreat had not diminished.

That, many of us felt, in America, was the decisive stroke of the war. Germany had made her cast, and lost. Her bubble had been pricked. Now there would be a collapse of hope and morale. The bully, beaten, would slink away. Bullies do, we told ourselves.

But Germany stood on the Aisne, as everybody knows, and settled down to a grapple with the Allies on the West Front until the Second Battle of the Marne, exactly four years later, with an unshakable determination.

We did not understand at the time quite what was happening in the swift extensions of both lines toward the North Sea, which culminated and stabilized in the series of



BRAND WHITLOCK



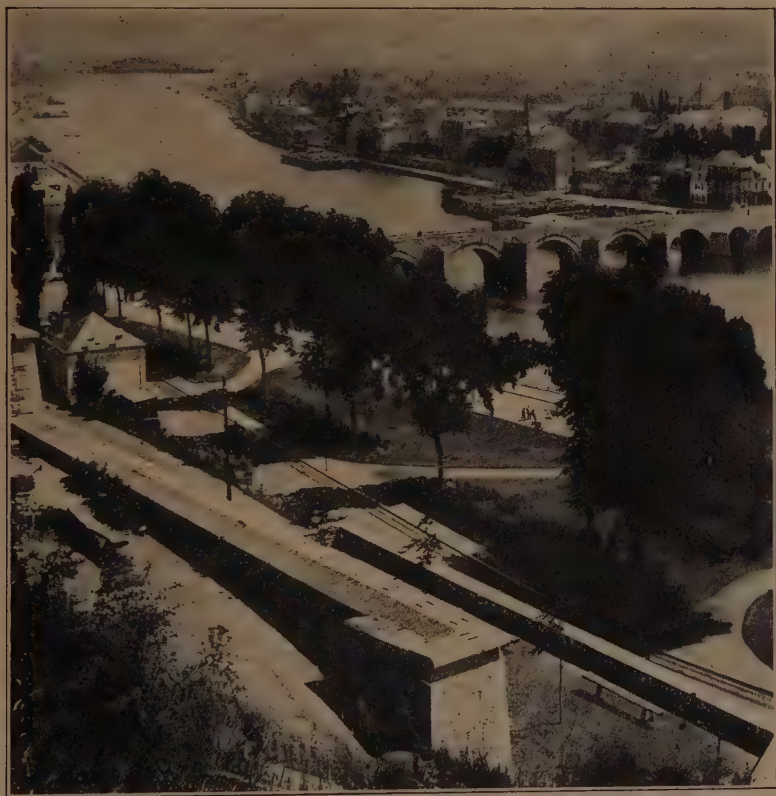
GERMAN TROOPS IN THE SUBURBS OF BRUSSELS

frantic battles of which Ypres, lasting until almost the middle of November, was the most frantic. Now, of course, it is clear that the Allies were attempting to outflank the Germans, and cut the cords of their communications with Belgium and Germany, and the Germans were trying to drive through to the coast and cut England off from rendering the help which Germany knew was the one thing that stood between her and swift victory.

Then came the capture of Antwerp. More stories had been reaching us of the behavior of the Germans to Belgian towns — Dinant, Louvain — a score of them. Citizens shot down; whole towns wantonly burned. We knew that Peggy Birmingham and her aunt, for some unaccountable reason, had stayed in Antwerp. When the first word came through that the Germans were attacking the outer works, we were not deeply apprehensive. Antwerp, we knew, was the strongest fortress in Europe. Here the Germans would

surely stop. But when the forts began to go as the others had gone, under the smashing blows of the great German guns, our apprehension grew intensified when we heard of the frightful exodus of fugitives from the doomed city. Nothing more painful has ever happened in history than that hurried flight of citizens, until so lately fancying themselves secure, across the Scheldt on a narrow bridge, or eastward into Holland.

The Birminghams were sucked out of sight in the maelstrom, together with other Americans we were trying to keep track of and extricate. The next we knew Mrs. von der



THE RIVER MEUSE AND PARK DE LA CITADEL AT NAMUR, BELGIUM

Goltz, the aunt, was in London, with Mildred; but Peggy had entirely disappeared, with a young Belgian boy whom they had been caring for in the city. He had been hurt in a Zeppelin raid; his sister killed; his father a victim of the fighting, and his mother had become separated from him. So we had the picture of those two wandering somewhere, alone, destitute and helpless. It was not a comforting one.



GERMAN TROOPS INSPECTING CAPTURED RUSSIAN GUNS

I had many errands, during this time, on routine matters, at the German Embassy. I saw von Bernstorff but once in those early days, and that by chance. I had heard about his charm, and found reports had not overdrawn the picture. His graciousness, and a certain knack he had of informal intimacy, were effective and insinuating. It did not occur to me that they might be the same kind of a mask as Hauptmann's graciousness, hiding much the same condition of thought, of a more refined quality, of course, which the other used to reveal so crudely in the privacy of his home.

Hauptmann, I ought to have noted before this, had given

up our house in Princeton, and I had lost track both of him and of his daughter.

One day, while waiting in the German Embassy offices for some paper to be attended to, I heard a voice which awoke memories but which I could not at once identify. It was the voice of a young woman, strangely familiar, but rather remote in my experience. when who should come some files, and come document I had come Sadie Lockhart.

I jumped up eagerly took a step or two you do?" I said.

She looked me "How do you very well, thank you.

She maintained the ward me.

"Don't you remem-

"Why, of course. together in Princeton, are the papers your

I was trying to place it, walking out from behind toward me, with the for in her hand, but

at seeing her again, and to meet her. "How do "How are you?"

straight in the eye. do?" she said. "I am How are you?"

most casual manner to-

ber me?" I asked.

We used to go to school Mr. Stevens. . . . Here Department wanted."



GIRONDIST MONUMENT AT BORDEAUX, SEAT OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT IN

1914

"Thank you," I replied, taking the papers and wondering what this distant behavior might mean. Sadie, the transaction concluded, turned on her heel and disappeared behind the files.

What did the girl mean? I figured it out that she was n't going to expose her new dignity to any chance of patronage from one who had come along another walk in life, and who might have become conscious of it now. At the same time, I knew this was an absurd and unjust explanation to charge against Sadie Lockhart.

That very day, when I got back to the Department, still perplexed by the incident, I ran into Billy Florida coming out of one of the offices. He was in a brown study. I supposed he had picked up some news.

"Hello, Billy!" I cried after him; he had not seen me.

"Hello, Ken."

"Sit down a minute, can't you? Got time?"

He hesitated a second. "A little," he said, and followed me to my desk.

"I've been wondering about you," I began. Billy had pulled a chair around and was taking in the office. "Thought perhaps you'd be over there as a war correspondent."

"They would n't send me," he said. "Part of the story is over here, you know," he went on, looking me through and through.

"Get something good today?" with a nod toward the office he had just quitted.

"Not particularly. Patchwork stuff; odds and ends. Fit into a story some time."

We chatted a minute.

"Did you fall for that Hauptmann girl, Ken?" he shot at me, abruptly.

"What do you mean by that?" I demanded. It seemed suitable to "demand" an explanation.

"You know what I mean," he returned.

Of course I knew. "Not very hard," I assured him.

"Do you know what Hauptmann is doing now?"

I did n't, and I was curious.

"He's up in New York with the German propaganda headquarters. They're plastering the country with their stuff. Did it ever occur to you why he moved into your house after your father joined the State Department?"

"It was a nice house for him."

"It certainly was," said Billy Florida. "Did you ever wonder how he could pay the rent on an instructor's salary?"

I told him that I had wondered about that, and supposed that he had some independent source of income.

"He certainly had," said Billy. "Did you know that that girl was not his daughter?"

"No!" My recollection ran back picking up dozens of



RUSSIAN PRISONERS OF WAR

little circumstances that seemed to fit into this announcement; nevertheless I did n't believe it, and said so.

"Did any of you ever hear about her before they moved into your house?" he went on.

I had remarked that before. "Why, I suppose he sent for her because he had a nice place where they could live together," I explained. "Maybe that had something to do with his taking the house."

"He sent for her all right." And: "It had."

I knew Billy would tell me all he intended to tell me without pumping, and nothing more with any manner of pumping. So all I asked him was: "Where do you get all this stuff?"

"Oh, we newspaper men pick things up." He took up his hat to go. "Do you know where that woman is now?"

"What woman?"

"That girl. Elizabeth."

"No; and I've been wondering."

"Washington," he announced, rising from his chair.

"These fellows stop at nothing," he went on. "All their fighting is n't going to be over there. Keep your head straight and your eyes open."

We looked at each other. I hoped to be able to fathom more of Billy's cryptic remarks after he left; the rush was too strong now for me to keep up.

"Oh, by the way," I said, recollecting the incident at the German Embassy. "I just saw Sadie."

"Yeah?" said Billy Florida.

"Over at the German Embassy. She's got a job there."

"It ought to be a good one," Billy observed.

I told him how she had treated me. "I wonder why," I said. I thought Billy could throw some light on it, out of his experience or his knowledge.

But he could n't; or would n't.

"I can't imagine," he said, and left.

CHAPTER VI

ENEMIES AND FRIENDS

AMERICAN sympathies seemed to be with the Allies from the first. Germany had her friends, of course. In the first place there was a vast body of German immigrants and their descendants, most of them with kin still left in the Fatherland. Naturally they were friendly to Germany. Then there were admirers of her "efficiency" and "culture," her science and her scholarship. They were sorry she had started things; sorry she had made such a mistake, when she might have conquered the world sooner or later through peaceful progress and development. Some were actually beguiled by Germany's clamorous claims into believing that she was being maliciously attacked by a ring of enemies bent on her destruction. Added to all these were the people that sided with Germany because they hated England with her.

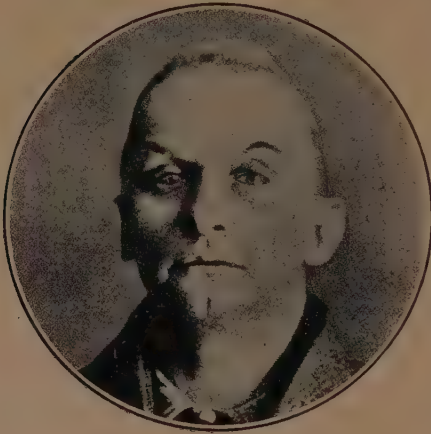
I was surprised to find so many of these, and to see who they were. My sister Evelyn was one of them. Her Anglo-phobia was amusing when it was not tiresome. I learned many things from her tirades. I learned, for one thing, that it is quite hopeless to try to remove prejudice by reason or argument, especially when the prejudice parades itself as an ancient and honorable patriotism. And that you cannot remove ignorance by instruction when the ignorance parades itself as a virtue, as it usually does. The rest of the things I learned from her were principally untrue.

Young Fiske, of the Navy, was another. With him I think dislike of England was largely professional jealousy. A nation with a strong navy was technically an enemy, or at

least a successful rival, of a nation with a weaker one. He used to go on at a great rate about the ineffectiveness of the British Navy. Why did n't they go in and wipe out the German fleet? Why did n't they do this, and why did n't they do that?

He felt that it was a vindication of his views when the German Pacific fleet eliminated a British squadron off Coronel. Later, when this German fleet was itself exter-

minated at the Falkland Islands by a squadron sent from England to find and destroy it, he belittled the achievement. Of course they destroyed it; their force was superior. The fact that England was in a position to send out the superior force, and that it succeeded in its mission, did not have much weight with him. And



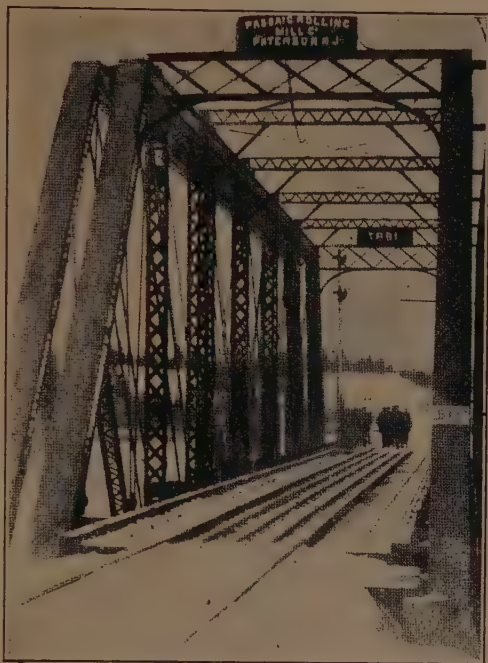
WERNER HORN

I think he found a strange, perverse satisfaction when German squadrons dashed out from Heligoland and bombarded defenceless British seaport towns, killing women and children. He was not pleased with the death of the women and children, but he was with the fact that the British Navy failed to prevent it.

Miss Birmingham was in London at the time of these futile raids. We were talking, she and I, about these German attempts to impress the world with the might and majesty of the Kaiser and his god; about the utter inability of the German mind to foresee the mental reactions of another race to such practices, and how cosmically humorous it was

for them to keep on making such psychological blunders when they believed themselves to be such expert psychologists.

"They thought it would frighten the English people so that they would either insist upon clambering out of the war altogether, or make the Government send so many troops to the sea-coast towns that there would not be any left to send to France," she said. "That's what would have happened to the German mind if it had been put to such a test, they argued, and that is what therefore ought to happen to any proper set of minds. They were really indignant when the British did not react to it according to



BRIDGE AT VANCEBORO, MAINE, MYSTERIOUSLY
DYNAMITED

the German textbooks. Instead of that, the result was a redoubled fervor for the war, and an immense increase in enlistments."

"They leave out a set of values," I commented.

"They leave out the only real values there are," she replied. "It shows where materialism leads to."

England obtained complete mastery of the seas almost from the first. The German fleet had scurried out of sight

like a flock of startled sparrows. Her merchant marine had vanished in a few days. Some of it was interned in neutral ports, some seized in enemy ports, some tied up impotently at home — wherever the war had caught it. The rest was captured at sea. Two or three German cruisers, remaining at large, kept up brilliant commerce raiding careers for a little while, until necessity compelled them to put into port. But the Seven Seas, with all their arms and inlets, with the single exception of the Baltic, were in the hands of the Allies. In the Baltic Germany was supreme. She could send her ships to and fro at will, through the Kiel Canal, while the British and the French could not so much as enter. Russia's warships in the Baltic were no match for those Germany could gather there.

Naturally enough the Allies proposed to make full use of this advantage by cutting Germany off from all outside war supplies. This presented difficulties which were not naval. While the neutral nations that could still keep in contact with Germany — the Scandinavian countries, Switzerland and Italy — could not of themselves furnish much, excepting the steel of Sweden and surplus food stocks from all of them, they could be used as channels; the world could send things to them, to be relayed to Germany. That was one difficulty. Another was, that the character of this modern war rendered many things contraband in effect which had never before, in previous wars, been recognized as contraband. England, upon whom fell the main task of enforcing the blockade, met these difficulties with Orders in Council which laid down the principle that any cargoes might be intercepted and seized if they were in fact intended for Germany, although they were on their way merely to some neutral country; and by further orders which vastly enlarged and increased the list of prohibited articles. These Orders in Council started a great commotion, especially among

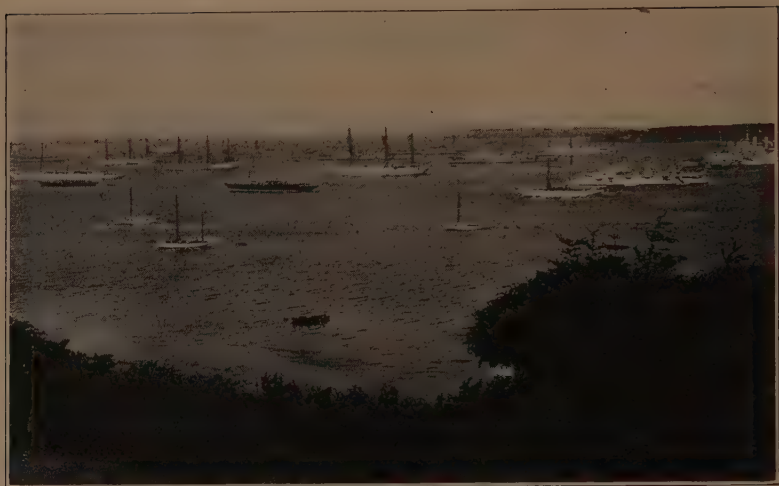
American business concerns that were beginning to enjoy a thriving trade with neutral nations.

Germany countered by announcing that its submarines would sink all enemy ships found in the waters about the British Isles, and might sink some neutral vessels, too, by mistake. In that case the blame would lie entirely on England, which made it necessary for Germany to resort to this manner of fighting to defend herself against the inhuman and cruel warfare which England was waging against the people of Germany.

Our Government protested against both the Allied and the German policy on the blockade. England, we maintained, had no right to hold up our commerce on pretexts so flimsy. Germany, we insisted, had no right to sink merchant ships without search and seizure and without providing for the safety of passengers and crew. England said she had to do it, as a war measure, and pointed to some interesting rulings which our own Government had laid down against her when we were blockading the entire Southern Coast in the war between the states. Germany said that search and seizure were impossible to submarines, and that she should not be deprived of the only weapon left her, and that old rules could not apply to the submarine, anyway, which was not in use when the rules were made. Germany finally agreed to stop using her submarines for promiscuous sinkings if England would stop choking her, which England refused to do.

So there we were, William Jennings Bryan and the rest of us. We could n't very well withdraw from the scene, because there is only one world for all of us to live on — or at least we were all pretty well settled down on this one — and nobody wanted to fight, excepting the warlike Hugh and young Fiske and a few other hotheads. And Teddy Junior.

I ought not to include him as a hothead. He was, as a



KIEL HARBOR, SHOWING WARSHIPS AND PLEASURE CRAFT AT ANCHOR

matter of fact, but he had a reason for going in, as he saw it. He came back from England with his family, learning only after he got here that Peggy had disappeared in the rout from Antwerp. The poor chap was pretty thoroughly torn to pieces. He remained with us. He seemed to feel closer at hand in Washington, in case any news from Peggy should turn up. Half a dozen times he was on the point of going back to England. But there was nothing he could do for Peggy there. He saw that.

One night he was missing. We were disturbed, apprehensive, when he did not come to dinner, and the evening wore away. Torrance set our minds at rest. He dropped in about ten o'clock. "I just saw Teddy off," he announced.

"Where has he gone? Home?"

"Not exactly. Canada. To enlist."

Dorothy was off somewhere with Hugh. We told her the next morning. At noon she had a letter from him. She was rather glad he had done it; sorry that he felt he had to, but glad he had worked it out that way.

No one believed at first that even Germany would carry out the threats she had made. They were simply unthinkable to the modern civilized mind, not yet fully trained to what Germany could resort to.

We were talking about this at home one evening, when Torrance let fall a remark which proved a bombshell. I had just said, in my private capacity as a human being, and not as a clerk in the State Department, that Germany was at last showing us what she really was. She was so sure of winning that she had torn off the mask — almost.

"It might not be such a bad thing for her to go ahead and tear it all off with these sinkings," he said. "It would make war what it really is." And he developed his favorite theme. "Why try to make a pleasant and polite pastime out of war, with a lot of ground rules and forms of killing according to etiquette," he said, "when the whole business is just killing, killing, and smashing things generally?"

Evelyn flew at him at once. He managed to keep her flying at him most of the time, and appeared to enjoy it. It seemed to be the way of this man with this maid, and I must say that it seemed to be effective. I think she found, in the amused way in which he shook off her attacks, that sense of mastery which, I am told, the woman likes to find in the man.

Of course she missed the point entirely, and was quite properly outraged by what she thought he meant. "It's perfectly hideous of you to say such a thing!" she cried. "I suppose you say that it is all right to sink ships with women and children on them so that you can say it is all right for England to starve German women and children with the blockade."

"Of course, but that part of it is all right, Evelyn," broke in young Fiske, who was with us. "I mean, the part about the blockade. It's all right to set up a blockade. It's a

regular part of fighting. Women and children may suffer from it. They do in sieges, and all that. We had to do it against the South, you know. But killing them on purpose, the way the Germans are doing, is different." He was beginning to come around to the more general view of the belligerents.

"I don't see the difference, excepting in one case it is England that is doing it, and that seems to make it all right," Evelyn returned.

"Evelyn!" mother protested.

"It 's true," she answered. "England seems to have us all buffaloed. We seem to forget what she tried to do to us."

"What a German king on the throne of England tried to do to the budding idea of democracy," I put in.

"Just what the German Kaiser is trying to do to democracy now all over the whole world," Torrance added.

"I suppose you will say next that England ought to have whipped us," she went on. "You 'd have been the worst Tory of them all, James Torrance."

"England would have whipped us if it had n't been for the Englishmen at home who opposed the war," Torrance rejoined. "It was public opinion in England that won the war for us."

"That 's a fine thing for an American to say!" Evelyn cried.

"It 's a fine thing for Americans to realize now that the descendants of those same English are fighting for the freedom of the world," Torrance replied.

"How about the French fleet?" interposed Fiske.

"They helped," Torrance admitted.

"Freedom of the world!" sneered Evelyn. "Control of the world, you mean. A pile England cares for Belgium and France. If she is so sorry for little nations, how about Ireland and India?"

"And South Africa, that has turned around and come to her aid?" I added.

"And her other colonies — Canada, and Australia, and New Zealand, that are free because the British people learned through our War of the Revolution what it meant to them to allow British subjects anywhere to be oppressed?" Torrance contributed.

"But we licked them in 1812," Fiske observed, unctiously.

"They captured our capital and burnt it, and the only battle we really won on land was fought two weeks after peace was made," Torrance rejoined.

"And not one single point that was at issue in the war was conceded to us in the Treaty," my father pointed out.

"They let us alone," said Fiske.

"Public thought compelled it," said father. "The trouble is that we don't stop to distinguish between the great, underlying, generous thought of freedom which dominates the Anglo-Saxon race, of which we are a part,



HELIGOLAND — A VIEW FROM THE MAINLAND

and which works out in the end in British affairs, and expressions of injustice and tyrannical force which sometimes get the upper hand temporarily in British Governments just as they do here. We've been brought up in the tradition that England is our natural, hereditary enemy. We assume that England is in the same state of mind now that a few of her leading statesmen were in 1776. As a matter of fact,



KIEL, SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN

England has forgotten all about that. She has outgrown many things in 150 years. It was a glorious and wonderful thing for us to shake ourselves free when we did and in the way we did. One of the most courageous attempts at freedom in history; and I am sure we would have achieved it in the end, even if all England had been against us. But it was quite as wonderful for all Englishmen, and for freedom everywhere — for the principle of freedom — as it was for us, and all Englishmen recognize that now."

"This anti-British spirit is just some of the German propaganda we are up against," said Torrance. "Our school books have been in the hands of the Germans for years. Our teaching is all tinctured by their suggestion."

"What rubbish!" scoffed Evelyn, and flounced out of the room with young Fiske.

"That sounds like Billy Florida," I observed.

"It is," said Torrance.

Florida all this time was dodging in and out of Washington in a matter of fact way, without giving any account of himself. He mentioned casually that he was doing some special newspaper work. He had a good deal to say to us in the office — I rarely saw him elsewhere — about German propaganda and German activities in the United States. I began to think that he has lost his fine balance and become hipped on the subject. What he had said to Torrance about Germany using our school text books and educational system as an avenue of suggestion against England was typical of him at this time.

Before long, however, I began to believe that he was more than half right. We all saw German sources, for instance, in much of the pressure that was brought to bear on Congress, when it convened in December, to prevent the manufacture and sale of munitions for the Allies. It was urged that America, a nation of peaceful people, and at peace with the world, was prolonging the war by contributing war material to the nations piled on Germany's back. The German mind was capable of arguing that the supply of munitions to one side of the struggle and not to the other, was an infraction of neutrality. It made no difference that we were supplying the Allies exclusively only because it was impossible for Germany to obtain deliveries, or that it had always been a practice of neutral nations, notably Germany

herself, to furnish munitions to any nation at war which could buy, pay for, and obtain them. ¹

It soon became apparent that the expression of German sympathy in America was not to be confined to suggestion and argument. Evidence began to turn up leading to convictions in cases where German reserve officers were obtaining fraudulent passports with the obvious connivance of official German representatives in this country. "Captain Boy-Ed is one of them," Billy told me. Later Werner Horn tried to blow up the international bridge at Vanceboro, Maine. He was detected and caught, and in his confession implicated others, showing that the plan was fostered higher up.

Then came a personal incident which set me on my guard. Billy had told me that Elizabeth Hauptmann was in Washington. I took no steps to look her up, although I had some desire and more curiosity to see her again.

One evening she called me by telephone, at the house. She was very lonesome, she said, and wanted to see me again. She told me that she had few friends in the capital, and that people were treating her shabbily because she was a German. Her appeal was touching and effective. I told her that I would call on her, and did so, several times.

The more I called on her the more puzzled I became over her and her attitude toward me; and I must confess, over my feelings toward her. At times she quizzed me closely about State affairs; but in such a frank, casual, natural manner that her questions might have been attributed merely to a reasonable interest in all matters pertaining to the war. Always she presented such a wistful demeanor and seemed so truly lonely and alone that I was sensible of a tenderness toward her which I had to govern.

The family with which she lived was typically German in sympathy and habits of living, but quite discreet. I saw



GERMAN BOATS, INCLUDING THE "VATERLAND," DOCKED AT HOBOKEN

little of them, and thought less, as she seemed to be on no footing of intimacy with them.

One night when I had worked rather late, I called on her for a few minutes on my way home. I was carrying some papers in a portfolio to finish looking over before I went to bed. I left the portfolio on a table in the hall and followed Elizabeth into the living room.

There was Sadie Lockhart!

She permitted Elizabeth to introduce us. "I think I used to know Miss Lockhart," I observed.

She looked at me again, pretending to study me. "Oh, yes," she said. "You used to live in Princeton when I was there, did n't you? It seems ages ago."

She chatted on for a few minutes, picking up old threads in a casual way, and then took her departure.

I soon followed, deeply perplexed at having found her there with Elizabeth. I could n't help associating her connection with the German Embassy and her acquaintanceship with this German girl Billy Florida had warned me against. I ruminated over it all the way home, confronted by baffling conjectures and confused suspicions.

When I settled down for an hour or two of work at my desk in my room, and opened my portfolio, some of the papers were missing!



THE "KRONPRINZESSEN CECELIE" AT BAR HARBOR, POLICED BY A U. S.
DESTROYER

CHAPTER VII

A GIRL ON A BOX—AND OTHERS

THE papers that had been taken from my portfolio were routine records of no importance. But the incident sickened me. I spent a sleepless night, reviewing everything that had happened while I was at the house where Elizabeth was staying. Sadie Lockhart, I recalled,



JAMES W. GERARD, U. S. AMBASSADOR TO
GERMANY

had gone out alone; Elizabeth had attended her no farther than the door of the living room. Elizabeth herself, I remembered, had excused herself for a few moments just before I left. I had heard some member of the family come downstairs, go into the back part of the house, and go up again, while I sat talking with Elizabeth. Any one of these

three might have done it. Every time I settled in my mind which one it was, I immediately became uncertain again, and repeated the entire process.

The next day Billy Florida came into the office. I made up my mind to take it up with him. "I saw Sadie last night," I began.

"Did you?" said Billy.

"At Elizabeth's," I went on.

"Is that so?" He did n't seem to be surprised at my announcement.

"They seem to be pretty good friends."

"Are they?"

"I lost some papers there — from the State Department. I left them in a portfolio in the hall."

"I 'm not surprised."

"You don't seem to be."

"That you left them in the hall for that German family to rummage over while you talked with that German girl."

"They did n't amount to anything. Just routine matters. . . . But I 'd like to know who took them. . . . What was Sadie doing there?"

"How should I know, if you don't? You were there."

"What 's she doing in the German Embassy?"

"Clerking."

"Do you suppose she took them?"

"What do you think?"

"She might have."

"So might Elizabeth. Or the other Germans in the house."

"What shall I do about it?"

"Go on as though nothing had happened; as though you had never missed the papers. You may uncover something. But for heaven's sake keep your eyes open and your mouth closed."

I did go back to Elizabeth, as soon as it seemed natural to do so. She was glad to see me, and quite at her ease, wholly unconscious, apparently, of the affair of the papers. I was shortly compelled to believe, from the girl's attitude toward me, that she had a real affection for me.

I told Billy so, as decently as I could, when I saw him again. He looked hard at me. "Don't fall for anything like that," he said.

Meanwhile I continued to encounter Sadie Lockhart; sometimes at the German Embassy in the course of my work, and now and then at Elizabeth's. Taking my cue from her, we treated each other as though we had actually met for the first time that night of the adventure of the State papers, and I found myself liking her very much.

But between the two of them I must confess that I felt immensely tossed about. And Billy Florida was n't much help; he only laughed at me.

Spring brought hope to many Americans that the year would see the end of the war. England and France, we were able to believe, had had time to get their feet planted, and would now begin the push that would topple Germany down. Enormous preparations, we understood, were under way. The Russians were overflowing Hungary through the Carpathians; the Allied fleets were knocking roundly at the gates of Constantinople; the Austrians had been thrust ignominiously out of Belgrade and all Serbia. Germany clearly was gasping; early in the year she had shown this by seizing all flour and grain foods.

Then came Neuve Chappelle, where England's mighty thrust sluffed out, followed by Germany's hideous recoil at Second Ypres, when they used poison gas for the first time, and those incredible Canadians stood in the gap which the gas ate into the line. It was not the first, or the last time, in this war, that the fate of civilization itself was determined by the intervention of some power higher than that at the command of civilization's defenders, and much, much higher than any power that lay in big battalions or heavy guns or poison gas.

We heard the story of Teddy Jr. at Second Ypres from his sister Dorothy, who came to visit us again late in April. They had received a letter from someone in a hospital in France, where Teddy had been taken suffering from the

effects of the gas. She was very much exercised, and sought comfort in the courage and wisdom of her own soldier, Hugh.

Dorothy had come east with Mr. and Mrs. Birmingham, who were on their way to Europe to bring back the members of their family. I helped them in the matter of passports, spending a greater part of the day on this errand. They were sailing on

the *Lusitania*, the crack boat of the Anglo-American service.

The day the *Lusitania* was to sail, May first, we were all disturbed by an advertisement which appeared in New York, Washington and other papers, warning prospective passengers of British ships that they were courting destruction. It was signed: "Imperial German Embassy."

Dorothy was the first member of our household to discover the notice. We heard her give a little cry as she was looking over the papers at the breakfast table.

"The Birminghams!" she exclaimed. "Oh, how dreadful!"

It was some time before we were able to learn what was distressing her.

Father rather scoffed at the idea that the Germans really



DR. CONSTANTINE DUMBA, AUSTRIAN AMBASSADOR, AND COUNT VON BERNSTORFF, GERMAN AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES

intended to sink a passenger ship of the *Lusitania's* importance, carrying so many American passengers. "They will hardly dare to do it," he held.

Hugh, whose views were determined somewhat by what he thought would be comforting to Dorothy, was sure they would not.

For my part, I could not be so sure, so held my peace. The German submarine had begun active work against Allied commerce as a counter-stroke against the Allied blockade, according to threat, on February eighteenth. In spite of our declaration that the United States would hold the Imperial German Government to "strict accountability" if American ships were sunk without warning, and would "take steps to safeguard American lives and property and secure American citizens the full enjoyment of their rights on the high seas," American ships had already been sunk and American lives lost. And despite the incredible inhumanity of it, passenger ships had already been sent to the bottom without giving passengers and crew a fair chance to get away in life boats.

Anxious days went by. Naturally I was interested in the safety of the Birminghams — although perhaps not so interested as I should be now — and of other acquaintances I had aboard. But I was really more concerned over the international consequences that would follow if Germany sank the *Lusitania*.

Then came the hideous news. Germany had done it.

We know what happened; the sudden shock of explosion, when the great ship's load of passengers were at luncheon on May eighth; the courageous scenes on shipboard; the chivalry of men; the launching of life boats; the swift sinking of the great liner; the waters awash with wreckage; the bodies of women and children, of babes and strong men, slowly floating about and drowning; the scramble at rescue by

fishing boats and naval vessels; the desperate inquiries ashore concerning the safety of loved ones known to have been aboard; the amazing list of celebrities who perished.

We watched for the name Birmingham among the survivors, but it did not appear. And no one has ever been able to tell us how they met their fate.

Dorothy was crushed. "Poor Peggy. Poor Mildred. Poor Teddy," she kept saying. "Why did you let them go?" to me, whom she somehow held remotely responsible; perhaps because I had helped them get their passports, at her request.

Evelyn dabbled with the view many took that England was responsible for the loss of life because she used passenger ships to carry munitions — made a shield of human beings — and that Germany was compelled to sink ships carrying bullets intended for her soldiers, even if some people lost their lives as a consequence. People ought not to be so foolish as to travel on British ships; they were warned against it.

I shall not forget the night she said something to that effect in the presence of James Torrance. He arose and "crushed" her. He was terrible and amazing when really in earnest. He did n't say anything to her that the rest of us had not said, time and again; but when he got through she stole off to her room crying with shame, and the male members of the family, at least, did not see her again for two or three days. When she finally showed up, she was altogether subdued, and had nothing more to say in condonation of German methods, then or thereafter. She still clung to her prejudice against England; but that, I think, was more to show herself that Torrance was not complete master of her soul, than for any other reason.

It is too bad that we could not have entered the war then and there; but that was impossible. We were not ripe. Many blows were still needed before our miscellaneous mass

of unthinking, unamalgamated citizenry should be pounded into a tempered body, ready for action. To have gone in merely in anger, or revenge, would have been abortive and disastrous. It would have deprived the world of the great moral force which America was to bring to play, when the time came. For our towering strength came from the calm, dispassionate, deliberate way in which we finally undertook our part in the war against the great red dragon as a sublime duty of a free people to humanity, liberty and civilization. I think that is what President Wilson may have had in mind when he said, in an address to newly naturalized Americans at Philadelphia, three days after the *Lusitania* was sunk: "There is such a thing as being too proud to fight." How he was abused for it!

I don't know, of course, when the President began to foresee that our entrance into the war was eventually inevitable. I don't know how long he conducted foreign affairs in the hopes of being able to keep out and maintain the position of a great, moral neutral, ready to help in adjudication and adjustment when the time came, or just when he began to conduct them with a view to making each step so secure and obvious that there could be no challenge, from our own mixed people, or from the verdict of history, as to the rightness of our course when we should at last join forces with the Allies.

The two policies, both being based on righteousness, fluxed into each other. It was right for us to stay out as long as we could, for the sake of civilization. It was right for us to go in when we had to for the sake of civilization. And it was necessary to make the rightness so apparent, to move forward with such clean hands and such a pure heart, that the whole thought of the people at home would be molded and welded together into one high, right purpose.

The interchange of notes with Germany on the sinking of

the *Lusitania* was along this line. Our efforts were directed more toward freeing the war from this form of immoral warfare than toward any attempt at mere reparation. The first note tacitly and tactfully assumed that the Imperial German Government had not authorized the act officially, and gave Germany a chance to repudiate it. At the same time it firmly insisted that the practice of submarine sinkings must be abandoned, on the grounds of humanity and of international law. "The Imperial German Government," it concluded, "will not expect the government of the United States to omit any word or any act necessary to the performance of its sacred duty of maintaining the rights of the United States and its citizens and of safeguarding their free exercise and enjoyment."

The note met with almost universal approval at home. It was firm, without being threatening. It showed our intention to hold Germany to the "strict accountability"



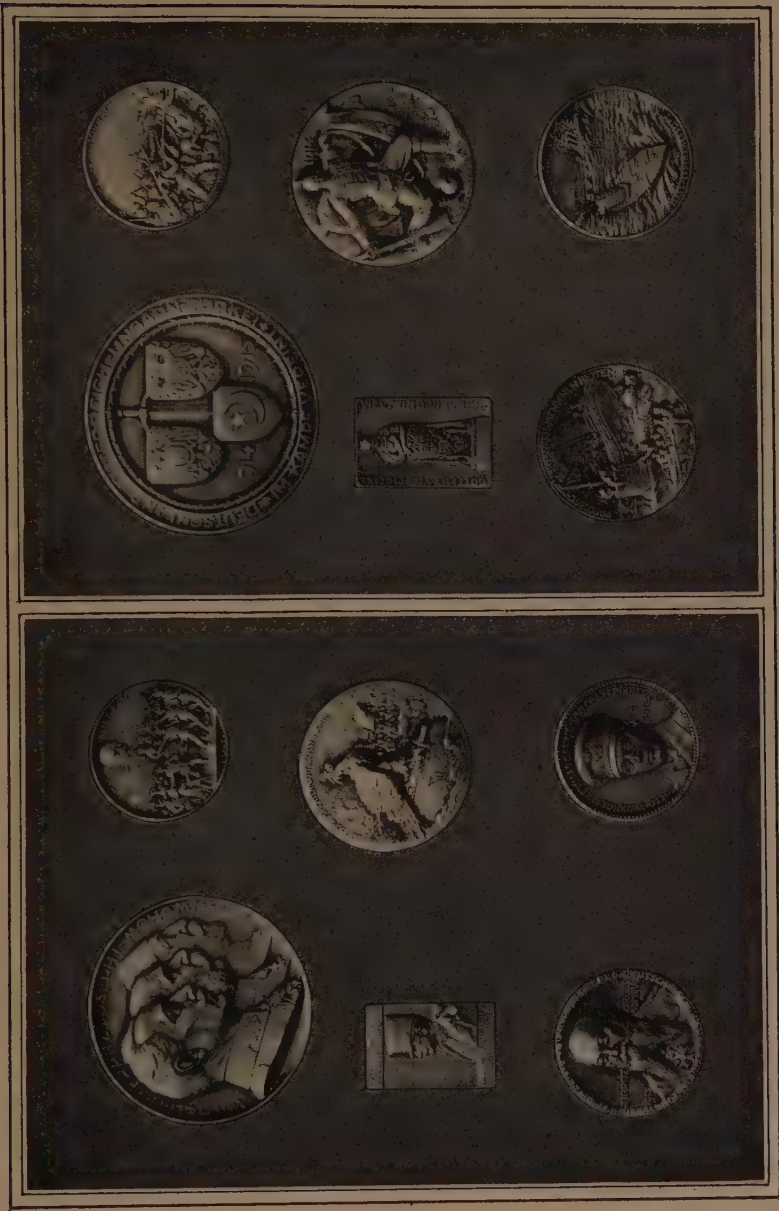
CAPTURED ENEMY GUNS ON PARADE IN BERLIN — ROYAL PALACE IN THE BACKGROUND

which the President had warned them would be enforced in his note evoked by the declaration of the war zone about British Isles.

The attitude of the German Government and the German people toward the *Lusitania* sinking was astounding and disconcerting. Cities there were decked out with flags. School children were given a holiday for rejoicing. The Government struck off a medal celebrating the event. And on May twenty-fifth before the German Government had answered our note, the American steamer *Nebraskan*, in ballast from Liverpool for Delaware Breakwater, was torpedoed off the coast of Ireland!

Then came the German reply. The German Government, it said, had already expressed to neutral nations its regrets for loss of life. But the sinking of the *Lusitania* was justified on the alleged grounds that the ship was an auxiliary cruiser, that it carried guns, that it had been used as a transport for Canadian troops, and that the British Government had sought to insure its safety by using American citizens as a screen on what was virtually one of their war vessels.

Each of our following notes was firm and dignified, keeping the issue on the high grounds of humanity and morality. The second one seemed so severe that Secretary of State Bryan resigned rather than sponsor it; which many, including my father, considered the most helpful act he had ever done. He was so blinded to the essence of the situation, by his obsessions of peace, where there is no peace, that he actually took the platform and entered the writing field in virtual opposition to our stand against Germany, lest it bring war. He maintained, and many were with him in it, that, although Americans had a right to travel the seas, according to strict technicalities, they should not be allowed to exercise that right if it jeopardized the entire nation. The balance of his contention was along the line



GERMAN MEDALS AWARDED BY THE KAISER DURING THE GREAT WORLD WAR

which he had developed in numerous arbitration treaties with many minor powers; namely, that no nations should enter war for a year after they felt themselves confronted with provocative grievances, and until the matter had been adjudicated by some form or tribunal sitting in arbitration.

The third *Lusitania* note, stating plainly that a "repetition of the acts of German submarine commanders in contravention of those rights (the rights of American citizens at sea) must be regarded . . . as deliberately unfriendly," evoked from Germany a promise to sink no more ships without warning; and the incident would have been closed, had Germany's promises amounted to anything.

All this time the country was getting stiff doses of German intrigue and treachery. Von Bernstorff, German Ambassador, von Papen, military attaché, and Captain Boy-Ed, naval attaché, were the ringleaders of it. Dumba, the Austrian Ambassador, was merely a tool — but a very willing one. Consulates throughout the country were centers of intrigue. Hosts of German sympathizers in all walks of life fitted into the scheme — some unconsciously, out of their enthusiasm, some deliberately.

Three weeks after the war began Bernstorff and his crew were having passports forged for the purpose of getting German reserve officers back into Germany as American citizens, or as foreigners traveling home. In February, 1915, Werner Horn tried to blow up the bridge between Canada and the United States at Vanceboro. Later on labor troubles were stirred up, which were traced to Dumba; and fires in munition plants. Time bombs were placed on ships carrying munitions to the Allies. Money was spent broadcast. Dr. Albert arrived early from Germany with \$40,000,000 to spend. Bernstorff assumed the pathetic pose of a man who had to do a disagreeable duty. He pre-

tended that he kept expostulating with his Government over stands they took, whereas many of the instructions received by him which he pretended to deplore were in fact prepared by him here and sent to Berlin to be sent back to him. He had been in America for years; was socially gracious and pleasing, and "took many in" — myself among them.

Billy Florida set me right. "Bernstorff is in on everything," he assured me. "He is behind everything that goes on. Only he leaves it all to the others to carry out. He does n't want to know too much about details. Von Papen is the busiest one of the bunch; but Boy-Ed has the brains. Bernstorff knew they were going to sink the *Lusitania*."

"How do you know?"

"Rathom got the goods on him."

John R. Rathom was editor of the Providence (R. I.) *Journal*. He had traveled widely, and knew the world — including Germany. He knew what Germany was up to; knew what tricks she would be playing in America. And he knew that the Government was n't ready to cope with her at that game. So he made up his mind to do a little watching on his own account.

"Look at that," Billy went on, pulling a piece of paper out of his pocket and handing it to me.



GERMAN SUBMARINE U-1, WITH TORPEDO BOAT IN THE BACKGROUND

This is what I saw typewritten on the paper:

"From Berlin Foreign Office.

"to Botschaft, Washington.

"669 (44-W) Welt nineteen fifteen warne 175 29 1 stop
175 1 2 stop durch 622 2 4 stop 19 7 18 stop LIX 11 3 4 5 6"

"What the deuce is this?" I wanted to know.

"That's what they wanted to know at the *Journal* office the night they picked it out of the air two days before the *Lusitania* sailed."

"What do you mean, picked it out of the air?"

"It was on its way from Nauen to Sayville. The *Journal* has a high power wireless. They get Sayville messages all the time, and report them to the Government — and the Government, as a rule, does n't believe them. This one made a great stir. They knew it was important from the way Nauen kept on trying to get it through. Conditions were bad that night. It was n't in any code they had ever seen at the office, and nobody could decode it. Then somebody happened to remember that Prince Hatzfeld had been running around the German Embassy the morning after it was received, raising the deuce to find a *World Almanac* for 1915."

"How did they know that?"

"It had been reported to the office."

"Who reported it?"

"Somebody that saw the Prince raising the deuce."

"But who was it?"

Billy looked hopelessly at me. "Almost everybody that is n't connected with the Government knows by this time that the *Journal* has somebody planted there. The German Embassy knows it better than anybody; but they don't know who it is."

"What did the *World Almanac* have to do with this?"

I pressed him.

"If you had one, I'd show you. 'Welt nineteen fifteen' stands for the *World Almanac* of that year. The numbers stand for page, line and word. Here is the translation."

He handed me another paper. Typewritten on it was this: "Warn *Lusitania* passengers through press not voyage across the Atlantic."

I looked at him in amazement. "What made them let them go?" I asked. "Why did n't they stop them?"

"Why did n't who stop whom?"

"The *Journal* people stop the passengers?"

"They did n't dope it out until it was too late."

"Rathom is doing some great work," said I, sapiently.

"It was the *Journal* bunch that got Dr. Albert," said Billy.

"You mean those letters that appeared in the New York *World*?"

"No. The *World* got hold of them some other way. Albert got onto a New York elevated train one night with a portfolio full of important documents. That's German all over — to go around with all the evidence you can get together in their hands. He was more careful of his portfolio than some statesmen are. He put it between his knees as he sat down. When he got off it was gone. . . . I mean the time Albert was spotted when he first landed here with his pockets full of German corruption money. He went to the Ritz-Carlton and wrote a letter to Bernstorff asking him to send somebody down to New York to talk over plans with him. Bernstorff was at Dumba's country place when the letter arrived. It was Saturday afternoon. All but one of the clerks were gone. The one of them that was there got hold of the letter, read it, and took the train for New York. Sunday morning a man appeared at the Ritz-Carlton, all dressed up, silk hat and all, to see Dr. Albert. He said he had come in response to Albert's letter to the Ambassador —

and he really had. He made Albert prove who he was — show his credentials — and then let him talk. They had a long talk — about two hours — and fixed everything up fine. The next day Albert went to Washington. ‘That was a fine agent you sent to see me yesterday,’ he began. ‘Very intelligent and discreet.’ ‘I did n’t send anybody,’ said Bernstorff. ‘Who was it I talked with for two hours, then?’ yelled Albert. You can imagine their state of mind.”

“Who was it?” I wanted to know.

“One of the *Journal* bunch, of course. . . . They tipped the Government off to what Huerta was up to, too,” he went on. “They guessed from the time he left Spain, where he had been ever since he had been fired out of Mexico in 1914, that he was going to try to start some trouble in Mexico and get us into it; and that Germany was behind it. They did n’t fall for his bluff about taking out an American residence, and all that. They got wise to the whole deal when Boy-Ed tried to hire some Americans to get Huerta across the line, and help German reservists into Mexico. Boy-Ed was handling this end of it. But he got hold of the wrong Americans. They told Rathom, and he sent them to President Wilson with the whole story. That’s how it happened that when Huerta started for the San Francisco Fair, and got off at Newman, New Mexico, he found a bunch of Secret Service men waiting for him, as well as the auto that was to take him into Mexico, and landed him in the El Paso jail, where he presently died.”



SECTIONAL VIEW OF A GERMAN SUBMARINE, OR U-BOAT

"What did Huerta die of, Billy?" I quizzed. "I have always wanted to know. There was something mysterious to me about the way he snuffed out."

"Mexicans have a variety of ways of dying," was all Billy vouchsafed. "But the choice one of the lot was the game they played on von Papen when he left for Germany. Von Papen had been recalled by his Government, at the urgent request of ours. Things had been piling up on him pretty strong; but the revelations following the arrest of James J. F. Archibald were the last straws. Archibald was an American war correspondent who had been delivering German propaganda lectures in the United States and was on his way to Germany when he was intercepted and arrested on the strength of evidence found in Albert's portfolio, which fell into the hands of the *New York World*. Archibald had confidential letters from Dumba, von Bernstorff, von Papen and other known German plotters which showed some of the things that were going on — how Dumba was fomenting strikes in munition plants, for one thing. Dumba was recalled, by request, as a result of these exposures, before von Papen fell.

"When von Papen was getting ready to go, he had all his effects packed in boxes at the Austrian Consulate, in New York City. A certain young woman working there as a stenographer knew exactly what went into each box each day. And each night Rathom knew. All of his important and most confidential papers were put in a certain box. They showed what he had done with money he had spent for dirty work, and a lot of correspondence that would prove very useful in the right hands.

"Rathom told the young lady to mark the box some way so that it could be picked out from the others on board the ship von Papen was sailing on. The day before he was to sail she was sitting on the box, eating her lunch, and

wondering how she was going to get away with some distinguishing mark without arousing suspicion, when in walked von Papen himself. He started right in to get mushy with her. She strung him along — thought something might come of it. Pretty soon he asked her if he could n't sit down with her on the box and share her sandwiches with her. Sure, he could! He got real sentimental. So did she. So sentimental that she had to take a red crayon out of her hair, where she kept it for convenience, and draw two red hearts intertwining on the box, to show Von Papen how much he had come to mean to her. And to show her how he felt about it, he took the crayon out of her hand and drew an arrow through the two hearts. So the British got the box they wanted when they looked through the steamer von Papen traveled on."

"How do you know so much about all this, Billy?" I enquired.

"Oh, newspaper men pick it up here and there," he answered; and I accepted his answer.

"By the way, what 's become of Sadie Lockhart? She 's left the German Embassy."

"I understand she is working down at the Austrian Consulate in New York," he answered.

"Is she the one — was it Sadie that drew those hearts, Billy?" I cried. "And tipped off the Albert letter? And Hatzfeld and the *Almanac*?"

He looked at me in blank amazement. "Do you suppose it was?" he breathed. Alarm followed amazement. "For heaven's sake, don't whisper it anywhere," he went on. "They would n't stop at anything if they got on to — anything."

I soon had reason to believe that Billy Florida's alarm for Sadie was well founded — if she really were the one who had been "planted" by Rathom, and if she were found out.

Because I saw one of the Germans who had been exposed, face to face, with the mask off.

It was Hauptmann. I ran across him one night when I went to see Elizabeth. He was stopping at the house. I had continued to visit the girl, with strangely mixed emotions of sympathy and pity, which I sometimes came near mistaking for something else, especially when I was not with her, and no doubt would have misconstrued but for Billy Florida's warning not to "fall for that stuff" — and a sense of discomfort in her presence which amounted at times almost to a revulsion.

Hauptmann was raging. He had been mixed up, in New York, in attempts to pollute American newspapers — the crowd even had the stupid audacity to try to get control of the news channels of the Associated Press — and in the New York *Mail* deal — the one Rumely, of tractor fame, was involved in.

He was furious because he had been found out. The thought of dishonor or disgrace never entered his head. The unforgivable thing was that Germany had been found out. That was inviting the wrath of the German god.

With one breath Hauptmann branded as malicious lies all the charges that had been made and proven against all the German conspirators, and with the next justified and exulted in what these conspirators had done. He was the most German person I have ever known. He sneered at the petty amateurishness of Rathom, the self-appointed spy, scorning anything not done in the textbook fashion of the German Secret Service, and swore the next moment that he would like nothing better than to get his hands on some of Rotham's agents. He showed, with his hands, what he would do. I had seen him make the same gesture, in Princeton, talking about England's entrance into the war, when I had encountered him there a year before. I thought of

Sadie — she had a pretty throat, I remembered, smooth, firm and silky looking. I looked at Elizabeth's, to see what hers was like.

He seemed the more incensed by all this because Germany was, to his thinking at least, sweeping everything before her in the World War. France had sputtered out bloodily in the vast Champagne attack, showing that the problem of breaking through the West Front had not been solved, and that Germany could hold there until she had finished with her enemies elsewhere and was ready to polish off France and England. Russia had been beaten to pulp in the mighty Battle of Donajec, where whole armies were wiped out or sucked up; Serbia was being ground to powder, now that Germany had a few free minutes in which to attend to her case; German troops were in Warsaw. To thwart a nation that could carry on like that, to dare to do anything to interfere with it, was the final insolence.

I went back at him, as fierce as he came; though in perfectly good temper. I was never so disgusted with a man in all my life — never felt such contempt. He seemed loathsomely unmoral. His lack of ethics was repulsive. I tried to show that I thought so, and I think I succeeded. Not that he cared, however. The main thing was that Germany had been prevented from carrying out some of her plans. Nothing else mattered.

Suddenly Elizabeth drew up alongside of me in the attack — figuratively and literally. She even took hold of my hand — or rather my wrist; she was too excited for sentimental niceties. She was trembling all over. And she flew at him like a tigress. She said that Germany ought to be ashamed of herself, and that he ought to be ashamed of himself, for all the tricks they had tried. She would n't stand it any longer. She would n't have anything to do with people mixed up in all this intrigue and treachery.

And so forth, and so on. I was amazed. She clutched my wrist until it hurt; her finger-prints on it were all bordered with white, where she was squeezing the blood away.

Hauptmann blazed and snorted and choked, but said nothing. He turned on his heel abruptly and marched off, growling and grating like a truck going into second speed.

When he was gone, Elizabeth turned to me and put her head on my shoulder. "I am so sorry, for everything," she sobbed, and began to weep.

I saw it all now. Billy was partly right at first and entirely wrong now. They had "sicked the girl" on to me, as he put it, and she had stood for it, up to a point. But now. . . . I put my arms around her. "There, there," I said. "It's all, all right." Which no doubt did just as well as anything.

I was all ready to go further in committing myself to this poor, battered repentant little ex-spy, but Billy Florida, and Sadie sitting on von Papen's box, kept coming into my thoughts, and I decided it would keep.

Nevertheless I bore a report of what had transpired to Billy Florida with a feeling of considerable triumph and vindication. "She's straightened out, Billy," I said. "She was laying for me once, all right, but she has quit that now."

"Why?" queried Billy Florida.

"Well, I suppose it's because she loves me."

Billy threw up his hands and groaned. "Of course she does — now that you've tumbled. That's the next step. Going to behave now. . . . And you fell for it. . . . Oh my. . . ." He emitted another groan.

I was pretty mad, and let Billy know it.

The next time I called to see Elizabeth — which was n't as long afterward as it had been according to previous custom — the girl was gone. She had disappeared; no one could — or would — tell me where.

CHAPTER VIII

HUGH GOES A-SOLDIERING

HUGH presently had his chance to be a soldier.

It came about as a result of Villa's raid on Columbus, New Mexico, on the night of March ninth, 1916. That irrepressible bandit had swept across the line with a chosen band, attacked the town, burned some buildings, shot some citizens, and dashed back again into Mexico.

Naturally there was a great hue and cry. Many clamored loudly for an immediate intervention. More people seemed to be getting tired of the President's Mexican policy — or lack of it, as many put it.

"That settles it," said Hugh, echoing thousands of others. "We've got to go down there and clean out the whole bunch of greasers."

Father, who was becoming alarmingly departmental, undertook solemnly and laboriously to explain to Hugh that the Mexican Government could hardly be held re-



GENERAL HUGH L. SCOTT

sponsible for the acts of some outlaws that they-themselves were trying to restrain from violence to their own citizens, and were unable to control; whereupon Hugh remarked that if they could n't control them, they'd better turn the job over to some one that could. Father went on to suggest that no doubt the raid was inspired by some interests that would like to embroil us with Mexico for selfish reasons of their own — Germany, perhaps, or American financiers and investors; miners or oil men, or ranch owners, and that Mexico must be given the same right to settle her own affairs that we would insist upon in like circumstances. "What would be your attitude, for instance, Hugh, if England should tell us that she would have to come over here and take charge of our affairs because we could n't, or did n't, prevent lynching in our Southern States?"

"Oh, England would n't do that," said Evelyn. "She'd send the French — or the Canadians." It was at a time when there was a lot of bitter talk in the air to the effect that England was shirking — was letting others do her fighting. That started father off on another tack, and Hugh slipped out, to air his indignation in a more congenial atmosphere.

A few days later father announced to him that the Government was taking steps along lines that he would doubtless approve. "We shall send a punitive expedition into Mexico to capture and punish Villa and his followers," he informed his younger son. "We have come to an understanding with Carranza, who will permit our troops to penetrate as far as necessary into Mexican soil."

"So I heard," said Hugh — it was public rumor, all but verified, by this time, which shows how departmental father was becoming. "And I'm going."

"That would be impossible, because the expedition will consist entirely of regulars, under General John Pershing."



THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON, SENATE WING IN THE FOREGROUND

But Hugh's chance soon came. The punitive expedition was a failure. Villa disappeared into the mountains and deserts of northern Mexico; there was no more chance of catching him than of catching a squirrel in the tree-tops. Pershing's column penetrated four hundred miles, and stuck there. Six thousand troops swelled to 12,000. They could n't go on, because there was no place in particular to go to, and no reason to go there. They could n't retire, because it was a punitive expedition, and it had not yet punished anything but itself. Carranza was beginning to buzz around like an angry hornet, demanding that we withdraw.

Meanwhile raids went on, mostly in Texas.

To defend the long border President Wilson called out the militia of the three border States — Texas, New Mexico and Arizona.

Soon after he asked all the States to mobilize their



A CANADIAN FIELD DRESSING STATION AND TEMPORARY PRISON CAMP

militia. How much he felt the need of the defensive force; or how much he wanted to give the militia some practice, and the nation some experience in mobilizing, looking to a possible contingency in the future; or how much he wanted to test out the new army bill that had just been passed, probably the President himself could not have told.

The bill was the net tangible result so far of the President's urgent pleas for national preparedness, which he had begun to make as early as the fall of 1915. I believe the President saw then that we inevitably would be drawn into the World War. The revelations of German perfidy in American affairs, the abandon of their slaughter of Nurse Cavell, in Belgium, their continuance of submarine atrocities in spite of assurances and promises, their growing contempt for opinion and restraint as their military strength appeared to grow, must have already convinced him that nothing but force could suppress such depravity, and that the force to do it would not be forthcoming in sufficient degree from the nations already at war.

In November, addressing the Manhattan Club in New York City, President Wilson had said: "The influences of a great war are everywhere in the air. . . . No thoughtful man feels any panic haste in the matter. The country is not threatened in any quarter." But he went on to speak "in terms of deepest solemnity of the urgency and necessity of preparing ourselves."

When Congress convened in December, 1915, he went before it and asked for the greatest navy in the world, and for a citizen army. "Since I last had the privilege of addressing you on the state of the Union," he said, "the war of nations on the other side of the sea . . . has extended its threatening and sinister scope until it has swept within its flame some portion of every quarter of the globe, not excepting our own hemisphere. . . . We have stood apart,

studiously neutral. . . . It was necessary, if a universal catastrophe was to be avoided, that a limit should be set to the sweep of destructive war and that some part of the great family of nations should keep the processes of peace alive. . . . But we do believe in a body of free citizens ready and sufficient to take care of themselves and of the Government which they have set up to serve them."

And when Congress dilly-dallied, divided between a volunteer force and schemes for universal military training, he made a quick swing through the middle western States



GENERAL PERSHING, AT THE TIME OF THE MEXICAN FRACAS



AMERICAN ARTILLERY CAMP ON THE RIO GRANDE

seeking support for his demands upon Congress in a series of frank, serious talks on preparedness. On this trip he gave voice to such utterances as these: "The world is on fire, and there is tinder everywhere. . . . I must tell you that the dangers are infinite and constant. . . . New circumstances have arisen which make it absolutely necessary that this country should prepare itself. . . . You cannot afford to postpone this thing. I do not know what a single day may bring forth. . . . There may at any moment come a time when I cannot preserve both the honor and the peace of the United States. . . . You may be called upon any day to stand behind me to maintain the honor of the United States. . . ."

There was a general acceptance in Congress of the idea of some form of preparedness, but much division and discussion as to the form it should take. General Scott, Chief of Staff, and Secretary of War Garrison were strong for a continental army. The Chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs was in favor of a federalized militia, and was preparing a bill embodying his ideas. When the Presi-

dent returned, Secretary Garrison was about to start on another speech-making tour supporting preparedness. He asked President Wilson whether he could have the support of the administration for the continental army plan, which was the only one he felt he could advocate. The President replied that he felt he should keep an open mind upon the subject, whereupon Secretary Garrison resigned, and Newton D. Baker was afterward appointed to succeed him.

In March bills were introduced, one in the Senate, by Senator Chamberlain, and another in the House, by Representative May, head of the Committee on Military Affairs. They differed in the weight placed upon a federalized militia, favored by the Committee, and on the point of a strictly Federal volunteer force to be trained one month in each year, which Senator Chamberlain sponsored. Villa's raid finally hurried Congress up, and a bill was agreed upon.

Hugh, now a lieutenant in the New Jersey militia, was delighted when the order came to mobilize. There was a vast to-do in the Stevens family over his preparations.



AN AMERICAN COTTON MILL IN MEXICO

Dorothy contrived to come on to see him off. You would have thought that he was starting off for a thirty-year war. He did look good in his uniform. No one had the least idea that he would be shot, or captured, or experience any particularly exciting or heroic adventures; but the two young people enjoyed planning for something of the sort. For a few days, we were likely to run across them in almost any corner of the house, enraptured with the situation. Young Fiske, who happened to be in Washington at the time on some shore duty or other, made furious poses before Evelyn because he was deprived of the opportunity of fighting gloriously. Torrance and I amused ourselves over it all. But underneath his bantering raillery there lay a deep seriousness. He was fearful lest a military spirit should come over the nation.

We soon began to get letters of disillusionment from Hugh. War proved to be a bore and a hardship. The whole affair turned out to be more or less of a mess. There was much chaos in equipping the men, and some absurd bungling. It was soon seen that there were serious flaws in the bill which had passed Congress. For one thing, divided authority between the Federal Government and the State governments resulted in confusion. For another thing, it took men into prolonged service away from home who had joined the militia believing that their services would be required for only short periods of time. Many of their families suffered actual want as a consequence.

Meanwhile Carranza was behaving badly. He was a vain and stiff-necked man, although I do give him credit for patriotic motives behind his stubbornness. At every turn, where he might have benefited by the good will of the President's policy, he took the wrong turn. It is quite true that his position was a difficult one. Our presence in Mexico implied that he himself could not handle Villa, and created

resentment among his people as an infraction of their national sovereignty.

When three South American countries — Argentine, Brazil and Chile — proposed mediation it promised a way out. The proposal was accepted, and delegates met at New London and Atlantic City. Carranza hampered them by instructing his representatives to confine the discussion to two points: the withdrawal of Pershing's expedition, and future border patrolling. A protocol signed November twenty-fourth stipulated that Pershing should withdraw in forty days, provided American interests in Chihuahua should



NEWTON D. BAKER

be deemed safe, that each nation should provide for the patrol of its own border, and that these two patrolling forces should coöperate whenever it was possible. But Carranza refused to ratify the protocol. We finally found a way to withdraw gracefully when Carranza was elected President and Villa turned all his attention to challenging his authority by force of arms. But that was later.

All this time a wave of agitation for intervention was surging up and down the country. The policy of "watchful waiting" seemed to have worn out the patience of many who until now had been willing to let Mexico solve her own

problems. No solution appeared to be in sight. Villa was never stronger than at the time our troops thought they were chasing him up and down northern Mexico. American interests in Mexico, and German propagandists, took advantage of the public state of mind to press the situation home. The agitation was ably organized and directed. We got it from the press, the stage, the platform, the funny papers. But the President hung on to the principle that every country must be allowed to work out its own salvation without interference from outside. This at least restored faith in us among Central and South American countries, which had been alarmed by our entering Mexico, and not at all sure that we would not keep right on down to Cape Horn. At least, so some people tried to make some other people think.

By this time the World War had become an old story to us. To have Europe embroiled, so far from being unthinkable, as it was at first, seemed perfectly normal. Evelyn expressed it one night. "It seems as though the war had been going on forever," she said. "It has—in other forms,"



PANCHO VILLA (*third from right*) AND HIS LIEUTENANTS

observed Torrance. But the remark was too profound for her. She merely gave him a puzzled look, and went on, chatting about Teddy, Jr.

Dorothy had brought us news of him when she came to see Hugh off, and Evelyn had just received a letter from her. We got rather intimate reports of life in the trenches through the Winter of 1915-1916. I must say that I was not enamored of it. Teddy was a regular veteran now — had been in numerous actions, and spent a busy Winter and Spring. Everybody knew that England was making stupendous preparations for a supreme effort against the Germans. She seemed to be striking her stride. Lloyd George had taken charge of munitions, and was forging to the front. Conscription was generally believed to be on the way. We all felt that the issue would be decided on the Western



GENERAL PERSHING CROSSING THE RIO GRANDE VIA THE INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE

Front, although we had pretty generally given up expectations of an immediate decision, unless the British could strike a final blow in the Summer. Serbia and Montenegro were overrun; Russia was still stunned; the Gallipoli attempt had failed, without bringing the end any nearer, so far as we could see.

In the midst of our expectancy, waiting for the British blow to fall, came the terrific rush of the Germans against Verdun. We, in America, reading accounts of the prodigious attack and scare headlines about German gains, spent many anxious weeks. Fort after fort fell before the seemingly irresistible and inexhaustible onslaughts; line after line crumpled and crumpled. Yet the French held.

And then England, which nation had been under bitter criticism because she had not come to the rescue of the hard pressed French, struck on the Somme. We all know now that she had refrained from replying to the German attack at Verdun because one of Germany's prime purposes in making the attack was to draw off the impending blow, and that the French and British generals decided not to abandon the British plans unless it became imperatively necessary in order to save Verdun.

An artillery preparation which up to that time had not been equalled in intensity or duration obliterated the supposedly impregnable German first lines, and the British swept forward for many miles to what appeared for a time to promise ultimate victory. But when the troops outdistanced the support of their guns they were held up and came to a stop. All through the Summer and into the Fall the pressure continued. The German lines bulged and bent, but were not conclusively broken; while untold thousands of England's choicest lay dead on the futile field.

Teddy Jr. was in it with the Canadians that captured Courcelette. And so was his uncle, Samuel Stevens —

Uncle Sam, for short. A wanderer in search of modern adventure, he had been in Paris when the war broke out, had joined the Foreign Legion, gotten into flying later, had been through Verdun, and had come down to the Somme front to help there.

The Birmingham sisters had gotten in touch with each other again. Mildred was in England, with the Stephens



AMERICAN CAVALRY IN CHIHUAHUA

family, doing her bit there in British war work, while Peggy was with her Aunt Patricia in Paris.

Some branches of American business were benefiting by the war; but I do not think that the charge that America was profiting selfishly, fattening on the misery of other nations, could be made to lie against our people. The fact that prices received by American industry were high, and that huge foreign contracts were pouring money through the channels of our trade which trickled into the pockets of most of our people, making a general prosperity, was the result of conditions which we could not affect or control, but

had to accept with these consequences, regardless of any sentimental scruples. I am at least sure that our material welfare under neutrality had no weight in the policy which sought to the last moment to maintain it.

The State Department was not without its troubles. England was offending again, resorting to the practice of opening and examining mail, because vast quantities of contraband material was being sent through the parcel post. We protested vigorously, but without effect. Matters were made worse by a British blacklist against certain American firms having German affiliations.

Germany, on her part, was behaving in bad faith in the matter of submarines. Her promise to sink no more ships without warning was disregarded more and more. Finally the sinking of the channel steamer *Sussex*, with serious loss of life, including Americans, brought from us a warning that a repetition of such an incident would bring about the breaking of diplomatic relations. For a time Germany abided by renewed promises. How she broke them, and how that led us into the war, forms another part of the narrative.

I had not seen Elizabeth since that night when she flew at Hauptmann. Once or twice I went looking for her at the home where she had been, without learning anything. I did not press my search, although I must confess that the inclination to do so was often strong upon me. I began to believe that I cared more for the girl than I had realized. I kept wondering how she was getting along; whether she was happy; whether all was well with her.

One day I asked Billy Florida pointedly if he knew where she was. It was not too much to expect that Billy Florida knew the solution of every mystery.

"Hauptmann has probably put her on another job," he answered.

"I don't believe it. She is through with Hauptmann now."

"You're deep," was all he said, throwing me thereby neck and crop into all my old doubts and misgivings.

"What's become of Hauptmann?" I asked.

"Vanished," Billy told me. "They are afraid he got away to England. Things were getting pretty thick for him here. Some of those von Papen papers got him in bad. When they went to nail him, he had gone. I guess you were



GENERALS BLANQUET, FELIX DIAZ, HUERTA AND MONDRAGON

the last man to see him. He was traced here to Washington."

"Do you suppose he took Elizabeth with him?"

"He did not. When you see her again you may be able to find out where he has gone."

"I don't expect to see her again."

"You may not. And then again you may."

Billy was right. It was not a week later that I met her on Pennsylvania Avenue, dressed very simply and looking very demure.

She would have passed by without speaking, pretending she had not seen me; but I laid my hand on her arm.

"Elizabeth!" She greeted me then cordially enough, affecting pleased surprise. "Where have you been?" I went on. "I've been trying to locate you."

"I've been right here in Washington all the time," she answered.

"Where? Why did n't you let me know?"

"I did n't suppose you wanted to know."

"What made you think that?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"I'm awfully glad I ran across you. I want to see you again; I want to see you often. Where are you now? I'll come and call."

"You can't," she said.

"Why not?"

"Well, you can't. . . . I could meet you somewhere," she compromised, when I pressed her further.

"All right; but that sounds ridiculous."

"I'll explain to you when I see you. I'm in a hurry now."

"All right. Where shall we meet? And when?"

She thought for a moment, and then appointed a time and place in the Capitol grounds. "On one of the benches near the entrance at the south-east corner," she specified.

"I'll be there. . . . How are you? How is everything going?"

She looked away, with rather a sad smile. "I'll tell you all about it. I want to see you. Good-by." I thought I saw a tear in her eye as she hurried away.

When the night came, I found her waiting for me, under an electric light.

"The benches were all full," she said. She wore the same simple dress; she looked quite pretty and wistful. We found a bench under the shadow of a tree on one of the minor paths in the square.

"Where are you now?" I began.

"What has been happening to you?"

"I am working," she answered, hanging her head. "I am with the Worthingtons. I am Mrs. Worthington's personal maid. That is why I could n't ask you to come to see me."

"Senator Worthington?" I queried.

"Yes."

I shivered. Senator Worthington

was a member of the Foreign Relations Committee.

"Are you glad to be rid of your father?" I confronted her.

"He was n't my father."

"I know."

"I could n't go on with him."

"What is he doing in England?" I felt that I was being very adroit in coming at what Billy wanted to know.

"Is he in England?" she returned.

I tried to see her eyes, for an interpretation of her; but the shadows were too heavy.

"It is perfectly well known where he is," I said. I regretted the remark at once as a blunder. Now she could warn him.

"I do not care where he is, or what he is doing," she went on. "I have been through enough with him."



PANCHO VILLA

Fool though I felt that I was, I reached out a hand and took one of hers, lying limp in her lap. She gave back my pressure clingingly. I felt the absurdity of it all — a member of the State Department sitting clandestinely in a public square, holding hands with a Senator's lady's maid. I wondered whether each passer-by might not recognize me. It was not beyond the reach of coincidence that the ubiquitous and omniscient Billy Florida might not wander past.

"Why did you leave that place, Elizabeth?" She was leaning against me in a tender, tentative way.

"I could n't stand it any longer. You know what they wanted me to do. I would n't do it any longer." An unmistakable pressure now of her body against mine. "Don't fall for her. Don't fall for her," kept running through my mind, in spite of myself.

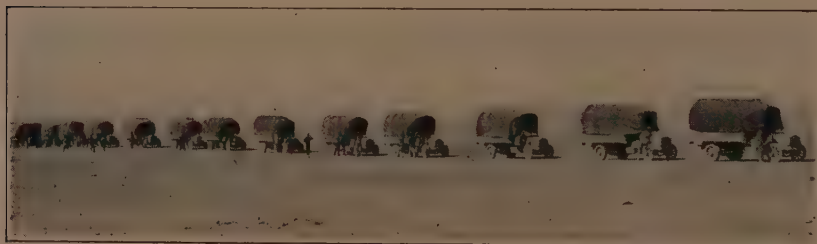
"I knew it all the time," I replied. "Did you imagine that I did n't miss those papers?"

"What papers?" Her hand relaxed its pressure; she straightened away from me.

"Those papers taken from my portfolio one night when I stopped in to see you. I left them in the front hall."

"I don't know anything about them!" she cried.

"I am glad to hear it," said I. "I am really very fond of you. I don't know how fond of you I might not be, if it were n't for this thing. . . . And the grim part of it is



MOTOR TRUCK TRAIN CARRYING SUPPLIES TO THE AMERICAN ARMY HEAD-
QUARTERS NEAR NAMIQUEPA, MEXICO

that if I should make a daily report to the German General Staff of all that I knew or had a chance to know in the State Department it would not help them in the least." Which was untrue, as I realized after I had said it. "That is typical of all your plotting and spying and intriguing. It's all so braggadocio and futile. . . . And now you are in Senator Worthington's family, are you?" I went on, casually.

"I am not plotting and intriguing!" she cried, hotly.

"I meant you Germans," I explained. "I was using the pronoun in the plural."

"And I am not in the Senator's family to . . ." she broke off with an exclamation of anger and grief.

"I did n't mean that, Elizabeth," I said.

She rose abruptly, distinctly casting me off in the gesture of rising. "You'd better not be seen with a German spy and a Senator's maid," she remarked, with crude sarcasm.

"I'll walk along with you a little way," I said. I had made up my mind to let it go as it was for the present.

But as we walked along I began to want her friendliness. Her aloofness disturbed me. I wanted her to be again in the mood she had been in that last night I had seen her, after the scene with Hauptmann. "Come, now, Elizabeth," I said. I took hold of her arm, gently. "I did n't mean anything by that. I. . . ."

She shook me off and pressed on ahead. I kept step with her, and said no more, not relishing a possible scene on the street.

We came to the corner nearest the Senator's residence. "I'll say good-by here," said I.

"Good-by," she said, without slackening her pace or turning her head.

"Shall we see each other again soon?" I suggested.

"What's the use?" she returned.

And I let her stalk off.

CHAPTER IX

HAUPTMANN FINDS A JOB

ONE thing I was resolved upon. I would revive the old relationship with this girl, if for no other reason than to make reparation for the injustice I had done her. But how, I kept wondering — on the way home, and for several days thereafter — how was a member of the State Department to carry on a friendship, however legitimate and praiseworthy, with the personal maid of a Senator's wife? Especially as I not only had frequent dealings with the Senator himself in my official capacity, but was also not infrequently drawn into the social life of the Worthingtons? For myself I cared not at all that Elizabeth was acting as a personal

servant. But I did take the dignity and responsibilities of my official position very seriously.

Then something else happened.

"Have you been talking with that German girl lately, Ken?" said Torrance, one day, as we sat at luncheon.

I immediately began to defend "that German girl" from his imputa-



CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

tions. "You are as bad as Billy Florida," I charged him.

"Aha!" he observed.

"What of it?"

"There have been some more leaks," he informed me.

"Well, I never leaked," said I.

"Never even slopped over, Ken?" he queried.

"You're going too far," I warned him. A lightness in his manner did not suffice now to carry his impertinence.

"Anyhow," he went on, "there have been some more leaks, amounting to nothing, but enough to make everybody feel uncomfortable."

I asked him about them, and he gave me the details. They had to do with some confidential matters between the State Department and the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

"It might have been in the Committee," he commented. "That's what makes me sick. You no more than get things bottled up one place than they ooze out somewhere else."

That made me sick, too. Here was this confounding suspicion and doubt coming up again when I thought the ghost had been so definitely laid.

We talked it over for a little while, but I said nothing about Elizabeth's being at Senator Worthington's home. That could wait until I had had a chance to think things over a little by myself.

I got a chance that night, and my decision led me to a telephone in a drug store far enough away from the house to make me feel pretty well covered. I had made up my mind to see Elizabeth again, confront her with the situation, talk things out with her, and determine once and for all whether she were guilty or innocent. Why I thought that seeing her once more would determine anything in my mind, when

every time I had ever seen her lately merely confused me and made me more uncertain, I will not undertake to say.

I called up the Senator's house. "May I speak with Elizabeth Hauptmann?" I said, when someone answered.

"There is no person here by that name," I was told, in a voice which I recognized as the Senator's private secretary's. I wondered whether he recognized mine.

"That's funny," I said. "She is Mrs. Worthington's personal maid."

"Mrs. Worthington's maid's name is n't Elizabeth Hauptmann," the secretary informed me.

Of course not, I said to myself. She left that name behind her, buried in her dead past. "Well, may I speak with her?" I asked him.

"She is n't here. She has left."

"Where has she gone?" I asked.



CHARLES E. HUGHES AND FAMILY

"Why are you asking?" he demanded.

I was getting mad. "She is a friend of mine," I told him.

"Why do you call her Elizabeth Hauptmann, then?" he quizzed.

I saw I had put my foot in it; and hers, too. "Where has she gone?" I parried. "What has become of her?"

"Her friends ought to know that without asking," he replied. And he hung up.

I came to the conclusion that I was a rather complete idiot. In keeping with my folly, I asked Billy Florida, the next time I saw him, where Elizabeth Hauptmann was.

"How should I know?" he parried.

"She was in Senator Worthington's home. . . ."

"Was she?"

"And she has disappeared. It would be just like you and your gang to make trouble for her there."

"How long have you known she was there?"

"About a week."

"And you had n't told anyone?"

"Why should I? The girl is all right."

Billy only groaned.

"Who found her? How did you find her?" I wanted to know.

"There are some people that make it their business to find such things out," he replied. "Thank heavens," he added.

"What have you done with her?" I demanded.

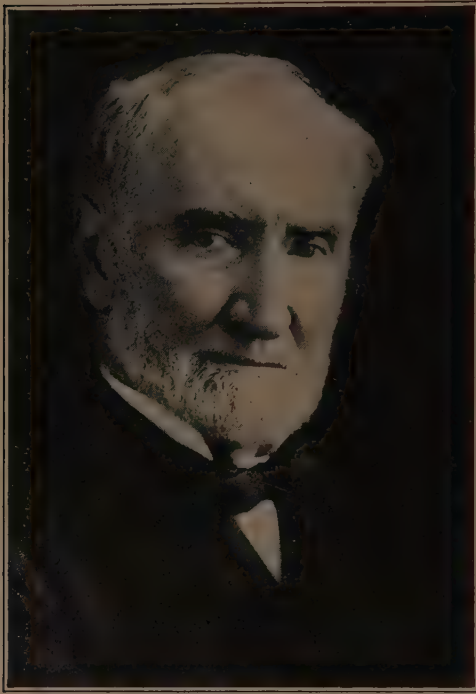
"You know perfectly well that we can't do anything with people like that. That's the pity of it."

"But where is she? What has become of her?"

"I'm only afraid you'll find out."

"Why in the deuce are you concerning yourself so much about Elizabeth Hauptmann?" I went on.

"She's just part of the day's work," he replied.



JOSEPH G. CANNON

And that was the last of Elizabeth Hauptmann for many and many a day.

My attention and interest were soon pretty well absorbed by the Presidential election. President Wilson, of course, was unopposed for the Democratic nomination, and he was chosen by acclamation at St. Louis. He had proved himself a vigorous leader of the Party and of the nation. Whether he was leading in

the direction that the majority of people wished to go remained to be seen. The pledge to one term made by the Democratic platform of 1912 did not stand in the way. President Wilson had always let it be known that he did not hold himself bound by that, but would leave the decision on that point to public opinion.

It was seen that the main issue would be the foreign policies of the President. The country was a divided camp. Many felt that Mexico had been hopelessly muddled. Others believed that our attitude toward Mexico was not only based on the highest principles — most admitted that — but that it would also prove practically sound. There was no doubt that our handling of affairs with the belligerents, in adhering

to strict neutrality, was submitting us to humiliations and indignities which a large body of people thought were worse than actual war, and which others thought could have been avoided by greater firmness. A great outcry was being made against the President for a belated conversion to the doctrine of preparedness.

The situation in Republican ranks was interesting. In spite of the Progressive split in 1912, and a pretty general feeling that old-fashioned reactionary Republicanism was done for, the Congressional elections of 1914 showed unexpected strength among the stalwarts. Such an old timer as Joe Cannon, whom everybody thought had been definitely put on the shelf, got back into the game, regaining a seat in Congress. People were wondering whether the Old Guard had been broken up, after all.

Everybody was watching Roosevelt and the Progressives. • Roosevelt had been belaboring the administration for months in his well known manner, in magazines, newspaper interviews, and speeches. He was too vigorous and abusive, I think, to be fully effective. All his reasoning, which I contend was never very strong, cogent or coherent at any stage of his



HIRAM JOHNSON

career, seemed to be distorted and perverted by a poisonous hatred of Woodrow Wilson. Himself a man of impulsive and emotional action, the calm, cool, intellectual deliberateness of the President infuriated him; especially when it was applied to matters of war, which stirred Teddy to the depths of his temperamental soul.

The Progressives were in the field with a definite domestic program of real forward-looking constructiveness. Naturally they wanted Roosevelt. The Republican and Progressive Conventions both met on the same day — June seventh — in Chicago. Attempts to bring them together failed. The Republican regulars, still in control, and still unchastened by defeats and repudiations at the polls, would have none of Teddy, whose revolt of 1912 was too fresh in their minds, and the Progressives threatened to come in on no other terms.

The Republican choice fell on Hughes, who had come out clearly in the pre-Convention discussions, and who, it was hoped, could draw Progressive votes on the strength of his record in the investigation of the insurance companies and as Governor of New York. At the time he was an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court. He had not permitted his name to be used officially, and had not announced his views on anything, but that made no difference.

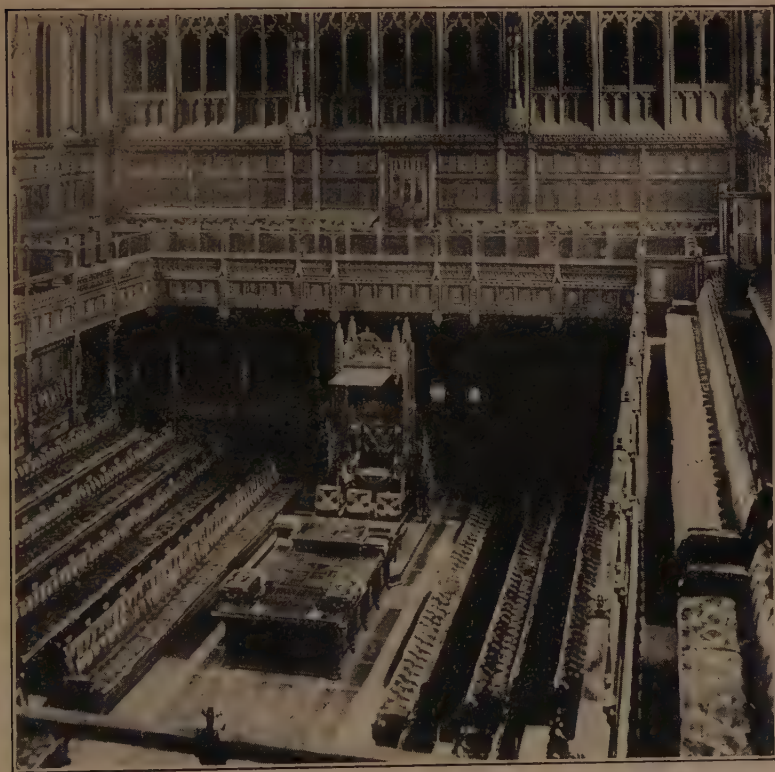
The platform affirmed that the administration had totally failed to protect American citizens in their fundamental rights, and by its "phrase-making and shifty expedients" had "destroyed our influence abroad and humiliated us in our own eyes." It denounced the Mexican policy, and promised aid in restoring order; although it did not state how this was to be done. It came out in general terms, typical of such documents, in favor of preparedness and of the Monroe Doctrine; and pronounced the Underwood Tariff a failure, both because it had neither produced sufficient revenue nor reduced the cost of living.

When the Progressives found that the Republicans would not nominate Roosevelt, they themselves nominated him, and everyone waited to see what he would do.

Presently Roosevelt announced that he would not run on the Progressive ticket, but that he would support Hughes instead. The paramount thing was to beat Wilson, he maintained. And the Republican nominee was entirely worthy of Progressive support.

Roosevelt endeavored to carry with him the Progressive forces, but did not entirely succeed.

"He kept us out of war" became the slogan and the battle cry of the Democratic supporters. It was not very



THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS

effective, but it would be understood, and -it had its appeal. President Wilson, conducting the campaign from "Shadow Lawn," his New Jersey summer residence, laid greater stress on the Progressive record of the Democratic Party, which had never been equalled in the history of national legislation.

The Republican campaign proved a negative one, given to abuse of what the administration had done without definitely proposing anything better. Mr. Hughes was disappointing from the first, descending to petty, carping, nagging criticism. The Democrats admitted that Mexican affairs were in a bad state, but asked the Republicans what they would do to bring them into better order. And what would they have done, or what would they propose to do, to better matters with the European nations at war? There were no answers; only more criticisms.

Hughes was in bad hands, furthermore. For one thing, he was tarred with the German stick, which was unfortunate for him, because he did not deserve to be. And he affronted in many ways the Progressive thought which President Wilson was wooing so effectively from the porch at Shadow Lawn. In California, notably, he made a blunder which doubtless cost him the election, when he was led by stalwarts there to snub Governor Johnson, at that time the idol and hero, not only of California, but to a certain extent of Progressives throughout the country.

At the last moment the Republicans found an issue in the passage of the Adamson Railroad bill. In order to avoid a threatened railroad strike, President Wilson got behind a bill virtually dictated by the labor unions which rushed through enormous concessions on a subject open to much controversy, and demanding much study and caution. This nearly cost him the election. Although it averted a ruinous railroad strike, it did so by a capitulation to the demands

of the unions which turned people against the President in hordes.

I shall not soon forget election night. Father was profoundly exercised. He had been working hard in the campaign. I myself had gone about talking mildly at lesser clubs and quiet meetings. We stayed home to hear the returns — all but Hugh, who ventured forth to see the excitement. Torrance was with us.

Early returns indicated that Hughes was undoubtedly elected. I was struck with dismay; I wished I had known how it was going to affect me, while I was still making campaign speeches. I felt that I could have made better ones. The clear thinking, lofty idealism, and perspicacious patience of the President seemed to be absolutely vital at the head of our Government during this time of world turmoil. I shuddered at the thought of turning the country over to the Republican Party, which seemed to me essentially the party of selfishness, self-interest, and — worst of all — of a restricted national vision. Even Torrance grew glum.



VIEW OF THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION OF 1916

When Hugh came in, about midnight, with reports of the rumors running up and down Pennsylvania Avenue and through the hotels and newspaper offices, we stole off to bed, one by one, in deep depression.

Morning put a different face on things. Belated reports from the West brought encouragement. There was a chance that the President was reelected, after all, and the world saved from chaos.

Hours of uncertainty lengthened into days. The country was in a fervor which made the campaign excitement seem tame. In some States recounts were necessary. Finally it was certain that the Democrats had been victorious and we who wished for that result breathed easily again.

One day in early December Secretary Lansing asked me to come into his office. There was nothing unusual about that, so I was wholly unprepared for what was in store.

They wanted to send me, he said, on an official errand to London. You can be very sure it was not of much importance or I would not have been the one chosen to go.

So presently I started out.

It was a weird trip over, zigzagging across the dark and dreary winter sea, all lights out at night, half conscious all the time of the momentary possibility of being lifted by an explosion. I could not help thinking, every time I looked over-side into the water, of the tiny thin shell of steel that was keeping me out of those cold, pitiless, mysterious, fascinating depths; and what a mere piece of paper steel walls had become before the noses of the modern torpedo. We saw no submarines, or signs of them. Germany was behaving pretty well at that time, as far as submarines were concerned; but there was no way of knowing or guessing when it would suit her plans to cut loose again without notice.

That December was bringing to a close Germany's year of triumph, and the air was fairly popping with the big

events, big possibilities. Both Italy and Roumania had entered the war against Germany during the year, but she was in a stronger position now than she had been in since the day Joffre swarmed out of Paris onto the long-drawn flanks of von Kluck, hastening to put the finishing touches to France. The Germans had failed at Verdun, to be sure, and the French had swept back over every inch of ground that the Germans had gained at such frantic cost early in the battle; but so had the British and the French failed at the Somme, and the stalemate still held in the west. Roumania was overrun; Poland occupied; Russia paralyzed; Serbia and Montenegro crushed; Turkey in bonds; Germany held in her grip a wide corridor from the Baltic deep into Asia — the very essence of her dream of Mittel-Europa



CHARLES E. HUGHES ON ACCEPTING THE
PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION

come true. She had cut the world in two. She was standing potentially at least between England and India; Russia was in a sack; vast areas of France and almost all of Belgium lay under the German military heel.

With things at this pass, Germany made her enemies an insolent offer of peace, with the tone and gesture of an acknowledged conqueror — a proposal that delegates meet together to discuss a possible basis.

This was Germany's first peace offensive; and no doubt it ought to have worked, according to astigmatic militaristic psychology, which leaves out all spiritual values. Her for-

tune and her prowess were at their height. All the advantages of military conquest lay with her. She had many counters to use in bargaining. Believing that she could count on the warweariness and hopelessness of the Allied peoples, she felt that with a concession here and there the Allies would be willing to let her go off, gorged with plunder, and digest her feast at leisure. Failing in that, the German people could be told again, with more point than ever, that the world was indeed implacable against them, and meant only to destroy them, thus stiffening them to fight on to a victorious end.

Just six days later President Wilson came out with his Peace Note to the Powers, asking them to state clearly what they were fighting for, so that it might be seen whether there were not some way of getting together without any more bloodshed and violence.

The moment was unfortunate. President Wilson had intended for some time to launch such a note. If he had put



THE U.S. TRANSPORT "HENDERSON"

it through before the German peace bid, it would have been all right; but the impression was hard to escape now that he was chiming in with Germany in her attempt to get away with her swag while the getting seemed good. Billy Florida swears that Germany knew what he was going to do in time to beat him to it with their peace offensive, and get him in precisely the hole he found himself in. He told me where he thought the leak might be, but I would not dare put it down here.

The peace note raised a tremendous stir in Europe. It was bitterly resented among the Allies, almost without exception. President Wilson's prestige fell very low. It was peculiarly unfortunate that his position at the head of a nation technically neutral made it seem necessary for him to say, in his appeal to the powers, that "the objects, which the statesmen of the belligerents on both sides have in mind in this war, are virtually the same, as stated in general terms to their own people and to the world." They were virtually the same, as they were stated. But — and this makes all the difference in the world — Germany was lying hypocritically about what she was fighting for, whereas the Allies were more or less frank and sincere. It would have been a warlike act, however, for the President to have taken cognizance of this fact in an official pronouncement.

England at the time was in a political turmoil. Lloyd George had at last gotten hold of the Government. The war had not been going well. People were tired of muddling along. Lloyd George had come forward as a trenchant critic of the way things were being handled. He had behind him a vast achievement in munitions. Through a newspaper campaign, not too clean in methods, according to our way of looking at such things, he had carried on a flank attack against Premier Asquith. Asquith had been driven out, at last, and Lloyd George made Prime Minister. He

was forming his Coalition Cabinet, for the winning of the war, when I arrived in London.

If this were a story, I would go into some strange adventure at this point to bring me into the home of the Stephens family, in London, where Miss Mildred Birmingham was staying. It would be necessary to lead up to such an event in some dramatic manner. But the fact is that I hunted up the Stephens family, quite deliberately and prosaically, the moment I had set my errand afoot. I hunted them up partly because my father had a theory, which he wanted me to check up, that they were of the English branch of the family from which the American branches had come; and partly because I felt more or less acquainted with Miss Birmingham through the circumstance of having been in the hunt for the scattered members of her family a couple of years before, and wanted to see her.

There was quite a reunion. Samuel Stevens — Teddy's Uncle Sam — was there, battered and bruised with fighting. So were Mrs. von der Goltz, Princess Pat (or Aunt Patricia) and Peggy herself. Volney Stephens was home from the front for a short leave.

I found myself in hot water at once. Volney Stephens started the row by blazing up over the President's Peace Note. He had been fighting the Germans; he had seen them kill, and had killed some of them, no doubt. He saw what they were doing in France, and to France. And talk of stopping them with conversation made him furious.

Uncle Sam pitched in with him; Peggy pecked sharply at me here and there. Mr. Stephens, who was a Member of Parliament and a man of a good deal of information and poise, took up the subject more dispassionately, but with more disastrous results to me. His daughter was withering. Princess Pat, I noted gratefully, said nothing. It occurred to me that when Princess Pat spoke, something was said.



WOODROW WILSON BEING FORMALLY NOTIFIED OF HIS NOMINATION FOR A SECOND PRESIDENTIAL TERM

But I had one champion of the President on my side; one who could see the thing from our detachment, and got the purpose and motive of the Peace Note. That was Miss Mildred Birmingham. I think it was due to her calm reasonableness that we finally convinced them that the President was not merely an impertinent interloper, strutting in where he had no business; or an academic idealist. I hinted — rather broadly, I am afraid, for one whose words might be regarded as semi-official — that it was barely possible that the Note was merely one of the preliminary steps which the President felt called upon to take on the way to war; that the President, perhaps, saw that we must eventually get in, and that he was bent on exhausting every possibility of a peaceful solution before we did so, in order that it might never be said that we could have done this or that we should have done that, to avoid war.

“Well, come and hear Lloyd George tomorrow, Mr. Stevens, and see what you think of *our* leader,” said my Parliamentary host, by way of breaking off the discussion, which really was n’t making anyone particularly happy or helpful.

I thanked him very much, and said that I would. It was arranged that Miss Birmingham was to go with me. We went early, and scurried about seeing the sights of Westminster and staring at men I had heard and read and thought about until the time came to take the seats which Mr. Stephens had provided for us.

Lloyd George was impressive. I thought him a powerful speaker; not so eloquent as forceful; just a little like our Roosevelt in some outward respects, but more of a thinker. He repudiated the German peace proposal vehemently. England, he said, was forming a new Cabinet to make war, not peace.

He at once set about doing it, I may add, by a thorough

overhauling of management, and the appointment of strong men, regardless of everything but their strength. The opposition, though stung by the manner of their defeat, swallowed personal grievances, and came to the support of the Coalition Government, with a loyalty which would work wonders for civilization if carried into the practices of peace.

That was the day before Mr. Stephens got the new butler. He had been considerably exercised, Miss Mildred told me, over the question of employing one. It did not seem quite right to absorb man-power of the nation in personal service — his own daughter and his guests were actually working — but a butler had been highly recommended to him who was incapacitated by an injury to his leg, received, it was said, in the transport service in England; and by a weak heart which made it impossible for him to do any heavy work. Mr. Stephens, arguing that an efficient butler in the house would raise his own efficiency enough to make up for the absorption, and would free other members of the family for greater duties, finally announced that he had employed the butler, and that he would make his first appearance the night I speak of.

We were all at the table; the family and the house guests, including Mrs. von der Goltz, Uncle Sam, the Misses Birmingham and myself, when the butler entered.

Despite a limp which I did not recognize, a strange pallor, and a pair of whiskers I had never seen before, there was something familiar about the man which arrested my attention at once. The fancy was heightened by a momentary look of surprise and confusion which came into his eyes, despite his well carried butler's mask, when he caught sight of me.

I saw the look intensified into amazement and consternation when his eyes fell for a moment on Princess Pat. She

was gazing at him keenly. I could see her lips part. She made a move to speak, but said nothing.

When I turned back to the butler he had recovered his self-possession so completely that I was not sure but that I had merely fancied he had ever lost it.

But in the next moment a certain gesture of the elbow, and a certain angle of the thumb, brought his identity to me with a completeness which left no manner of doubt as to who it was.

It was Hauptmann.

For a moment I was all at sea. I knew what he was doing here, but what was I to do about it? I debated whether to denounce him on the spot, at the risk of a violent and unpleasant scene, or wait and take Mr. Stephens quietly aside later.

The butler was going toward the door, in the course of his duties, and had almost reached his exit, when it occurred to me that it would never do to let him get out of our sight; that we should never see him again. While that would remove him from the Stephens family, with all the dangers



DEFEATED TURKS RETURNING TO CONSTANTINOPLE

his presence there might mean, it would leave him free to pursue his practices elsewhere.

With a leap and a dash which must have been most astonishing to the dignified table-full, I made for the butler and grabbed him.

He turned on me like a great, powerful leopard. No trace of a lame leg or of a weak heart was in the vigor and agility of his action. I had him with his arms pinioned, but I would have been no match for him. So I yelled at the top of my voice to the others to come and hold him.

Mr. Stephens quickly concluded that I was the one that needed to be held, and proceeded to do it; fortunately in a slow, dignified parliamentary fashion. Miss Birmingham herself confesses that she thought I had gone suddenly crazy. But Uncle Sam, more accustomed to thinking in such emergencies, seemed to divine that the thing to do was to tackle Hauptmann; and he proceeded to do so. Captain Stephens pulled his father off and added his attack, and we soon had Hauptmann down and helpless.

As I was whirling around in the midst of the struggle, I caught an expression on Princess Pat's face which I shall never forget, and which I was conscious of puzzling over even at the instant, preoccupied as I was. She stood behind her chair, pale, tense, with a strange mixture of grief and of a relentless eagerness in her eyes.

Now, when I had a chance to look at her again, the late look was gone. She was more composed than any.

Mrs. Stephens had fainted, and Mr. Stephens was trying to do what a Member of Parliament should do for a fainting wife, and at the same time take charge of the affair of the butler.

I was n't long in telling them what I knew about Hauptmann, and the rest of the procedure was ghastly quick and quiet. Hauptmann said nothing. His lips curled hideously

when he gave a final glance at me, as they were leading him out. I never saw him again. I don't know whether any of those present ever did. I can only infer what happened to him, from knowledge of what happened to others caught in the same work. I am glad I don't know more definitely than that.

Later in the evening, by some rather adroit phrasing, I gave Mrs. von der Goltz a private opportunity to let me understand her conduct and her appearance when Hauptmann was being apprehended; but she, with equal adroitness, let me understand that she had n't the slightest idea of what I was driving at; and it is only just now, as I am writing this, that Mildred has cleared up the mystery for me.

CHAPTER X

ENTER AMERICA; EXIT RUSSIA

PERHAPS my errand in England was strung out a little longer than it might have been, had I been a little more urgent in pressing it. I can't tell that, because I was not more urgent. England at war fascinated me. I had been there once before, as a lad, and had recollections distinct enough so that I could see the difference. I had heard about



PAVEL NIKOLAEVITCH MILVUKOV

British pluck; now I was seeing it. Here was a nation quietly and doggedly going about the business of fighting the worst war known to man, complaining, in the main, only when the war was not being fought hard enough; grumbling about hardships and deprivations so that no one would think they

were being heroic; taking punishment without flinching, and giving it without gloating over it. There were profiteers, of course, and labor was behaving with a vision curtailed by selfishness in many instances; but on the whole the nation was an example of great, heroic, uncomplaining and unfaltering self-sacrifice.

I had a vivid example of British courage in an air raid which occurred one night when I was accompanying Miss Bir-

mingham on her way to work. Later I was to see the French under similar stress. They took it with a fine Latin scorn, finding relief in the drama of it; the noise, the gamble with death; the quick climax of each explosion, like the curtain to an act in a play. But the British seemed to take it with a supreme contempt and unconcern. If a bomb destroyed them, their death was just one more blot on Germany, that was all.

I had many pleasant hours with Mildred Birmingham when she was not working. She seemed to enjoy her moments of leisure with a young American informed on certain topics in which she was interested, and with views fitting into her own, in the main, with just enough divergence to prevent conversation from becoming drab or monologic. We agreed to carry on a correspondence, when I left.

It was plain that we were drifting toward war, at the time I got back to Washington early in January. The responses to the President's peace note held out no hope for peace. Germany was evasive, merely reiterating her own proposal for a meeting of delegates for discussion. The Allies replied that the time had not come to take up the question of peace. They responded to the President's request for a statement of aims, however, by declaring, in a general way, that they would insist upon reparation, restoration, rehabilitation and guarantees against a repetition of Germany's aggressiveness.

Addressing the Senate on January twenty-second, President Wilson took the next step toward clearing the ground for our possible entrance into the war. In this speech, which I had the privilege of listening to, President Wilson laid down the essential conditions of a European peace to which this country could subscribe and give its moral support. This was the first of those war utterances which raised the thought of the world to a high plane regarding the duties and oppor-

tunities which had been thrust upon it, and which brought our nation in, when it had to come in, with clean hands and a pure heart. How well the doctrines are faring now, in the Peace Conference here at Paris, and how firmly the world will adhere to the lofty principles which lately inspired it, we shall soon learn, perhaps.

The presumption in making the speech was that the eventual peace must be based on some form of a League of



ANTI-SUBMARINE GUN MOUNTED ON AN AMERICAN MERCHANTMAN

Peace, as Wilson phrased it, which should include all the great nations, whether present belligerents or not, among them the United States. "If the peace presently to be made is to endure," he said, "it must be a peace made secure by the organized major force of mankind. . . . The question upon which the whole future peace and policy of the world depends is this: Is the present war a struggle for a just and secure peace, or only for a new balance of power?"

It must be a "peace without victory," he declared, hastening to explain that he meant that "victory would

mean a peace forced upon the loser, a victor's terms imposed upon the vanquished. Such a peace would be accepted in humiliation, under duress, at an intolerable sacrifice, and would leave a sting, a resentment, a bitter memory upon which terms of peace would rest, not permanently, but only as upon quicksand." Naturally, at the time, his explanation did not explain, or quiet the resentment among the belligerents which the inferred suggestion of foregoing their success aroused among them.

He laid down in this speech for the first time the doctrine of self-determination. "No peace can last, or ought to last, which does not recognize and accept the principle that Governments derive all their just powers from the consent of the governed, and that no right anywhere exists to hand people about from sovereignty to sovereignty as if they were property." He cited Poland as an illustration, maintaining that Poland must be free and autonomous, in the final adjustments.

He mentioned as essential features of a peace, the free access of nations to the sea, the freedom of sea-borne commerce, the limitation of naval and military armaments. He proposed that the Monroe Doctrine be extended, under authority of the nations of the world, to embrace the world, leaving each nation free to develop and expand itself within itself in its own way and according to its own genius.

The speech was generally well received. In spite of the risk it ran of being interpreted as a bit of meddlesome interference from the outside of a power which had avoided its obligations in an active way, it announced principles to which the best thought in all the Allied nations and in America could and did subscribe. It cleared the air with the first definite program yet advanced, and restored the President's prestige more than his first Peace Note of December had lowered it.

And nine days later Germany announced unrestricted submarine warfare. That was her answer to the Wilsonian principles. Von Bernstorff handed to our Government, on January thirty-first, formal notification that all ships sailing in the war waters of Great Britain and her Allies would be sunk by German submarines without warning. One ship a week would be permitted to sail from America along a prescribed course and land in England!

This meant just one thing. In our final note on the sinking of the channel steamer *Sussex*, about a year before this, we had informed Germany that if she did not cease

submarine sinkings we would sever diplomatic relations. For nine months her behavior had been good. Now she coolly informed us that every ship in certain waters would be sunk.

On February third, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the President appeared before the Senate and announced that diplomatic relations with Germany had been broken off. He rehearsed the behavior of Germany in the matter of submarines, and



DR. ALFRED ZIMMERMAN

quoted from the final *Sussex* note. He still hoped, he said, that Germany would not execute such a threat, but there was no course for us but to carry out our warning. In this speech he made the distinction between the German Government and the German people, which, it was hoped, would undermine German morale by holding out to the people a promise of immunity for themselves if they would repudiate their Government. It was some time before we were all to be convinced that this distinction was a fallacy; that it did not exist; that the German Government and the German people were seemingly one in their doctrines and practices of warfare.

The American people were behind the President. Those who had been impatient with his patience, or his weakness, as many construed it, were glad to find him firm at last. Those who had upheld him in his course throughout, now joined him in conceding that no other way out was left. Germany stood uncovered as a ruthless international monster. The gravity of the situation was apparent to all, but none shrank from it. If Germany thrust war upon us, we would be ready to fight her.

Submarine sinkings began at once. Sixty-nine ships were sunk in the first week. Two of them contained Americans. One American sailor on a British collier was killed by gun-fire when the submarine that had sunk the ship opened on the boats in which the crew were escaping. The issue in that case was evaded on the point that he was a member of the crew of a ship classified as a British war vessel.

President Wilson appeared before Congress again just before adjournment asking for permission and authority to arm American merchantmen for defence against submarine attack. That was the resolution which was held up and talked to death in the last days of the session by a "little

group of wilful men" in the Senate. What was behind the stand of each individual of them may never be known.

One of the Senators opposing the resolution was Senator Worthington. Billy Florida talked that circumstance over with me. "Coincidences happen," he said. "Your Elizabeth may have just happened to get a job there, as she said. But I wish I knew more about it. Have you got track of her again?"

I told him I had not. "Have you?" I asked.

He paid no attention to my question.

While the filibuster was on, the Associated Press made public the famous "Zimmerman Note," proposing to Mexico an alliance against the United States, and suggesting that Japan could be brought into it. The note was in the form of instructions from Zimmerman, German Foreign Secretary, to von Eckhardt, German Minister to Mexico. ". . . We shall make war together and together make peace," it said. "We shall give general financial support and it is understood that Mexico is to reconquer the lost territory of New Mexico, Texas and Arizona. . . . You are instructed . . . to suggest that the President of Mexico, on his own initiative, should communicate with Japan, suggesting at once adherence to the plan, and at the same time to offer to mediate between Germany and Japan. . . ."

The instructions were dated January nineteenth, twelve days before Germany made the announcement of unrestricted submarine warfare, which she knew must drag our nation into the war against her. Naturally, it created widespread excitement and indignation. The Senate, unable to credit the report, asked the President about it. He replied, through the Secretary of State, that the Government had complete evidence. As a matter of fact, we had evidence not only of that, but of many other things which we proposed to spring in good time showing Germany's perfidious



CZAR NICHOLAS II, OF RUSSIA, AND HIS FAMILY

plotting against us, while still dissembling friendliness. But in spite of this revelation, the "little group of wilful men" persisted in their filibuster.

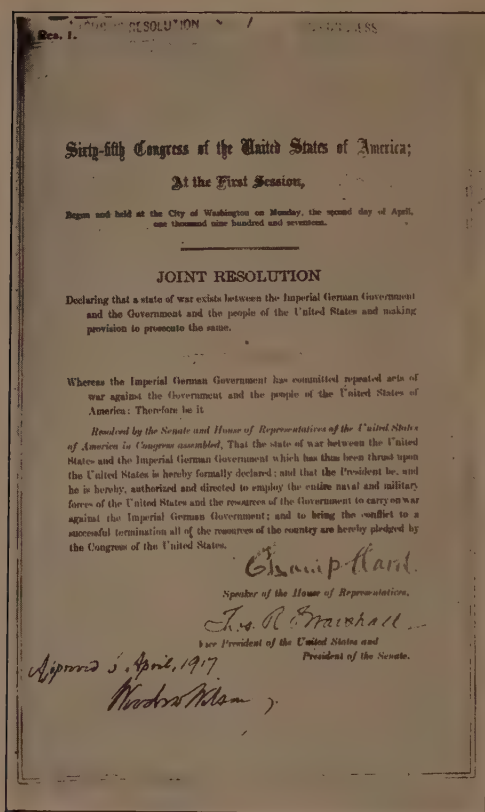
Early in the morning of March third seventy-five of the ninety-six Senators signed a protest against the opposing members and their tactics. "Under the rules of the Senate, allowing unlimited debate, it now appears to be impossible to obtain a vote prior to noon, March fourth, 1917, when the session of Congress expires. We desire the statement entered in the record to establish the fact that the Senate favors the legislation and would pass it if a vote could be obtained."

In his inaugural, delivered Monday, March fifth, President Wilson took the filibusters severely to task. The coun-

try was aroused. Mass meetings of condemnation were held. Some of the "little group of wilful men" were hanged in effigy. Under this popular pressure, the Senate, which had reconvened to act on any nominations to office which the President might make, adopted a rule providing that two-thirds of the Senate might bring a measure to a vote; that Senators would be allowed only an hour to debate any measure, that the question of its passage must then be put, and that no dilatory motions or debate should be in order.

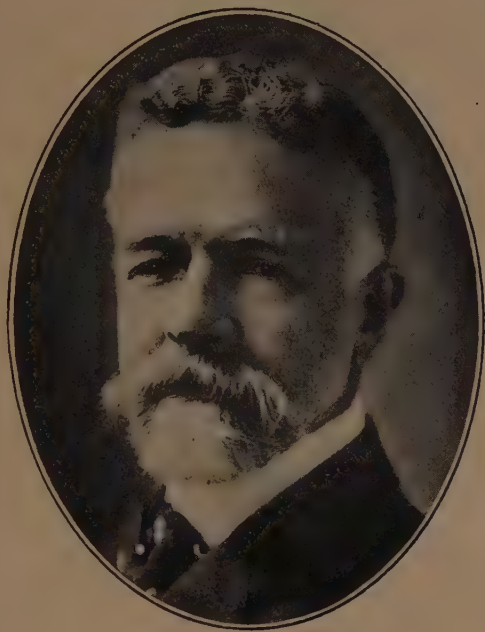
Just at this time, when the giant pincers of the Allies were being once more adjusted to the final crushing of the Teutonic Powers between their mighty jaws, the Russian Revolution came, and Russia, the eastern jaw, collapsed and dissolved.

We know more about the Revolution now than we did then. It was engineered by pro-German sympathizers high in Russian Government, who had been trying from the first to cripple Russian participation against



THE OFFICIAL DECLARATION OF WAR MADE BY
THE UNITED STATES AGAINST THE GERMAN
GOVERNMENT

Germany. This clique sought to render Russia impotent and carry her out of the war by a Revolution, which they would control at the proper time, when their ends had been achieved. They brought it about by manipulating the food supply, so that the people started bread riots and strikes. But the affair soon got out of hand. The troops joined the people. There was fighting in the streets of Petrograd. By March twelfth, the people were in possession.



HENRY CABOT LODGE

The Czar ordered the Duma to dissolve, but it refused to obey him. His authority was no longer recognized. A Provisional Government was formed, and he was asked to abdicate. On March fifteenth, he did so, appointed first his son and then his brother to succeed him; but the Provisional Government did not recognize the act, maintaining that the whole people should determine what form of government they wanted. The Revolution spread to Moscow, to all the cities of the new Republic, and the armies at the front accepted the Provisional Government's authority with enthusiasm.

Would the new Russia stand? No one could answer. High hopes were built on her regeneration. Others feared

she would give herself up to an orgy of new-found liberty. Paul Milyukov, Foreign Minister, announced that Russia would keep on. Did he represent the people?

Meanwhile, on the Western Front, the other pincer was being rendered innocuous for the time being. The British and the French had prepared a mighty thrust against the Germans on the Somme. It was intended to crack and crush German resistance there. Before they launched their blow, von Hindenburg withdrew for miles from their entire front, to supposedly impregnable lines prepared in the German rear. As he went, he laid waste the entire country, leaving it a dilapidated, impassable desert. From a military standpoint, the tactics of destruction were brilliantly successful. From any other standpoint, they formed one of the most abominable atrocities Germany was guilty of during the entire war. The Allies found they had nothing to strike against. All their preparations came to nothing. They would have to be reorganized again at the new lines, miles deeper. The territory gained had no importance. The point aimed at was a blow destructive to the army of the enemy. But the army was still intact.

Now we knew that war was upon us. Germany, well knowing the consequences of her acts, continued deliberately to sink American ships. Three went down in March. One was sunk without warning, with loss of American life. President Wilson, who, on March ninth, had called for a special session of Congress to convene April sixteenth, on March twenty-first recalled the proclamation and asked Congress to come together April second, instead of two weeks later, "to receive a communication concerning grave matters of national policy which should be taken immediately under consideration."

All understood what this portended. No trivial detail, like arming merchant ships; he had gone ahead and acted

on the authority he already had, without waiting for further authorization from Congress. The time, all felt, had come, when America must make her stand against the character of Government that challenged and threatened her own ideals for which she had fought and struggled and bled; that challenged humanity and civilization itself.

April second was a day of deepest excitement in Washington. I had never before been so stirred. The stress in our



AMERICAN PEACE DELEGATES — (*Seated, left to right*) E. M. HOUSE, JOHN W. DAVIS, WOODROW WILSON, HENRY WHITE, HUGH L. SCOTT

home took the form of absolute quietude. Father was very busy at his desk, night and day, for a week before the day. The State Department knew what was coming, of course, and was preparing details. So was every other department of Government.

I went to the Capitol early. I was going to hear that speech, if it was the last thing I ever did. Torrance was with me. Crowds of pacifists were in the grounds, creating a scene. They had tried to take possession of the Capitol

steps. Now two companies of cavalry kept order. Some of them had invaded the Vice-President's room, behaving badly, and had been put out. One man attacked Senator Lodge with his fists. The President came down Pennsylvania Avenue escorted by the military. Troops and Secret Service men were everywhere.

Torrance and I had crowded into the gallery and made our way to a seat which gave us a good view of the chamber. Every member was waving or wearing an American flag. But the emotion was deeper than a mere patriotism aroused by superficial fervor. A high impulse was in the air; an eagerness to take up the challenge that had been flung down, not merely to the United States, but to very righteousness itself—to all the forces of good in the world.

The President entered. He walked to the Speaker's desk, solemn, impressive in the humble dignity of his errand. Never had he been greeted with such applause, such cheering. I am obliged to confess that tears stood in my eyes. This applause, I felt, was not for him—his personality never evoked great popular enthusiasm—but for what he had come to do.

"Gentlemen of the Congress," he began, when he could, for the turmoil, "I have called the Congress into extraordinary session because there are serious, very serious, choices of policy to be made, and made immediately, which it was neither right nor constitutionally permissible that I should assume the responsibility of making."

He reviewed briefly the course of Germany in her submarine warfare. It is "a warfare against mankind," he said. "It is a war against all nations. . . . The challenge is to all mankind. . . . Our motive will not be revenge or the victorious assertion of the physical might of the nation, but only the vindication of right, of human right, of which we are only a single champion. . . . The wrongs against

which we now array ourselves are no common wrongs; they cut to the very roots of human life.

"With a profound sense of the solemn and even tragical character of the step I am taking and of the grave responsibilities which it involves, but in unhesitating obedience to what I deem my constitutional duty, I advise that the Congress declare the recent course of the Imperial German Government to be in fact nothing less than war against the Government of the United States; that it formally accept the status of belligerent which has thus been thrust upon it; and that it take immediate steps not only to put the country in a more thorough state of defence but also to exert all its powers and employ all its resources to bring the Government of the German Empire to terms and end the war."

I looked about me; down upon the faces of the Congress; up at the faces of the audience in the gallery, and saw a united nation; knew that we had awakened as a people to our high duty and destiny, although at that very moment a crowd of pacifists, meeting in Convention Hall only a few blocks away, and crying "Peace, peace, where there is no peace," was hissing the name of the President.



THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT — VIEW FROM THE THAMES RIVER

He went on to point out some necessary practical steps, covering credits to other nations at war with Germany; the mobilization of material resources; the full equipment of the navy; the provision of an armed force of at least five hundred thousand men at once; arrangement for taxation and home credits; and other matters which he told them he would present more fully through the departments of government.

Stating that "we have no quarrel with the German people," he proceeded to an arraignment of the German Government withering in its caustic justice. He accused Germany of plotting and precipitating the war, gradually working up to that phrase which became a watchword and a battle cry: "The world must be made safe for democracy!"

"One of the things that has served to convince us that the Prussian autocracy was not and could never be our friend," he said, "is that from the very outset of the present war it has filled our unsuspecting communities and even our offices of government with spies and everywhere set criminal intrigues afoot against our national unity of counsel, our peace within and without, our industries and our commerce. Indeed it is now evident that its spies were here even before the war began; and . . . the intrigues . . . have been carried on at the instigation, with the support, and even under the personal direction of official agents of the Imperial Government accredited to the Government of the United States.

"We are accepting this challenge of hostile purpose because we know that in such a Government, following such methods, we can never have a friend; and that in the presence of its organized power, always lying in wait to accomplish we know not what purpose, there can be no assured security for the democratic governments of the

world. . . . We are glad, now that we see the facts with no veil of false pretence around them, to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples, the German people included: for the rights of nations great and small and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience. The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the trusted foundations of political liberty. We have



PRESIDENT WILSON ASKING CONGRESS FOR A DECLARATION OF WAR, APRIL 2, 1917

no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall cheerfully make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and freedom of the nations can make them."

Here it was! Was ever a nation called into battle with such purposes and aims as these? Was there ever another nation that could respond to such a call? A deep and thrilling silence held the audience as he proceeded.

"It is a distressing and oppressive duty, gentlemen of the Congress, which I have performed in thus addressing you. There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. It is a fearful thing to lead this great peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts, for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own Governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world at last free. To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other."

I got away as quickly as I could and hurried home by back streets, carrying with me the awful intensity of the quiet concourse filing out of the chamber of the House.

Near our door I met father, walking slowly homeward.

"Well, my son, what do you think of it?" he asked me.

"If we can stick to that, all of us — French, English, others — after the war is won, the world will have advanced a thousand years through the war."

"Five hundred, at least," he said, with a smile.

We spent the night in profitable talk.

Torrance and I had been separated in leaving the chamber, and I had not seen him since.

CHAPTER XI

THE DRAFT

THE President's address to Congress was received with acclaim throughout the country. "The voice of the nation," declared the *New York Sun*. Ex-President Roosevelt said:

"The President's message . . . will rank among the great State papers of which Americans in future will be proud." The *Chicago Evening Post* wrote: "Rarely has the soul of America been interpreted to America, rarely has it been translated into action with greater force, with finer statesmanship,

with simpler nobility, than in this message of final American revolt against the natural foe of liberty."

The London *Daily News* struck a high note of praise, calling it "an appeal as noble and as moving as any ever addressed to the sons of men; the authentic voice of humanity, stating the issue. We hard-pressed nations . . . cannot but feel the moral uplifting and precious moral endorsement . . . of forces inspired by such an ideal.



GENERAL E. H. CROWDER

Because he has declared a new and indisputable gospel in the governance of men, President Wilson's speech has echoed in our hearts like no other utterance in these days."

But I feel that the *Literary Digest* made the most cogent comment, in stating that the address had "worked a miracle of crystallization and unification in American sentiment." The President had said things to which all our finer instincts and impulses responded, and our reason and intelligence subscribed.

The Congress got busy at once. That very night a resolution was introduced in both Houses declaring that a state of war existed. The Senate passed it after a debate of thirteen hours. But the House took longer. April fifth it was brought out by the Foreign Relations Committee, with a long report which went into all that Germany had done in the way of spying and plotting and sinking ships with Americans on them, all the efforts that had been made to bring Germany to better courses, all the violated promises, broken words, and bad faith. The arraignment was complete and devastating.

Evelyn and Torrance, Hugh and I were present when the resolution finally passed the House — at 3 o'clock on the morning of April sixth. The final vote was three seventy-five to fifty.

We walked home; Hugh and I ahead; Evelyn and Torrance behind. It was strange, passing along those quiet streets, quite deserted, from the Capitol where such a great event had just taken form; and where other historic ones would be afoot for months.

I can tell you I was pretty sober over it all. It was going to hurt to beat Germany; hurt deep and hard. I won't claim that I wanted it to hurt me in any way. But I would do my part, of course, whatever it might be. I was not going to flinch.

"Well, what are we going to do about it; we four?" I submitted, after we had gone several blocks in silence.

"I'm going into an officers' training camp," said Hugh.

"You'll make a good officer," I said.

"What are *you* going to do?" he demanded.

"I don't know yet."

"Why don't you go into training camp with me?"

"I could n't command men," said I.

"What *are* you going to do?" he repeated, with a different emphasis. "Enlist?"

"No," I replied. "I'm going to wait and see what they want me to do."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, this country has got to be organized to win this war, with each man in the right place. I am going to trust to their putting me in the right place. I am perfectly willing to be shot through the head, Hugh, if that is the way I can help most. But there may be something more useful for me to do and if there is, I am not going to spoil their chances of finding it for me by getting shot instead. That might be heroic, but it would n't be patriotic." I must say the



TREASURY DEPARTMENT BUILDING AT WASHINGTON



RECORD SHIP, BUILT IN TWENTY-ONE DAYS BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

argument sounded rather pale and wobbly, walking home alongside that young soldier on the night war was declared.

Hugh was disgusted and indignant, but not surprised, apparently. He never expected the right thing of me. "How about you, Jim?" he called out over his shoulder to Torrance.

"I have n't Ken's courage," he replied; whereat I felt much set up and fortified. "I've enlisted."

Evelyn uttered a little cry of surprise and consternation. "You have?" I am sure she wanted and expected him to go, but I suppose she had been looking forward to a fine passage of heroics over his joining up.

"You don't mean it?" I chipped in. "When?"

"A day or two ago. The day after the President talked to Congress."

"But why did n't you tell somebody?" scolded Evelyn. "That's the worst I ever heard, going off like that without saying anything to anybody. What did you enlist in?"

"The army."

"I know. But what are you going to be?"

"A soldier."

"Are n't you going to be an officer?"

"Not right at the start-off, Evelyn," he replied. "I'll probably come back a general, with Hugh on my staff."

"I'd be glad to come out a staff officer," Hugh observed.

"I'd be glad to come out at all. I'm scared to death. That's why I joined so soon. I wanted to know what was going to happen to me just as soon as possible."

Nothing ever surprised me more than Torrance's enlistment. I knew he would do his part, but I expected him to arrive at it in his usual detached and amused fashion — just the way he had wooed and won my sister. This seemed such



THE LAUNCHING OF THE WAR EMERGENCY SHIP "QUISTCONCK" WITNESSED BY
PRESIDENT AND MRS. WOODROW WILSON

an impulsive thing for him to do that I could not reconcile it with my idea of Torrance.

But that night I had a talk with him — or rather that morning. We finished it just before we were called for breakfast. He stayed with me for the remainder of the night, after we reached home.

"Ken, I want to get over there," he said. "I have n't had a moment of clear-conscienced peace since 1914. Every time I think of the millions and millions of boys and men over there, in the trenches and the shell-holes, going through hell, while I am sitting around winding up and unwinding red tape, my self-respect puckers up into a sour little berry away off somewhere on my insides. After Wilson's speech I could n't stand it any longer, and so I hooked up the very next day. Tomorrow I report for duty; they gave me a



THE STARS AND STRIPES AND THE UNION JACK FLOATING SIDE BY SIDE OVER
ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD IN LONDON

few days to clean up my desk. Private Torrance, of the Regulars. James Leatherneck."

That night I saw deeper into the soul of James Torrance than I had yet seen into the soul of any man — and saw things there which made me wonder fearfully whether my poor sister Evelyn would ever know what she was getting, and whether Torrance would not find a great emptiness in his future which she could never, never fill.

The nation aroused itself to a high and quiet zeal. Everyone wanted to help.

I say everyone. That is not true. There were the polite theoretical pacifists, who would n't admit that ideals are good only when you know how to apply them and make them work; certain politicians who believed their jobs would be more secure if they catered to the hyphenated vote in their respective bailiwicks; the Socialists, feeling that the common man in war is ever the pawn of big monetary inter-



THE CANADIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE — "THE LADIES FROM HELL" — SHOW THEIR COLORS IN LONDON, EN ROUTE TO THE FRONT

ests; the I. W. W., who thought it a good chance to destroy and obstruct to gain their objective of a fairer deal for the worker; the hyphenates, whose roots were still in the home country to escape which they had come to America, although their branches and fruits had unfolded here; those whose hatred of England — largely the Irish — was so intense that it blinded them to every other consideration; a handful of conscientious objectors and non-resistants, who said war



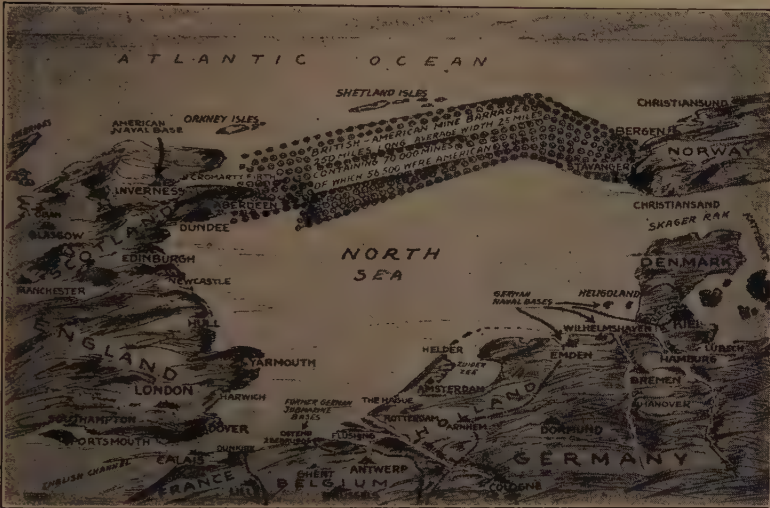
FRANKLIN K. LANE

was terrible, and settled nothing, and who believed, apparently, in letting it go on unchallenged, because it was terrible; and others whose group classification was indeterminate. Running through it all in complexities which cannot be traced was the subtle, sinister influence of pro-Germanism and pro-German propaganda.

But the nation aroused itself to a true zeal. With the supreme, naïve, unconscious self-confidence of an untried youth, it looked upon itself as a fresh young giant of inexhaustible resources and capacities, and was eager to get into the fray. There was a rush of enlistment in the navy, which was expected to go into action before the army could get ready, and a lesser acceleration of enlistment in the army. Ex-President Roosevelt offered to form a division and lead it personally into immediate service. But it was seen that our first and for a long time our greatest assistance would come through our financial and material resources; our

industrial efficiency and organization, to which no achievement seemed impossible; and our food supply.

Herbert Hoover, asked to take control of this before the Food Administration bill was passed, played on this universal desire to do something helpful. Through a campaign of stirring publicity he invited all to enlist in a great food army, for the conservation of supplies for ourselves and our



MAP OF BRITISH-AMERICAN MINE-LAYING OPERATIONS IN THE NORTH SEA

associates in the war. People proceeded at once to immolate themselves on various kinds of bread made with less white flour, on meatless days, and short rations of sugar, and to practice the most rigid economies of preparation of food. The women especially were grateful to him for giving them a chance to serve in their special field. Evelyn was quite frantic about it.

Washington was besieged by experts, enthusiasts and theorists from all walks of civil life, burning to give their services, reluctant even to accept the "dollar-a-year" to satisfy the law of the land requiring the Government to



AMERICAN "ROOKIES" REHEARSING IN A TRAINING CAMP

accept no service gratis. With them came many big and worthy men. The Council of National Defence, composed of the Secretaries of War, the Navy, Agriculture, Commerce and Labor, and an advisory council of seven civilians, got to work at once to organize and coördinate the energies and abilities of the nation. "Coördinate" became a mighty word in the language of the war. Everything must be "coördinated." One of the Council was to look after transportation, "coördinating" the railroads and steamship lines; another was to "coördinate" the production of munitions another was to control and provide for food, clothing and supplies in general; another was to see to raw materials, minerals and metals; another was to "coördinate" the engineering talent and activities of our people; another was to organize the medical situation, taking care of surgery and sanitation.

There was high resolve and lofty purpose everywhere. There was to be no self-seeking in this war; no politics; no

graft; no extortionate prices; nothing but self-effacing devotion to the great cause upon which we had entered at last, with clean hands and a pure heart. Everyone expected the whole nation to adjust itself at once to the new demands, and be humming along like a great harmonious human machine in no time.

I must confess that I thought it would. I was in an exalted state of mind. I saw the miracle already performed; this David of the nations, gathering the three pebbles of men, money and materials in one gesture, and striking down the Goliath of the day with a deft stroke, before the eyes of the cowering and hopeless friends we had come to succor.

We had been very busy in the State Department for weeks, foreknowing that war was coming, and when. Other departments had been even busier. The Treasury Department had finances to plan for; the army and navy were



ARRIVAL AT ST. NAZAIRE, FRANCE, OF THE U.S. TRANSPORT "SARATOGA" WITH
AMERICAN TROOPS, JUNE, 1917

engaged upon the obvious, working out plans for the organization of their respective arms; the Department of Justice was preparing to descend upon hosts of known enemies within our borders whom they would not touch under any law while we were still technically at peace with Germany; the Department of Agriculture had in hand its program for increasing farm production and inspiring the vacant lot gardens which so soon sprang up everywhere; Commerce, Labor, and Interior, all had much to do.

The first stroke fell swiftly. Every German vessel in American ports, and in our possessions, was seized; though not before many of them had been tampered with by their German crews to render them useless. Scores of Germans and leaders in German plots were arrested in New York, Chicago, San Francisco. The navy was ordered mobilized

at once. The Naval Militia and Naval Reserve were called to the colors. Our department groaned under the detail of the task of sending notifications to all our representatives in all posts throughout the world.

What we had to have was money, men, munitions, ships, food and supplies. Congress settled down at once to the task of providing for these.



ADMIRAL WM. S. SIMS

The money came easily by a unanimous vote of \$7,000,000,000 war credit on April sixteenth. No one turned a hair at the vast sum. There was plenty more where that came from.

The first rift in the lute came with the question of providing the men. Secretary of War Baker had asked for conscription. The idea of conscripting the citizens of a Republic was shocking to many. Others wanted at least to give the volunteer system a trial. But the argument prevailed, under pressure from the administration, that the draft was not only more democratic in principle, on the theory that it treated all alike, and would better serve the immense need of the nation by taking those for war who could best be spared and finding the proper place for everyone to serve in the way he was best fitted for; and the bill



JOSEPHUS DANIELS, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY (*seated*), AND HIS ADVISORY COUNCIL
 (*left to right*) GEORGE BARNETT, WM. C. WATTS, FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT,
 SAMUEL MCGOWAN, R. S. GRIFFIN, DAVID W. TAYLOR, WM. S.
 BENSON, RALPH EARLE, COMMANDER SPARROW, C. W. PARKS,
 L. S. PALMER, W. C. BRAISTED

was passed on May eighteenth, putting all under call between the ages of 21 and 30.

In proclaiming the draft, specifying the details of registration and appointing June fifth as the day when all within the ages covered should register, President Wilson referred to the lists to be formed as "lists of honor." "It is not an army that we must shape and train for war," he said. "It is a nation. . . . A nation needs all men; but it needs each man, not in the field that will most please him, but in the endeavor that will best serve the common good. . . . To this end, Congress has provided that the nation shall be organized for war by selection; that each man shall be classified for service in the place to which it shall best serve the common good to call him. . . . It is a new manner of accepting and vitalizing our duty to give ourselves with thoughtful devotion to the common purpose of us all. It is in no sense a conscription of the unwilling; it is, rather, selection from a nation which has volunteered *en masse*. It is no more a choosing of those who shall march with the colors than it is a selection of those who shall serve an equally necessary and devoted purpose in the industries that lie behind the battle line. . . . The stern sacrifice that is before us urges that it be carried in our hearts as a great day of patriotic devotion and obligation, when the duty shall lie upon every man, whether he is himself to be registered or not, to see to it that the name of every male person of the designated ages is written on these lists of honor."

An attempt was made to incorporate in the Selective Draft Bill an amendment giving Roosevelt authority to form a division for immediate active service. The ex-President had called on President Wilson to make the offer, and President Wilson no doubt would have been glad to accept it for personal, and perhaps for political reasons, as it would have been a magnanimous gesture. But the military author-



SECRETARY OF WAR NEWTON D. BAKER (*in civilian clothes*) AND GENERAL GEORGE W. GOETHALS (*third from left*) WITH HIS EMERGENCY FLEET CORPORATION STAFF

ities opposed it. This was no war of amateurs; no time for spectacular heroics. The military arm must be organized on a vast and methodical scale. So the amendment was lost, to the immense indignation of hosts of Teddy's admirers, who said all sorts of mean and unjust things about their hero's turn-down.

Meanwhile steps had been taken to send General Pershing to France in advance of the army and to prepare for its reception. He was given supreme command of our expeditionary forces. A regiment of Marines, it was announced, was to go with him, and regulars were to be sent as soon as they could. The navy had already gotten into action. Announcement was made on May seventeenth that American destroyers had been "on the job" for two weeks. Admiral Sims was in charge of our naval forces over there. This news

was thrilling. Anxiety over the destruction wrought by the German submarines had been growing more and more intense. Secretary Lane had issued a solemn warning of the critical situation. We were all glad that our own destroyers were now on hand to take part in the vital race between the German sub-sea boats and the crippling of Allied marine resources. There was great rejoicing over the destruction of a U-boat, on April nineteenth, by the American liner *Mongolia*.

Three days before the Draft Act passed, Congress passed the Espionage Bill, placing a drastic weapon in the hands of the Government to fight its inside enemies. But the Food Bill requested by the Secretary of Agriculture, to place all food under Government control, encountered more serious dif-

ficulties. It was not until August tenth that it was finally approved. This bill, called the Food Conservation Law, prohibited wilful waste and hoarding of necessities; provided for the requisition of food, feed, fuel and other necessities by the Government; empowered the President to restrict the operation of exchanges or boards of trade; authorized him to fix a price on wheat; prohibited the use



COUNT, GENERAL LUIGI CADORNA



A CONVOY OF AMERICAN DESTROYERS



A CAMOUFLAGED TRANSPORT

of foods, fruits or grains for the purpose of distilling spirits for beverage purposes and authorized the President to stop the use of grains or fruits for beer or wine; empowered him to fix the price and regulate the distribution of coal and coke; and covering other details. The bill as first drawn provided for a commission of three to administer this law, but under pressure from the President, who disapproved of the commission idea, it was changed to place full authority under one man. Meanwhile Hoover, at the invitation of the President, had organized the food resources of the country on an informal, volunteer basis, as mentioned earlier in this chapter.

President Wilson has puzzled me many times, but he has never puzzled me more than by his attitude toward Prohibition. All his adroitness in phrasing has not obscured the fact that he was opposed to it in practice, if not in principle. In June, when the "drys" were trying to insert drastic regulations in the food bill, he asked them to desist, on the plea that they were holding up the passage of the bill. Although they did so, compromising on war time prohibition of whiskey, the bill did not pass for two months. And when it did pass, giving the President authority to prohibit beer and light wine, he failed to exercise this authority, although the manufacture of beer was absorbing vast quantities of

grains which the people were being asked to save piece-meal, as well as a large man-power. I have always suspected some subtle influence close up. It is well known that the Germans welcomed and urged our continued use of raw materials for beer, as crippling our resources; but I do not believe the connection lies there.

We were beginning to find it not so easy to leap full-panoplied into the war, with all our energies "coördinated" and adjusted to the mighty task. We needed ships more than we needed anything; we were thousands of miles away from where we had to fight, across a water infested by the deadly submarine. Sinkings were going on at an appalling rate. Our maritime resources had been pitiful and shameful at the beginning of the war, and still were. Great plans were made at the offset to build an enormous fleet of carriers. We gathered ourselves together for the task. But stubborn obstacles began to get in the way, and stayed there. There were heart-breaking delays; divided counsels; obstinacy of opinion. General Goethals, called in, got into a row with some of his colleagues. Ship-building lagged. The Shipping Board bungled. The nation grew impatient. There was confusion and baffled endeavor.

Opposition to the administration began to develop. Personal and political differences arose. Criticism was caustic, and not often constructive. It seemed as though the Republicans began to be afraid of so much power in the hands of the Democrats. Senator Lodge took a hand. The "dollar-a-year" men were not turning out as well as had been hoped. The wrong men got into the wrong places. Some of them were under suspicion of serving their private interests. A feeling grew that their selection was not always determined by their personal fitness. Winning the war proved to be not the simple thing it had seemed at first it was going to be.

The Allies were naturally rejoiced by our entrance into the war. Von Hindenburg belittled our weight. Our output of munitions had already reached the maximum, he said, and we could not get troops into the field within a year. But our associates in the war felt differently. No doubt Hindenburg himself was talking for home consumption. The war was dragging bitterly. France was reaching the apex of her man power. Both she and England were under the full strain of productivity; no more links could be let out. On the Western Front the German withdrawal had made their hard Spring blow fall soft. They were still pressing home around the edges of the retirement, but achieving little. Italy was accomplishing little more against the Austrians; although Cadorna was beginning to press home along the Corso. The British were winning successes in Arabia against the Turks; but of what avail was that in the big issue?

Russia, it was generally believed, had hopelessly crumbled.



GENERAL PERSHING ARRIVING AT BOULOGNE, JUNE-8, 1917

The soldiers had taken authority over themselves into their own hands. When an order was given, they would hold a meeting to see whether it should be obeyed — unless they refused to obey it without going to the trouble of holding the meeting. Those who had succeeded to authority at first had passed by. Kerensky, enthusiast, orator, was trying to restore order. President Wilson sent a mission headed by Elihu Root to give the Russian people our cordial assurances, in the name of democracy and their new-found liberty, on the assumption, I am afraid, that they could walk out of ages of oppression into the full exercise of intelligent self-government.

So the news of the fresh young giant of the West, on the way to help, was electrical. Great Britain sent a commission headed by Balfour, and France sent one headed by Viviani, with Joffre included, to work out details of coöperation. They asked for money, food and munitions at once; but principally men — hordes of fighting men — to come and take their places in the line as soon as they could. Joffre asked for some troops at once, for their moral effect.

Miss Birmingham has just described to me the scenes in London on "American Day," April twentieth. It had been set apart to celebrate the occasion of the reunion of the Anglo-Saxon race. Strange that a nation that had severed itself from the parent to work out the problem of liberty and freedom for itself, should now be returning to help the parent work it out for the world! Now the Stars and Stripes were flying side by side from Victoria Tower; the first time in history that a foreign flag had flown there beside the emblem of Old England. The people were awake to the significance of it. They thronged the streets, which were entwined with the emblems of the two nations. The King and Queen paraded from the Palace to St. Paul's to attend a special service. English people greeted Miss Birmingham whenever

they recognized her as an American.

It was not an entirely joyous day for her. Ten days before Teddy Jr. had gone over the top at Vimy Ridge with the Canadians. The Canadians had come off victorious, day after day, pressing far, until an unseasonable snow-storm had stopped them. But word had come home that



ARTHUR J. BALFOUR

Teddy Jr. was missing, and Mildred was full of grief and anxiety for Peggy. The suspense of the uncertainty, the hourly expectation and hope for good news, and the dread of bad, marred the deep happiness of such a day as this. Not to know, was the worst of it.

There was a good deal of alarm. Many expected resistance in certain sections. The future was unknown, untested. Americans had a sudden sense that the country was gorged with a teeming mass of undigested, unassimilated foreigners. We had been getting these people over here for years, from all quarters of the old world, filled with all sorts of superstitions and prejudices and fears and mental habits and outlooks, and had left them alone. We did not know what they thought; we had never tried to make them know what we thought, and why we thought it. Where would they stand now? Were they Americans? Had we made good with them; won their loyalty?

I asked Billy Florida about it. He was very busy, in and out of Washington, acting now as an agent of the Government. "They'll stick," he assured me. "They are with us. Even most of the German-Americans."

"What makes you think so?" I pressed him. "We hear stories from all over the country about disloyalty. The Council of National Defence is uncovering hundreds of thousands of cases."

The Council of National Defence was a semi-official volunteer, amateur body of private American citizens who were making it their business to uproot and stamp out disloyalty throughout the country.

"Not hundreds of thousands," Billy amended. "Thousands, maybe. . . . But you don't hear of the millions of loyal ones. We do. We've got men out. . . . Where's Elizabeth now, Ken?" he demanded, abruptly.

I was surprised. "Don't you know where she is?" I returned.

He shook his head.

"Why, I thought you nabbed her at the Senator's house."

"It did n't do any harm to let you think so. You'd spilled the beans two or three times already."

"Did n't you chase her out? Did n't you lock her up?"

"How could we? There was no espionage law then, and we had nothing else on her."

"What became of her, then? What made her leave?"

"She must have been called off onto another job; a bigger one. And we'd like to know what it is. I'd like to get my hands on her now. I could act."

"I think you're all wrong about her, Billy," I protested. "I'll never be convinced that she is n't on the square. Now, at least."

"Look here, Ken," Billy began. "I'm about the best friend you have, ain't I?"

I told him that he was.

"You feel that you know me pretty well, don't you?"

"Like a book," I replied.

"And you 're not in love with me, or bothered with any other confusing and distorting illusions about me, are you?"

I laughed.

"Do you know what I have been doing for the last two years and a half, ever since the war started?"



SECRETARY OF WAR BAKER DRAWING IN THE DRAFT

"You 've been in newspaper work, paying special attention to German intrigue."

"I've been working as an agent of the *Providence Journal* every minute of the time until I went into the government service, and you've never guessed it. Now, if your best friend can be on a job for two years and a half, right under your nose, without caring particularly whether you find out what he is doing or not, and you never tumble to it, what chance have you to size up a girl whom you have

seen only now and then and are half in love with, and who is particularly anxious that you shouldn't have any idea what she is up to?"

"But, Billy, the last time . . ."

"The last time, and the last time, and the last time," he interrupted. "It is always the same. The last time she always does the right thing to make you think her innocent and string you along for the next time. What would you do if you should meet her on the street tomorrow? Grab her and yell for me?"

"I'd have a little talk with her and try to satisfy myself. . . ."

"Good Lord!" groaned Billy.

I was very soon to find out what I would do in case I met her in the street; for I actually did run across her in a street car three days later.

It was the day of the draft — I was on my way to the Senate Office Building to watch the proceedings which were to take place there. I boarded a street car. It was crowded. I had to stand up. Others got on. I crowded along to give them room. In doing so, I kicked against someone who was sitting right under me. "I beg your pardon," I said, glancing down.

The one I addressed glanced up at the same moment. It was Elizabeth. "Why, how do you do?" I cried. "This is the second time we have met like this!"

She looked me over coolly. "I beg your pardon," she said, as though she had never seen me before.

The woman sitting next to her, I noticed, was eyeing us closely.

"Oh, don't be absurd, Elizabeth," I said, under my breath.

"If you speak to me again I shall call the conductor," cried Elizabeth, indignantly. "How dare you!"

She was n't doing it very well. I felt that the woman next to her saw through the play.

Just then a man sitting on the other side of her, who had been too intent looking out for the street where he wanted to get off to notice what was going on, jumped up and left room for me next to her. I slipped into it. Several others were watching us by this time.

I took Elizabeth firmly by the arm. "Do you think it is a good time to try to start anything like this, Elizabeth?" I said. "I could prove in five minutes that you know me well; and you know what some of my friends think of you." I thought it rather a masterly stroke. At least, it did the work.

"Oh, of course, I remember you now!" exclaimed the girl, with a laugh which was very stiff and hard and mirthless. "How perfectly ridiculous! I don't think I ever saw you with your hat on before. It makes such a difference."

The woman next to her was not taken in; she kept on watching us.



HOW THE GERMANS SMASHED MACHINERY ON THE "GEORGE WASHINGTON" BEFORE ITS SEIZURE BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

"I suppose you won't know me at all when I get my uniform on," I submitted.

"Are you going to fight, too?"

"I don't know. I am going to do what they want me to do. I am going to the drawings now."

"Do you want to fight?"

"I want to help any way I can."

A silence.

"Hauptmann is dead," I resumed.

"Is he?"

"He was executed as a spy, in London."

"How did they catch him?"

"Why, I happened to run across him over there last winter. . . ."

"And betrayed him!" she finished.

"You would hardly call it betraying a spy, would you? I denounced him; I revealed what he was."

"That must have given you great satisfaction," she sneered.

"On the contrary, it was decidedly unpleasant. It's pretty hard to point your finger at a fellow-mortal in cold blood, knowing that if you were pointing a pistol at him it would n't be any more fatal to him."

I could see her beginning to flame with rage.

"Have you been in any trouble lately?" I went on, quietly.

"Not since I saw you last," she returned, hotly. The woman next to her was drinking in the situation with eyes and ears.

"That's good. Germans in America are in an awkward situation," I observed. "They have the curse of the race upon them."

"To be a German now makes me proud; prouder than ever!" she cried. "The whole pack of nations are at her



AN AMERICAN MINE-LAYING FLEET IN THE NORTH SEA

heels, trying to pull her down, because she is so great. But they cannot. And she will turn and crush you with her heel when the time comes. Insolent puppy of a nation, leaping in when you think the giant is down. You shall see! Wilson is the biggest hypocrite that ever lived, talking about making the world free, and then making all American citizens come and fight England's battles for her. The English have bought him, body and soul. He's an Englishman himself, to begin with."

The woman next to her stood up and touched her on the shoulder before I could answer. "I'll have to ask you to come with me," she said, quietly.

Elizabeth leaped to her feet. "Who are you?" she cried, defiantly; yet I could see that she was afraid.

The woman showed a badge.

"You have no right to lay hands on me," said Elizabeth.

"Will you come quietly, or shall I have to call an officer?" the woman returned. "Perhaps this young gentleman. . . ." She glanced at me.

The attention of the careful of people was fixed unpleasantly upon us. The conductor was coming up the aisle; the motorman was staring back through the glass door of the car, which he had brought to a stop at a corner. I stood up. "You 'd better go," I advised her.

"What 's the matter?" demanded the conductor. "What 's the row? Some guy gettin' fresh? I was watchin' you, all right."

"That is n't it at all," the woman interposed. "This woman is disloyal and I am going to take her over and have her questioned."

Elizabeth began to cry. "You did this!" she said. "You 've always done this. I wish . . ."

"Come now, Elizabeth. Get off the car." With that I took her by the arm and half escorted and half forced her down the aisle, across the car platform and into the street, the woman following.

Once at the curb I took the woman aside, keeping an eye on Elizabeth, whom I did not leave far behind me. She was crying like a child—like a pitifully helpless child, frightened and alone and in danger. I was deeply distressed. Nobody knows what I might not have done at that moment had not this dominant woman with the badge been with us. Nobody, that is, but Billy Florida. . . .

"I know all about her," I said to the woman. "I can't go with you now. I am sorry. But this is my card."

As I was handing her the card Elizabeth, thinking I had taken my attention from her, made a start to get away; but I bounded toward her so quickly that she passed it off in an idling change of posture.

"Report to Mr. Billy Florida that you have brought in Elizabeth Hauptmann," I went on. "Florida is with the Government. Here. I 'll put down the telephone number." I took back my card and wrote his number on a corner of it.

I turned to Elizabeth. "I am awfully sorry," I said — I think I tipped my hat, as though I were apologizing for being late, or having an engagement elsewhere. "It's best for you to go with this woman, of course. If everything is all right, you will have no trouble. If it is n't. . . . Let me know if I can do anything for you, won't you?"

"You're the last man on earth I'd let know," she scoffed, cutting off her crying abruptly. "You miserable coward! If you were half a man you would n't stand for all of this. You'll make a fine soldier!"

At that I turned and walked away, without another word, glad to leave the scene. "I hope they find out the truth about her, whatever she is," I kept saying to myself. "I have never been able to."

And I don't know now. I don't know whether she was "putting it over on me" all the time, as the saying is, or whether I treated an innocent girl abominably. I would like to be sure. When I asked Billy Florida what they found out, and what would become of her — I did not hear from her or the woman — he told me that they did n't have to find out anything more, and that she would show up again all right after the war.

The draft was about to be made when I arrived at the Senate Building. It was an imposing ceremony; imposing in its simplicity and significance. Secretary of War Baker, blindfolded, put his hand into a huge globe and took out a blank number. He handed it to General Crowder, who had attended to all the details of the draft arrangements. The number was read off, tallied, and sent on the wings of lightning all over the United States.

Others drew in turn.

I thought of the 10,000,000 fine young men, scattered over the vast territory stretching miles away to the Pacific, waiting at that moment to learn what numbers had been

drawn; of the millions of parents and friends and sweethearts whose fate lay in those little balls.

I thought of the hateful, hideous trenches, thousands of miles across the infested waters; the noise and turmoil and death and pain and loneliness ahead of many of these young men. A new, bitter sense of the tragic folly and uselessness of it all came over me.

Mine was the third number drawn. And I was glad.

CHAPTER XII

WHAT WE WERE FIGHTING FOR

SEPTEMBER fourth, in the year of our Lord 1917!
A reviewing stand in front of the White House.

All Washington on the streets.

Homes in confusion all over the city.

Farewells, oft repeated, in mansions, bungalows, apartments, tenements — and boarding houses.

Young men walking along soberly, self-consciously, toward a point of rendezvous. Or being whisked in family cars.

Mothers, sisters, sweethearts, standing sadly at curbs along the line of the impending march.

Cabinet Members, Senators, Congressmen, worming their way in motors through the crowded streets and avenues.

A procession forming; bands playing; handkerchiefs waving; men in charge, many officers among them, rushing about setting up order.

The President, emerging, takes his place at the head of the procession.

It moves past the White House, down Pennsylvania



A ROOKIE, WITH COMPLETE OUTFIT

Avenue, turns off and proceeds to the Union Station; first the President of the United States, then the members of his Cabinet, then Senators, then Representatives of the people.

Behind them the young men from the lists of honor, going across the sea to fight their first war in Europe, marching quietly, thoughtfully, neither eagerly nor reluctantly.

Among them, myself.

I was about to become a soldier.

Strange fate for me! But I was glad. In my heart, I would have been just as glad, perhaps, if a place had been found for me at home; though I had scrupulously avoided and prevented any effort being made in my behalf to obtain exemption. My whole thought was that I would not be of as much help as a soldier as I would have been as something else. I could not picture myself a great success at grapples with some German over there. The hardship, the privation, the long dreary days ahead in training camp and trench, the stress of battle, the wild scramble "over the top" in the face of murder, the danger of death or pain, did not appall me. That was all a part of it that I had fully confronted and adjusted myself to; not in any heroic spirit of sacrifice or martyrdom, but as incidents of a duty I was glad to try to perform. But was I equal to it? I was neither a moral nor physical coward; but I was not a fighting man. How many others felt as I did that day?

There was an impressive sobriety about it all. This was no ordinary war, undertaken for glory by those who went into it, or in the stress of an emotional impulse. It was a sober, deliberate, serious response to a disagreeable duty. The lofty purpose of our adventure left no place for the ebullient flippancy and bravado of the customary departure for war. There was little laughter, few tears; but a deadly, determined earnestness over all.

My mother and sister and my father were at the station.

I saw them and waved to them. Hugh was in New York City, just graduated from Plattsburg. He was a true soldier. I rejoiced that there was one in the family. No fear that he would not perform his duty well. Torrance was in the artillery; had been for months.

I filed onto the train under a sense of solitude. Leave-takings were brief, repressed. The train pulled out.

I shall not soon forget how we were dumped out at the training camp. Many tracks, and a station thrown together, a wide expanse of naked earth, — then row after row, tier after tier, of wooden buildings, all exactly alike, all severely complete and orderly, with streets and alleys between them. Nothing that was needed was lacking; nothing not needed was there.

The construction of these training camps for our army was one of the many marvels that our people wrought when they were called into the war. Suddenly in waste places, or on broad stretches of farmland, there appeared trainloads of lumber, thousands of workmen, a little corps of men with blueprints in their hands. Then, to the clattering of hammers, the rasp of saws, the busy hum of workers' voices, the buildings took shape in long, orderly rows. Even those whose belief in the genius of America was high did not believe it



RAW RECRUITS IN A ROOKIE TRAINING CAMP



HARRY A. GARFIELD

could be done. But weeks saw the thing accomplished.

The first night was a dreary one for me. I had not realized how much of a softy I was. I missed the accustomed chairs, the convenient lamps, the innumerable little articles of comfort of a modern American home. Most of all I think I missed some living center to the place; some spot where the occupants could foregather to read

and talk and be comfortable. I could find no place of attachment more definite than the edge of my cot.

It was a large two-story frame building finished off inside with wall-board. The lower floor had the mess room, the kitchen, a storeroom, containing a big refrigerator, a storeroom for clothing, the captain's office, and a large sleeping room. The mess room was big enough to seat one hundred and ninety at once. The second floor was all one huge sleeping room. We each had an iron cot and two blankets for our very own.

None of my acquaintances happened to be quartered with me. One of my barrack neighbors was a clerk in a haberdasher's store on Pennsylvania Avenue. We decided

that I had bought a tie of him once. He pretended to remember the tie. One was a barber, another a waiter, a third sold fire insurance, a fourth was a young attorney just starting on his career. There was a farmer, too, and a drug clerk, and a rough chap who had labored with his hands at something.

They were taking it all rather seriously, but not sorrowfully. One of them, started to regale us with some sordid story about a recent adventure of his. He was promptly hushed by silence. No one wanted to listen to that.

I tried them out a little, to see what they thought of the whole business. There was n't much hatred of the Germans. Mostly a fine contempt, and an eagerness to be at them. Only the young lawyer misinterpreted the spirit and intention of the draft. I think he did that merely to keep up his professional technique. He prated academically of freedom and democracy; the nation had n't a right of life and death over us, like this. "You'd be nice and free if we did n't



NICOLAI LENINE ADDRESSING A MOSCOW CROWD

lick Germany pretty soon," argued the neck-tie salesman. I pointed out that we were n't fighting for our country because we belonged to the country, but because the country belonged to us. The rough fellow had it pat. "I'm an American," he said. "I stand for America. It's none of my business what they want me to do to prove it. I'm here to do it."

After a second thorough examination by the medical board — we had gone through one at home — they started in to make soldiers of us. We were lined up like fence pickets

in the parade ground and sorted out according to sizes. Then the drilling began.



SAMUEL GOMPERS

It was hard work. They intended it to be hard work. They wanted to make hard soldiers of us. "It takes five men to get you across to the front and keep you there," said an officer to us, when we were feeling tired

and sore. "The Government can't waste five men getting somebody over there that is n't going to be any good when he gets there — that can't stand the gaff."

They turned us out early and put us through a routine that covered about every department of our private life. There was a time to eat, and a time to drill, and a time to police — the army word for cleaning up — and a time to go to bed and get up again. Nobody minded it a bit. We understood that we had come there to be soldiers, and this was a part of it. We had hours off to ourselves, of course,

but they did n't do me much good at first. For a week or so I had n't enough energy to move my lame, tired body from where it happened to be to where I thought I might wish it to be.

The food was good. I would n't have picked out everything we had at a table d'hote dinner; but it was clean, wholesome, simple and well cooked. And there was plenty of it. It got tiresome at times; there was a good deal of routine and repetition. Finally it occurred to me that the food we had was for nutriment, not enjoyment. So I quit trying to enjoy it. I merely ate it. It was much better than the fare of the average rookie at home, I am sure.

I submerged myself at once into the soldier. It seems strange to me now that it did not seem strange to me then to have to recognize the superiority of the officers over me. They were all men whom I would have met at least as equals in civilian life. But I

"Sirred" them and saluted them and took orders from them and went to them with requests without the slightest personal consciousness, or any resentment.

The young lawyer did not take it so handily. It was bitterness to him to have to salute. One day he passed an officer intentionally without saluting. The officer halted him. "You have made me break an army regulation," the officer told him. "We are required to salute every private we pass.



DR. GEORG MICHAELIS

But the regulations say that the private must salute first. You failed to salute me, so I could not salute you. Now, salute!" He did so; and continued to salute his superiors from that time forth.

I found a mighty courage for the future of our United States in the spirit of that citizen soldiery. The fellows were in earnest. They knew that it was necessary for them to perform a disagreeable job, and they made up their minds to do it handily. The glamour of military life passed over them. They fell into military habits because that was the way they had to do their job; not because they liked a military life for itself.

Our outfits were long in arriving. It was a strange sight to see the rookies now rapidly rounding into soldiers, still in their civilian clothes; a motley lot. I fancy a Prussian drill sergeant would have laughed us to scorn. But at last our outfits came: a pair of khaki pants and a pair of woolen ones; a khaki coat and a woolen one; a pair of canvas leggings, a hat, a poncho (raincoat), two suits of cotton underwear, two suits of heavy fleece-lined underclothing; four pair of socks; two flannel shirts; a blue denim suit to work around in; a belt; a heavy woolen overcoat; and two pairs of shoes — one pair of russet shoes to look smart in, one pair of heavy, rough, hob-nailed field shoes, as tough as iron. Our mess kits consisted of a tin plate, a frying pan, a tin cup, knife, fork and spoon.

American soldiers already were in France. The first contingent sailed in June. So secretly was this done that no one but the German General Staff and our own officials knew anything about it until their safe arrival was announced. This first contingent consisted of regulars.

General Pershing and his staff had preceded them. They passed through England on the way. In London they were received with the greatest distinction and honor.

Banquets and receptions followed in rapid order. The King and Queen received the American officers in Buckingham. The British felt the deep significance of this reunion of the two main branches of the Anglo-Saxon race.

France and Paris went wild over the arrival of the American commander. The streets of Paris were lined with citizens when the little *cortège*, holding promise of all that was to come over the seas from the west, passed through on the way from the railroad station. Viviani, Foch and other notables awaited them at the station. The streets were alive with American colors. The staff established themselves at once and began organizing arrangements to take care of the hundreds of thousands of soldiers and the vast amount of equipment, munitions and stores that would soon be coming over from America.

Europe was teeming with big events. Developments in Russia were swift and dramatic. The Provisional Government, set up on the ruins of the Czarist *régime*, was recognized in March by the United States, and soon after by Great Britain, France and Italy. It set about great reforms at once. Thousands of political prisoners were



POPE BENEDICT XV

set free. Poland was liberated and left to choose her own form of government. Finland was given back her constitution. Religious liberty was proclaimed.

The new Government issued a note to the Allied Powers assuring them that Russia would continue in the struggle at their side until the war was brought to a victorious end. This declaration of policy caused great offence to the Council



ELEUTHERIOS VENIZELOS

of Soldiers' and Workmen's delegates, which prepared another one declaring that Russia stood for no annexations and no indemnities; that Russia did not seek to dominate other nations or occupy their territories, but would establish a lasting peace on the basis of the right of each nation to arrange its own affairs. The Provisional Government refused

to transmit this note, on the heels of the one it had just sent, and its members were forced out of office, including Milyukov, a professor, patriot and statesman who had been holding things fairly sane and steady. Kerensky, an intelligent and devoted Socialist, a lawyer by profession, fell heir to authority in the Government that succeeded.

It was not a pleasant job. Russia had gone too fast. A taste of liberty had intoxicated her people. For years her

ideas of freedom and liberty had been developing on purely theoretical lines, with no chance to put them into final practice, excepting in local forms of *Svemtsvos* with small responsibility and authority. One man had returned in the general amnesty who was making trouble. This was Nicolai Lenine, a violent radical who had taken refuge in Switzerland, and who was allowed to return to Russia through Germany, and was now secretly backed by German money and influence. He denounced the Government and urged a separate peace. He told the peasants and the laborers that it was foolish for them to go on wasting their lives and their substance and their time fighting the battles of capitalistic despots. They ought to take the country in their own hands. It belonged to them. They ought to seize and distribute the lands and take over the industries.

The Allies tried to bolster up a responsible Government. Assurances of good will and sympathy were poured in. American engineers were sent to reorganize the railroads. \$100,000,000 was deposited to Russia's credit in the Federal Reserve Bank. Elihu Root headed a commission to Petrograd to give assurances and advice. The British sent officers into the Russian Army.

Then came that spectacular offensive, led by Kerensky, the lawyer. July first it began, along a twenty mile front, in Galicia. It spread out over a front of 150 miles. The Germans were driven mile after mile. Russia was wild with delight. So were all, believing that Russia had found herself and was sure to come out stronger than ever.

Then came the tragedy. The Russians began to leave the line by regiments. Authority and discipline vanished. Soldiers would hold meetings to see whether the orders of officers should be obeyed. Peasants in the ranks picked up and went home. The British officers sent to stiffen the lines were helpless. Kerensky, refusing to enforce capital punish-



A BRITISH "TANK"

ment for desertion, soon lost all hold of the situation. And before we could believe what had happened Russia drifted into the hands of Lenine and his Bolsheviki crowd, and Kerensky had to flee.

At about this time things were going on in Germany which made some people hope that the end was near. There seemed to be a distinct move for peace among her people. The Reichstag adopted resolutions in favor of it. Von Bethmann-Holweg and Zimmerman retired from office, succeeded by Dr. Michaelis. Von Capelle, Minister of Marine, soon followed, after a mutiny on board some battle-ships at Kiel. How much of this was deliberately engineered to entice the Allies into peace discussions while the Central Powers still held their vast military advantages, and how much of it was an adroit use by the German authorities of conditions which for the time had got out of hand, no mere American, probably, can do more than guess.

All this was followed by the Pope's peace appeal. He asked the belligerents, "in the name of the Divine Redeemer and the Prince of Peace," to get together and arrange a peace on the basis of disarmament, withdrawal from occupied

Belgium and France, the restitution of the German Colonies, settlement of all territorial and political questions in a conciliatory spirit, and a general condonation.

In England the appeal got no reception at all. It was clearly a German peace. Few doubted that the plea was inspired by Germany. The idea of general condonation for all the crimes Germany had committed was especially repugnant. In France the attitude toward the Pope's proposal was the same. But it remained for President Wilson to reply to the appeal, in one of the strongest and most effective statements he had yet made on the war.

He said in substance that the appeal asked for a return to the state of affairs pertaining before the war, which was impossible, as it would leave Germany just where she had been, with all her powers of mischief unimpaired and a nation that could not be trusted or treated with. The only



A FRENCH "TANK"

peace was to be a peace based on the sanction of the German people.

That settled the Pope's peace proposal. England and France adopted the President's reply as their own; the press and people everywhere approved it almost unanimously. Excepting, of course, in Germany and Austria, where a great fury was kicked up over it.

Save in Russia, where the Germans were contemplating the remains of the Russian army, eaten away by propaganda and mutiny, the situation during the Summer and early Fall, while we were learning to be soldiers in America, was improving for the Allies. Big gains were made from Verdun to Ypres. The Italians under Cadorna were pressing toward Trieste; they took Monte Santo by storm. Greece, under the statesmanship of Venizelos, squirmed away from its pro-German King Constantine and joined the Allies, taking up a part of the front at Salonika, and in the Balkans. The British, later on, broke through at Cambrai with the first big use of tanks. China also declared war. And General Allenby, pushing up through the Holy Land, entered Jerusalem in November.

It began to look as though the military power of Germany



BAYONET PRACTICE IN A TRAINING CAMP

was crumbling away. It seemed impossible for them to hold out much longer. Shut off on all sides from outside support, drained of men and resources, poor in crops, disappointed in obtaining grain and supplies from Roumania and Russia, with the people at home apparently restless and discouraged, the end was believed to be in sight.

Then a few unpleasant things happened. The Germans turned the tables on the British at Cambrai. The British were held up by the mud at Ypres. The Western Front was deadlocked again. Submarine sinkings were mounting



GENERAL PERSHING, AT THE HOTEL CRILLON, RETURNS THE
SALUTE OF THE PARIS POPULACE

appallingly, and America was very far from getting under way with her ship program to make good the loss. The Italian army, on the verge of a spectacular success, suddenly gave way in a hideous *débacle*, which was stopped only when the Austrians and Germans had pressed them well back onto the plains of northern Italy and were showing their fangs at the gates of Venice itself. And Russia went to pieces. German propaganda carried on through fraternization of the German and Russian soldiers, and Bolsheviki propaganda, carried on from within, left the country prostrate

before Germany, which enforced a hideous peace upon her demoralized foe at Brest-Litovsk.

Events of the Fall bewildered and dismayed the Allies. It was necessary for them to harden themselves again to the struggle. Clemenceau assumed control in France. Lloyd George seized the moment to press again and more strongly for a greater unity of operation and authority among the Allies. This was difficult, on account of national jealousies, vanities and suspicions. But the situation was such that an Allied Council was finally established, with more form and substance than any that had gone before it, and a new organization of power and resources was set up. Colonel House, President Wilson's personal emissary, was admitted to the Council.

Meanwhile, things had not been progressing as satisfactorily in America as enthusiasts had hoped at first they would. A good deal of fumbling was going on. The greatest need at the time was ships; but shipbuilding was in more or less of a mess. It seemed impossible to get started; to get under way. The situation in the airplane work was even worse. Scientific beginnings had been made. Engineers and experts had been called in, automobile manufacturers among them who had done wonders with automobile engines. The idea was to standardize planes, and produce an ideal engine — the "Liberty Motor." They even had a name picked for it. But so far airplane production was a ball of tangled hopes and promises. Congress was bumbling along in its usual manner, getting things done only after great delay and much talk. The Espionage Bill, which placed a weapon in the hands of the Government to protect it from its inside enemies, and the Food Bill, were passed; war was declared on Austria, and the Prohibition amendment was carried through both Houses. . . . This was the Winter of the fuel famine. Dr. Garfield had charge of the fuel



AMERICAN ROOKIES, JUST LANDED IN FRANCE, MARCHING TO THEIR QUARTERS

situation. He imposed heatless days — factories and stores and offices had to close down on Mondays for a period. Churches were restricted; but saloons were not interfered with. This trouble was largely due to the failure of the railroads. They broke down completely under the strain put upon them by the transportation requirements of war. For years they had been suffering financially from the effects of their bad behavior in previous years. They had gotten themselves in such disrepute that the public would not invest, and their rolling stock, their maintenance, their expansions, had not kept up. In December the Federal Government took them over.

Business was not behaving any too well. President

Wilson, early in the war, had issued an appeal to business men for patriotic unselfishness. The Government had announced that it would pay fair prices for everything it needed; enough to keep industry vigorous. But he asked that no attempt be made to take advantage of the situation for private profit. "In these days of our supreme trial," he said, "when we are sending hundreds of thousands of our young men across the seas to serve a great cause, no true



GENERAL, LORD ALLENBY

man who stays behind to work for them and sustain them by his labor will ask what he is personally going to make out of that labor. No true patriot will permit himself to take toll of their heroism in money or seek to grow rich by the shedding of their blood. . . . I hear it insisted that more than a just price that will sustain our industries must be paid; that it is necessary to pay very liberal and unusual profits in order to stimulate production; that nothing but pecuniary rewards will do — rewards paid in money, not in the mere liberation of the world. I take it for granted that those who argue thus do not stop to think what that means. Do they mean that you must be paid, must be bribed to make your contribution, a contribution that costs you neither a drop of blood, nor a tear, when the whole world is in travail and men everywhere depend upon and call to you to bring them out of bondage and make the world a fit place to live in again amid peace and justice?" He spoke of those who had fixed high freight rates for ocean transportation. "They are doing everything that high freight charges can do to make the war a failure, to make it impossible. . . . I know, and you know, what response to this great challenge of duty and of opportunity the nation will expect of you; and I know what response you will make. . . . I am dealing with the matter thus publicly and frankly, not because I have any doubt or fear as to the result, but only in order that, in all our dealings with one another, we may move in a perfectly clear air of mutual understanding. . . . The whole people in all their activities are now mobilized and in service for the accomplishment of the nation's task in this war. . . . I shall expect every man who is not a slacker to be at my side throughout this great enterprise. In it no man can win honor who thinks of himself." Nevertheless, prices began to creep up and profiteering to creep in; the manufacturers, the producer of raw material, the laborer, the middleman and

the retailer all taking a part of the swag, insofar as they were able. Not all of them wanted to, of course. Perhaps none of them could have avoided it, if all had wanted to avoid it. There may be laws too strong for us to cope with as yet, which determine such things in time of war. I do not know.

The President had kept on clarifying the issue and challenging the idealism of mankind in public utterances, throughout the year. In one delivered on Flag Day he pointed out more distinctly than it had been pointed out before, the threat of Germany to civilization, revealing the German scheme for a corridor from Berlin to Bagdad, cutting the world in two, and permitting her to go on at leisure and overcome the severed members. "They have actually carried the greater part of that amazing plan into execution!" he said. "Look how things stand. Austria is at their mercy. It has acted, not upon its own initiative or the choice of its own people, but at Berlin's dictation ever since the war



A TYPICAL AMERICAN TRAINING CAMP UNDER CONSTRUCTION

began. Its people now desire peace, but cannot have it until leave is granted from Berlin. The so-called Central Powers are in fact but a single power. Serbia is at its mercy, should its hands be for a moment freed. Bulgaria has consented to its will, and Roumania is overrun. The Turkish Armies, which Germans trained, are serving Germany, certainly not themselves, and the guns of German warships lying in the harbor at Constantinople remind Turkish statesmen every day that they have no choice but to take the orders of Berlin. From Hamburg to the Persian Gulf the net is spread."

He went on to warn against German peace offensives. "Is it not easy to understand the eagerness for peace that has been manifested from Berlin ever since the snare was set and sprung?" he said. "Peace, peace, peace has been the talk of her Foreign Office for now a year or more; not peace upon her own initiative, but upon the initiative of the nations over which she now deems herself to hold the advantage. . . . If they succeed they are safe and Germany and the world are undone; if they fail Germany is saved and the world will be at peace. If they succeed America will fall within the menace. We and all the rest of the world must remain armed, as they will remain, and must make ready for the next step in their aggression; if they fail, the world may unite for peace and Germany may be of the union." In this he brought out once more the doctrine that the German people were just as much the victims of the plots of German war-lords as the rest of the world.

Later, in an address to Labor at Buffalo, the President brought out the same idea forcefully of the plot of the Germans against the world, pointing out to Labor how it must help to save itself from the slavery Germany intended to impose. The administration had recognized Labor from the first, as represented in the American Federation of Labor,

and Samuel Gompers, its president, was to become one of the advisors and aids to the Government. The principle of the eight-hour day and of collective bargaining were sponsored by the Government.

The President's annual address to the Congress, in December, was another call for all the resources of the Government to help put down this frightful thing that was seeking to destroy the world. The President by this time was generally regarded as the leader of the world's war thoughts and peace principles, as press comments and speeches of statesmen throughout the world show. His idea for a league of nations in some form, the dream of thinkers for years, was beginning to find concrete acceptance; especially in England, where it had long had champions and advocates. The House of Lords formally accepted the idea.

But it was in an address made on January eighth, 1918, in which he stated the war aims of the United States to the Congress, the people and the world, what the war, and what our participation in the war, stood for, and what it must achieve, that he achieved full leadership. The speech was evoked by the insolent duplicity of Germany in her negotiations with Russia at Brest-Litovsk. It followed a similar announcement of Allied war aims made three days previously



VIEW OF CAMP DIX, WRIGHTSTOWN, NEW JERSEY

by Lloyd George in England. It was in this speech that the President laid down categorically a definite peace platform of fourteen planks — the fourteen points upon which Germany sought an armistice, when we had pushed her against the wall and she was sinking into impotency. Here they are:

1. Open covenants of peace, openly arrived at, after which there shall be no private international understandings of any kind but diplomacy shall proceed always frankly and in the public view.

2. Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas, outside territorial waters, alike in peace and in war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants.

3. The removal, so far as possible, of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all the nations consenting to the peace and associating themselves for its maintenance.

4. Adequate guarantees given and taken that national armaments will be reduced to the lowest points consistent with domestic safety.

5. A free, open-minded, and absolutely impartial adjustment of all colonial claims, based upon a strict observance of the principle that in determining all such questions of sovereignty the interests of the populations concerned must have equal weight with the equitable claims of the government whose title is to be determined.

6. The evacuation of all Russian territory and such a settlement of all questions affecting Russia as will secure the best and freest coöperation of the other nations of the world in obtaining for her an unhampered and unembarrassed opportunity for the independent determination of her own political development and national policy and assure her of a sincere welcome into the society of free nations under institutions of her own choosing; and, more than a welcome, assistance also of every kind that she may need and may herself desire. The treatment accorded Russia by her sister nations in the months to come will be the acid test of their good will, of their comprehension of her needs as distinguished from their own interests, and of their intelligent and unselfish sympathy.

7. Belgium, the whole world will agree, must be evacuated and restored, without any attempt to limit the sovereignty which she enjoys in common with all other free nations. No other single act will

serve as this will serve to restore confidence among the nations in the laws which they have themselves set and determined for the government of their relations with one another. Without this healing act the whole structure and validity of international law is forever impaired.

8. All French territory should be freed and the invaded portions restored, and the wrong done to France by Prussia in 1871 in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine, which has unsettled the peace of the world for nearly fifty years, should be righted, in order that peace may once more be made secure in the interest of all.

9. A readjustment of the frontiers of Italy should be effected along clearly recognizable lines of nationality.

10. The peoples of Austria-Hungary, whose place among the



BUILDING A CANTONMENT

nations we wish to see safeguarded and assured, should be accorded the freest opportunity of autonomous development.

11. Rumania, Serbia, and Montenegro should be evacuated; occupied territories restored; Serbia accorded free and secure access to the sea; and the relations of the several Balkan States to one another determined by friendly counsel along historically established lines of allegiance and nationality; and international guarantees of the political and economic independence and territorial integrity of the several Balkan States should be entered into.

12. The Turkish portions of the present Ottoman Empire should be assured a secure sovereignty, but the other nationalities which are now under Turkish rule should be assured an undoubted security of life and an absolutely unmolested opportunity of autonomous development, and the Dardanelles should be permanently opened as a free

passage to the ships and commerce of all nations under international guarantees.

13. An independent Polish State should be erected which should include the territories inhabited by indisputably Polish populations, which should be assured a free and secure access to the sea, and whose political and economic independence and territorial integrity should be guaranteed by international covenant.

14. A general association of nations must be formed under specific covenants for the purpose of affording mutual guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small States alike.

CHAPTER XIII

THE RACE

I AM lying here in my room in Paris trying to put myself once more in the training camp where the Government began its attempt to make a soldier of me — only began, for one learns to be a soldier just as one learns to be anything else, by being one.

It seems ages ago, that Winter back there in the wooden barracks, making comrades of men I never would have had a chance to come into contact with, excepting most casually, in the ordinary routines of our respective lives. I am trying to recall what it was about that life, away off there in time behind the subsequent months in the fields and forests and trenches of France, that made it seem a hardship. By contrast with what we who were there have since endured it looms now as a delightful holiday.

Not, of course, in contrast to what I am experiencing now. No man's lines could fall in pleasanter places than mine at the present moment, in this quiet little nook at the

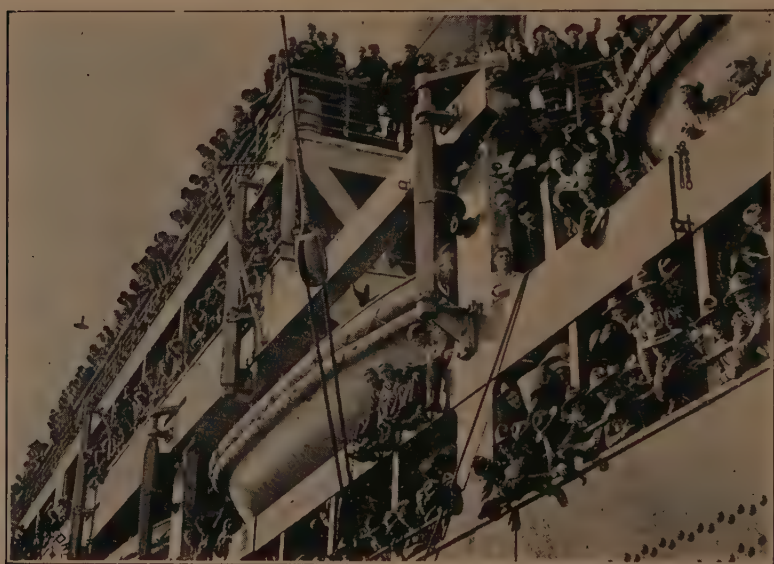


PRIZE-WINNING WAR SAVINGS POSTER

back of the house overlooking the garden, where a vine climbs, and birds come and twitter to me in English.

Mildred has arranged a mirror for me at the window so that I can look down into the garden from my bed merely by rolling my eyes. That was for the days when I could roll little more than my eyes, but we have kept it there, even when I am sitting up.

Princess Pat and Mildred are making life very alluring for me. One of them is with me practically all of the time



ROOKIES ON THE "LEVIATHAN" GETTING THEIR FIRST GLIMPSE OF FRANCE

that I am awake, reading or chatting and being chummy, excepting when Mildred and I are working on the book, when we are rather chummy, too. I know perfectly well that she is not putting down all I tell her to, but what is one to do about it? Now and then Uncle Sam breezes in.

I wonder where the rest of them are this afternoon — all those whom I was with in the training camp ages ago, and

those whom I knew in civil life before it all happened. Torrance and Hugh are accounted for — we shall come to that in good time — and the rough chap that worked with his hands. He lost one of them early, and was sent home with shell shock added for full measure. The young lawyer went out, poor chap, and the barber turned up missing. The drug clerk . . . But that is part of the story.

He became my particular chum in camp, and my buddy when we came over here. He had a sense of humor. How anyone with a sense of humor should decide to be a drug clerk is something I never asked him. Perhaps he did it because he had a sense of humor. . . . Not everybody knew he had this choice possession. He kept it for his friends.

Moore and I discovered each other — his name was Mortimer Moore, which the boys condensed to Mortar Moore, in honor of his calling — Mortar and I discovered each other through our mutual horror of the bayonet. My flesh has always crept at the thought of a cut. As a boy I could pound my finger or stub my bare toe or be “beaned” by a baseball or take a crack on the shins at “shinny” with



SHOWING THE “LEVIATHAN” MARVELLOUSLY CAMOUFLAGED

comparative equanimity; but when my knife slipped and cut my thumb or finger I was done for for the day. It was the same way with him. So the thought and the sight and the feel of that long, vicious rib of sharpened steel on the end of a rifle made me sick at the pit of my stomach.

This mutual weakness brought us together after our first bayonet drill. We had been in the training camp for some time — long enough to have gotten the rudiments of squad, company and regimental drill, and our rifles. One day they lined us up for first instruction in the use of the “harpoon.” A British sergeant was the instructor. The British had sent over a number of their best bayonet fighters to teach us.

First he gave us a talk. It was n’t pleasant. It was bad enough to contemplate running that horrible knife into the quivering, warm flesh of a man who no doubt would be looking you square in the eye at the moment. But there was something disconcerting in his talk about the likelihood of the other man jabbing his knife sickeningly between your ribs. Then he began to show us the blows and parries. The thing that made me sick was the consideration that making a mistake with one of those parries was not like making a mistake in a stroke at golf. You don’t get another chance.

It was a remark along that line that opened up the drug clerk to me. “How the deuce are you going to know whether you know how to use those things or not?” I queried, when we were back in barracks.

“When you meet a Hun, if you jab him, you know how. If he jabs you, you don’t,” he submitted. He thought a minute. “I ’ll tell you what we ’ll do,” he went on. “You and I will try it on each other tomorrow. Then one of us at least will find out.”

“That would n’t prove much just yet, Mortar,” I pointed out. “We’d better wait until we are onto it a little better.”

"No," he replied. "We'll do it tomorrow. I've got to get it off my mind. I want to have it over with."

When it came to the bayonet courses, charging on straw dummies and sticking our bayonets into them, I nearly caved in at first. So did Mortar. "I can't do it," he said.

"I wonder how it feels when you strike a bone," I mused.

"How does it feel when *he* strikes a bone!" said Mortar.

I don't believe there were many who really liked the idea of bayonet fighting any better than we did at first. Our instructors used some rather violent psychology to get us to like it. They made us really want to stick the knife into the Hun; want to do it so much that the thought of their doing it to us was submerged in the bigger idea of doing it to them.

It was downright hard labor, that training, with all the realism worked into it that could be introduced without the actual detail of killing each other. We dug trenches that reproduced actual sections of the Western Front, and then



PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, SHOWING THE CAPITOL DOME IN THE DISTANCE

fought across them, artillery barrage and all. The first time I went "over the top" gave me all the sensations I would require to fill up a life time. Behind us the guns ripping the air to shreds, in front of us the trenches of the enemy, between us the creeping barrage of our own fire, forming a curtain for us to advance behind. The worst of it was we had to walk, quietly and decently, picking our way through the barb wire entanglements, under an irresistible impulse to run and yell. Mortar described the state of mind for me. "It was the way I used to feel coming up the cellar stairs at night," he said. "Scared to death behind, but afraid to run on account of the family."

It was n't all work, of course. They gave us all the sports they could, and there was plenty of sky-larking fun undertaken on our own initiative; practical jokes, and roughhousing, and boyish banter. We had music of our own, and music furnished to us. The Y.M.C.A. put on frequent stunts by professional people, who took this way of helping. Everything was done that could be done to keep the fellows in good spirits and prevent them from thinking on the wrong side of things. It was the first time in history, I think, when deliberate, intelligent care was given to the question of keeping the soldiers clean morally as well as physically. The moral drill was not placed on a basis which the young men could consider mere sentimentality, but on the solid ground of good sense, good health and self-respecting manhood. Much stress was placed on the good health angle.

The morale of the men was high. Even those who were most remote from understanding precisely why we were at war sensed that there was something about fighting this time which removed it from ordinary warfare, and shared the sober-minded spirit of devoted determination which those felt who caught more fully the significance of what America was doing. It is n't saying too much, I believe,



AMERICAN TROOPS SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE — NOT FAR FROM THE FRONT

to claim that the crusade spirit was in control, although I do not believe you can get many soldiers to admit it, or even believe it. It was all so unconscious, so unaffected.

But we had whispers among us, trying to break things down. The most amazing tales were introduced and spread about what was going on at home and over there; tales of Governmental inefficiency and carelessness and worse; of the invincible prowess of the foe we were

going to meet; of the perfidy of England in luring us into a war and using our young men when she had millions of her own in training and at home, of the inroads the submarines were making, concealed from the people, and no end of similar tales, caught up and handed on by impressionable, indiscriminating youth.

It was part and parcel of what was going on through the country. Much of the propaganda we got in training camp came from our women at home, who had picked it up in gossip maliciously sown at Red Cross meetings, when the women were working on bandages, and all that. The I.W.W. were attempting to undermine industry and cripple production by sabotage. The Socialists had come out definitely against the war in party convention. Conscientious-objectors were making trouble for themselves, and trying to make it for the Government, by raising hair-splitting questions about



DROPPING THE FIRST BOMB (Richards, in the Philadelphia "North American.")

the draft. Bridges were being blown up, trains wrecked, bombs placed in ships.

Billy Florida, who had been taken over by the Government and was having the time of his life getting to the bottom of things with such authority behind him, blew into camp one December day trying to trace to its sources among us a wild tale that one of the transports carrying our boys over had been sunk by a sub and thousands of them lost.



ENTERTAINING THE BOYS IN A Y.M.C.A. HUT

"It's just good luck that they were n't," he commented. "Good luck, and great work by the boys who convoyed them. Fiske was one of them — your sister's friend."

"What do you mean, good luck?"

"The Germans knew every detail of that shipment of troops long before they even started, and attacked the last contingent."

"Did you find out who tipped them off?" I asked.

"We stopped a few leaks. Can't tell whether we got them all or not. No use asking you whether you've run

across any whisperers. You'd only fall in love with them."

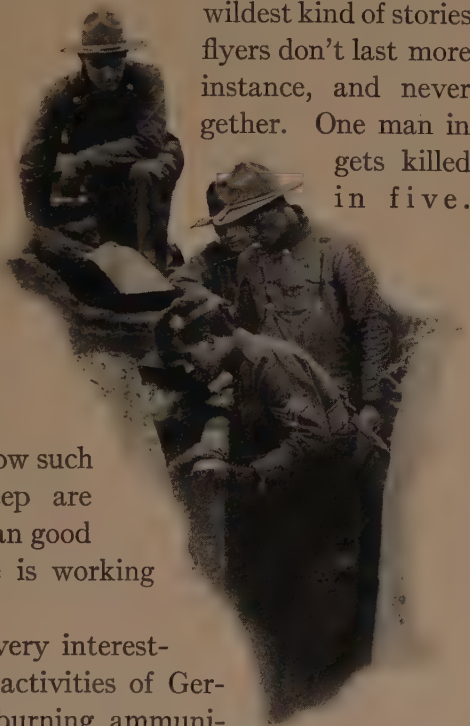
I laughed. "Where is she now, Billy?" I asked him.

"Elizabeth? Safe enough until after the war. If you want her then you can have her."

"And where's Sadie Lockhart? She must be out of a job, with all the German and Austrian Consulates shut up." We had just declared war on Austria.

"There are plenty of jobs left. Sadie was an I.W.W. for a while. They 'pulled' her in Chicago when they made that raid. Now she's in the Red Cross trying to find out who is starting all the rumors there. Those women sitting around with their knitting and their bandage-making are handing around the wildest kind of stories about casualties — flyers don't last more than thirty days, for come through altogether. One man in seven in the trenches gets killed — some make it one in five. Boys are freezing and starving to death in the camps. Packages sent to them are looted or lost. Would you believe that human beings could swallow such stuff? The poor sheep are doing more damage than good in some places. Sadie is working on that right now."

He told me some very interesting things about the activities of German sympathizers in burning ammunition plants, blowing up bridges, smashing



TRENCH-BUILDING

railroad tracks, putting time bombs on ships sailing for Europe, and all that sort of bad business. "You 'd think we were invaded right now," he observed. "As a matter of fact, we are, and have been for years, taking in these swarms of immigrants who don't understand us any better than we understand ourselves, and letting them become American citizens after their own fashion."

We talked over the good work being done in uncovering German plots and in springing the evidence of them at opportune moments. There were the telegrams which Count Luxburg, German Charge d'Affairs at Buenos Aires, sent to his home office through the Swedish Legation and Swedish Foreign Office, in which that cheerful person advised his Government if it were found necessary to sink Argentine ships to "sink without leaving a trace" so that no one would be left to tell the tale. These telegrams were made public in September and October of 1917, during the second Liberty Loan drive, and no doubt helped put it away over the top.

There was the message from von Bernstorff to the German Foreign Office, sent in January of 1917, requesting "authority to pay up to \$50,000 in order, as on former occasions, to influence Congress through the organizations you know of, which can, perhaps, prevent war. I am beginning in the meanwhile to act accordingly. In the above circumstances a public official German declaration in favor of Ireland is highly desirable in order to gain the support of Irish influence here." Congress and the country were naturally incensed; although many perfectly good Americans did not fail to see a joke in the notion that Congress would sell out for \$50,000. Whether the joke was on Congress or on Bernstorff made good conversation in many groups.

And there was the Zimmerman affair; the proof that the German Foreign Minister was deliberately trying to get

Mexico and Japan to join hands and jump on our backs. The provoking feature of that proposal was, that it had been made in 1916, before there was any move toward war with Germany. Billy would n't tell me how all these things had been dug up or discovered. "It's just a part of the day's work," he said. "Any good newspaper reporter could get all that dope without any trouble," he assured me.

Billy had several things to say about Congress; about the way they were showing our hand to the enemy in the speeches made there, the investigations asked for and the queries put to departments. "They do nothing but blab about things that Germany would give beer to know. Talk about your gas attacks! We have the worst gas attack right here at home to combat. But we're turning it off."

A month or two later Senator Chamberlain of Oregon made a bitter attack upon Secretary Baker and the War Department, and later on the entire administration, for the conduct of the war. It raised such a row that Baker, before the public would be satisfied, had to give out a lot of information which was certainly rich picking for Germany. He told the wide, wide world that we would have 1,500,000



SPIRITED BAYONET PRACTICE IN AN AMERICAN TRAINING CAMP

American soldiers in France before the year was over; and that, together with other information, took the wind out of Chamberlain's sails.

Our first contingents of troops arrived in France late in June, 1917. They were given intensive training at once, under the instruction of French officers and veterans who knew the actual conditions of these Americans and the war they had come to take part in. As fast as it was deemed wise they were placed in the front line trenches, in small groups, alongside of seasoned soldiers.

On November third we suffered our first casualties. A German raiding party swooped down on a trench occupied by our troops, in line for the first time. Three of our boys were killed, five wounded, and eleven taken prisoners. The news created a great furor in our camp. Every man there, including Mortar himself, burned to get at the Boche right away. Mortar eyed his bayonet in a new light. "I would n't mind using it now," he confided to me. He went after the straw dummies with a light in his eye that had not been there before.

When the Germans attacked at Cambrai on November thirtieth, recovering much of the ground lost in the British tank attack, American army engineers working on the British railways behind the lines laid down their picks and shovels, took up rifles, and helped to stem the flanking movement. "There is not a single person who saw them at work who does not render warm praise to the coolness, discipline and courage of these improvised combatants," said the French account of the affair.

Toward the end of January it was permitted to become known that our troops had taken over a sector near Toul; a comparatively quiet sector, where they could break into the fighting easily. Later on they were heard from in Champagne, working alongside the French, on the Chemin

des Dames, and on the St. Mihiel salient. All this was gratifying and thrilling, and made us more and more impatient to be over there.

The Rainbow Division, composed of National Guardsmen from States scattered all over the Union, arrived on the last of November. Before the Winter was over we had four divisions in line. Hugh was a lieutenant in the division that was first in line near Toul. Later on we learned that he had gone to join the British farther north, where he remained throughout the war.

Meanwhile things were looking up a bit in some respects. There had been a strike in Germany which showed signs of the final crumbling down of that machine. It was headed off and came to nothing; it may have been merely a deliberate peace offensive. But it bucked us up. The British had Bagdad and Jerusalem; the situation looked bad for the Turk. Bethlehem itself was captured on Christmas day; a pretty piece of psychological engineering.

Russia, however, had gone to pieces. When the German



THE "LEVIATHAN," FORMERLY THE "VATERLAND"

delegates at Brest-Litovsk made terms for the Bolsheviks that could not be accepted, the Bolsheviks withdrew and presently declared that peace existed; that they would not fight any longer, on the theory that it takes two to make a quarrel. The Germans kept right on, of course, until the Bolsheviks were finally forced to take a stand against them. But not until the Germans had pressed so far toward Petrograd that the Bolsheviks moved the capitol to Moscow.

The deadly feature of all this was that it freed division after division of the Germans to bring over and mass up against the West Front. All Winter long and through the Spring the railroads were busy hauling these soldiers. New units were formed; special training was given them in new tactics of attack. "Shock troops," they were called. The Germans spread great reports about their prowess, and gave out terrifying rumors about what they were going to do to the West Front when they got ready.

Long before Spring arrived it became perfectly clear that the war had narrowed itself down to a race between the German blow and America. Would the line hold until we got there? That was the question which gave everyone the greatest concern, and made us in the training camps impatient of every hour that kept us there.

And then, on a day, we were ordered to be ready in an hour, marched off, and carried down to a port where our transport was waiting for us.

CHAPTER XIV

PERISCOPE POND AND ST. NAZAIRE

WE sailed on one of the big German liners, transformed into a transport and rechristened. By the time we took her over at the outbreak of the war, her insides had been pretty well demolished by her German crew, but here she was, all sound again, on every trip carrying her thousands over against the Hun.

It seemed to me as I stood alongside and looked up at her while we were waiting to file on board, that it would be impossible for such a colossal thing to be submerged. She seemed as substantial and stable and permanent as a granite cliff with its feet in the sea. The waves from the harbor, pushing at her huge insensate sides, left her as immobile as such a cliff.

Mortar and I drew quarters fathoms deep in the bowels of the vessel. "We won't have far to go if the subs get us," he remarked.

We were out on deck when the great ship went slipping down the harbor. There was no send-off; no heroics; no glorification of war in our going. We went away quietly, on a disagreeable duty, like a physician called out on a bad case.

The rails swarmed with soldiers. They were in great spirits, shouting and singing and laughing and "joshing" everything we passed. "We won't be back 'til it's over over there" was their favorite song.

Mortar was quiet enough. "It's a good thing they don't know where they will be in six months, or what they will have to go through to get there, or they would be feeling more the way I do," he observed.

I asked him how he felt.

"Awfully sorry for myself, old chap. I don't care for this at all. I'm afraid of getting hurt. I don't mind getting killed, if they will only kill me comfortably. Every little while I feel a bayonet gritting against my ribs."

I told him that I felt the same way about it.

I grew sentimental, presently, as we slid slowly along through the water. "Three hundred years ago there were



AN AMERICAN-BUILT DOCK AT ST. NAZAIRE, FRANCE

only Indians on this whole continent," I ruminated. "Now here we are, going over to free the world, to . . ."

"To make the whole damn world safe for the Democratic Party," as one of your Indians said when they asked him what he was fighting for," Mortar interrupted.

"Mortar, do you know, it is a wonderful thing for people who don't like to fight — like you and me — to be going at it in this way," I went on. "There never was a war quite like it."

"I wonder if they could n't use me in the medical corps, after I get over there, making pills. Almost anybody can get shot, but only a few of us can make good, safe pills."

"But we need your bayonet, Mortar."

"Confound it all, anyway!" said Mortar.

The talk among the soldiers was all of subs, when it was not of the coming German push. And it was very wild. For my part, I did not discuss the subject. But I thought about it a great deal. I had read some letters — or parts of them —



THE AMERICAN CONVOY DESTROYER "REID"

from Fiske to Evelyn, telling about the way the convoying vessels protected the transports, and I never failed to wonder that they could do it, rushing about in all weathers, with the cold waves washing over the decks half the time, sometimes in fog so thick that the ship's length was not visible from the bridge. A periscope, I fancied, must be a difficult thing to see, sticking up through the whites of the waves; and a more difficult thing to hit, bobbing around hundreds of yards away.

It was another marvel to me how the vessels of the convoy kept together. We ran at night with all outside lights

doused; but in the morning there we would all be, still in strict company, formation undisturbed, ploughing ahead.

The voyage was a dreary one. Our quarters were as uncomfortable as could have been devised, and there was no escape from them on the crowded decks. We proceeded very slowly, it seemed to me. Day after day crept by. Hilarity ran lower among the military passengers. Now and then there were fights. Mortar had one, with the lawyer, much to his amazement. And much more to his amazement, he laid low the legal light. I never knew what it was about. Mortar did n't, when he reported the adventure. "We both felt that way, I guess," was his explanation, and a sound one. We all felt that way, at times.

We bore off toward the north of Ireland. Mortar and I figured that out from observations of the sun and our knowledge of geography. One day, we saw land looming to the southward, and the spirits of all revived.

"Almost there, and no subs yet," said Mortar, joining me at the rail on the evening of that day.

My eye was running along the line of ships, wheeling through the water at their stated intervals. It was resting on one of them, the name of which I did not know at the time, when I suddenly saw her lift up on the shoulder of a wave, saw a great rush of water boiling up about her sides, saw a cloud of smoke and spray rear itself hideously alongside and presently heard the muffled crash of a distant explosion.

"Good heavens, they got her!" I said, pulling Mortar's arm.

At the same moment a cry went through the ship.

"Poor devils!" exclaimed the drug clerk. "Cold. Cold. Cold. Is she sinking?"

It was too soon to tell.

Our own ship, and all the others we could see, immediately began to break and run in different directions.



AN AMERICAN ARMY DOCK AT BORDEAUX

"Are n't we going to stop and help them?" I cried.

"The dirty cowards!" I heard someone say, near at hand.

Mortar made a gesture as though he would jump over the rail and go to the rescue single-handed through the raging sea — for it had come on rather rough.

One of the ship's company was standing close beside us. "We das'n't," he told us. "Them 's orders, to get away. Ever since one of them subs got three British ships in a row, it 's been orders in all the navies."

There was a flurry of indignation and anger among the soldiers, appropriately expressed.

I never had such a bitter sense of the wicked cruelty of war as I felt in that hour when we went hurrying across the darkening sea leaving those victims of war deserted to their fate. Even now I shudder at the recollection — the ship slowly vanishing astern, darkness creeping over the icy, tossing waters, and no hand raised to help them.

It was the *Tuscania*, we learned afterward. The loss proved to be not so appalling — a little more than two hundred out of a company of two thousand and more. But we did not know that then.

You can imagine, after witnessing that affair, that we were glad when we headed into Liverpool.

I don't know how or why it happened, but they sent some of us through London. As soon as I found out that they were going to — I had asked one of the officers to tell me, if he learned of the plans and could report them to a private — I got a message off to Mildred Birmingham on the chance that she would be able to find me.

Sure enough, there she was, when we piled off the train, helping the other young women hand around chocolate and cigarettes. "You 'd better fill your pockets," she suggested, when I refused the cigarettes. "Some of the boys will be wanting them when theirs are gone, and then you 'll have some for them."

"How are things looking?" I asked.

"Everything is very tense. France is about at the end of her endurance, I suppose. And we are under a great strain here — a terrible strain. I do hope we 'll hurry over."

"Looking at it, day by day, our coming seems slow; but month by month results are piling up rather impressively, I guess. We 'll get there in time. It may take us a little longer to end the war, but we 'll pull it through."

"Some of our boys have made a bad impression, boasting along that line. The English are rather touchy, after four years of it."

"We 're only boys; the whole nation of us. If they understood that. . . ."

"I 'm glad to see you here with them."

"Of course I came. I 'm afraid I shall not make a very good soldier."

"You know what it is for," she reminded me.

Of course, I knew what it was for.

"Every man who knows that is a good soldier; whether he is fighting or only knowing that. You will be doing both. . . . Your brother is an officer?"

I misconstrued that as a mild rebuke of my being only a private, and made some awkward sort of apology.

"You'll find yourself where you belong, Kenneth," she said.

"It's good to see you. Wonderful. How is your sister?"

"Peggy is nursing now, in France."

"No word from Teddy Jr.?"

"Not yet."

That was about all we had time for.

They marched us through the streets of London. I am not sure that that is not why they brought us in such a round-about way — so that the English should have more ocular evidence that relief was surely, steadily coming. There was a great turn-out all along the line of march, although American troops were an old story by this time. . . . Mildred remained behind at the station. Another train was



A CAMOUFLAGED TRANSPORT

coming in. I caught a last glimpse of her, quiet and cheerful, filling her basket with more chocolate and cigarettes for the expected arrivals.

In due time we found ourselves at St. Nazaire.

No one who did not get to France then or later can form any idea of the stupendous work we Americans had done there. We had set up an industrial nation of our own, all those thousands of miles overseas. We dredged out a harbor and put in permanent docks. We built warehouse cities capable of housing millions of tons. We put in cold storage plants which struck the French as stupendous. We laid hundreds of miles of railroad track. We transplanted America,

I suppose the time will come in America when all this will be forgotten. When people will point to the coal shortage, and the railroad congestion, and the lack of sugar, and the delay in shipbuilding and in the production of airplanes,



AN AMERICAN TRANSPORT CONVOYED BY DESTROYERS

and the mix-up about machine guns, and the long time it took to get guns, and say that the conduct of the war was a failure. When august Senators and pompous Representatives will get up around about election time and weep over the terrific expenditures, and prodigal waste of money, the unheard-of inefficiency and unbusiness-like methods of those who laid down here in France, in a few short months, under pressure of war, and across infested waters, an undertaking more gigantic in scope and more baffling in complexity than the building of the Panama Canal. When newspapers will sneer and scoff and be sarcastic, and that whole brood of ignorant impudent cartoonists which has come to take the place of our old knights of the drawing pencil will distort the truth and the facts the way they distort the persons and the faces of the men their editors want them to discredit. I know perfectly well that they will. That is what we call politics. That is the way we run our country; and the way all democracies will be run, no doubt, as long as men consider office under government a private acquisition rather than a public opportunity. But I hope I will be on hand — and on my legs — when they start that. I think I shall have something to say to it.

St. Nazaire was by this time a fairly well-ordered terminus, judged by results; but judged by appearances it was a seething coil of disorder. All great activity looks that way to those who are not handling it, or others like it — and to a few artists who can catch it all in an etching. All I remember about it is a hopeless sense of bewilderment in the



VICE-ADMIRAL W. S. SIMS

midst of warehouses and railroad yards and switches and motor lorries and men walking up and down looking as though they knew where they were going, and why they were going there, though no purpose was apparent.

We were bundled onto a train without an hour's delay — which was the most expeditious experience I had yet had in the army — and went rolling out through the winter landscape toward our training camp. The Americans were to do their fighting, it had been jointly planned, at the southern and eastern end of the long line stretching from Switzerland to the sea. The British naturally held the northern sectors, with the Belgians at the tip end, against the sea. That gave them the shortest line of communications. They had recently extended their lines farther south, taking over many miles of French front. Judged by distances alone, it seemed as though they were not doing their share. But the lines they held were lines constantly under the most furious assault from the Germans, or threats of assault. The reasons are obvious. If a break through could be made to the coast, two purposes would be served. Germany would provide herself with an advanced base for submarine operations against England, and perhaps even for an invasion, and the line of communication between England and her army in the field would be completely broken or so badly demoralized that the result might be decisive. I have n't the figures, but the German line was much more heavily held in front of the British than at any other point in the long lines.

I had no hope of seeing Paris, at present. I had n't the same curiosity toward it that most of the boys had, having been there before. To see it now, in war time, would of course be interesting. But that must wait. So I was quite content with our destination as we rolled across the country in the ridiculous little cars — *40 hommes et 8 cheveaux* — which were provided for our carriage.



AMERICAN DOUGHBOYS MARCHING THROUGH LONDON, EN ROUTE TO FRANCE

It was hard to think of quaint little villages, like the ones we were continually passing through, lying in ghastly ruins out beyond, where war was sweeping back and forth; hard to think of such a country-side, with its suggestion of permanency and serene memories, stretched out stark, not many miles away, torn and churned and blasted by human ingenuity engaged in rage. Hard to think that the little children we saw waving their hands to us, and the old women and bent old men loitering at house-corners to watch us pass, were all that were left at home of the population.

We reached our training area late at night. Somebody directed us — in French — through the streets of a village, over a little bridge, beneath which the water lay in black irregular pools within fringes of ice not yet melted by the approach of Spring, down a long, windy lane, across a farm-yard, into a barn, and up a ladder to a hay-loft, where he told us we were to sleep.

To air my learning, I thanked him, in French, and became quite a hero in our little squad, until our guide, delighted at finding an American who really spoke his tongue with some semblance of familiarity, lingered to chatter with me at great length. I finally had to dismiss him with excuses to save him from violence. The doughboys wanted to go to sleep.

There was n't much sleep that night. I never was cold before in my life. I have been much colder since, for hours and hours and days at a time. But I thought I should perish. Our blankets availed nothing. There was little hay left to burrow under, and what there was had been broken into stubble, affording no protection from the cold and little from the floor. I heard Mortar muttering all night long — very drolly, but very much in earnest.

"If any damned Fritzes want a country like this, the

best thing they could do would be to make him take it," is a sample.

Morning found us blue and stiff and morose — and hungry. There had been a slip-up on our grub the night before — we had gone to bed practically supperless. And dawn had not found the blunder corrected.

Mortar went on a foraging expedition to the farm house, trusting to his eagerness and a little of my French that he had picked up to provide himself with food. He came back followed by a fine, buxom French woman and two little girls, who bore a few eggs they had cooked and a loaf of very black, ill-tasting bread, and two bottles of thin, sour wine. Hungry as I was, I could barely eat it. The lack of something hot to drink with it was the worst of all.

Before noon, however, connections had been made with the kitchen arrangements, and we were marched out on full stomachs to our training field. . . . "Napoleon was right when he said an army marches on its stomach," said Mortar, swinging along beside me. "Wonder what he would think about it all now? Wonder what he would do with an army like this to wind it up? Wish he were here."

I shall not forget the sound of the guns when I first heard them. I had been conscious of a distant, muttering rumble for minutes before I realized what it was. The noise shocked me when I identified it. It occurred to me then, in a moment, that the war had never seemed real until now — had seemed like some vast pretence. I found myself waiting for the rumble to stop. But it did n't. "What 's going on?" I asked of Mortar. He was listening, too. "Anything special?"

"Why, there 's a war on, with Germany," he replied.

"I mean, do you suppose it 's the big push?"

"Let 'em push," said a soldier next to me.

We found out later that it was nothing unusual; merely

the daily work on a sector not regarded as a violent one, most of the time. And it was many, many miles away.

We were put in the hands of French officers for final instructions in modern warfare. I came in handy again with my working knowledge of their language. It was hard work again, and plenty of it; digging trenches, drilling, practicing fine points in the tactics of assault and of defence. We were usually a tired lot when we were marched back to billets at night.

The two little girls that lived on the farm where we were billeted became great pets with the men. Mortar transferred his study of French from me to them, and was an immense favorite with them. They had lost two brothers in the fighting. Their father was in the ranks, somewhere along the Chemin des Dames. They did not know where, and they did not seem to care. It was all the same. He was fighting the Boche; that was enough. They spoke of it all with a resigned shrug of their thin little shoulders.



A SECTION OF THE GREAT LIVERPOOL DOCKS.

Mortar found other interests in the village. He carried on a frantic flirtation with a pretty French girl, practicing on her speeches which the little girls taught him to say. "I don't know what they all mean, but she seems to, and I am getting along swimmingly," he confided to me. One night he told me that she had given him a kiss.

"That is a universal language," I submitted.

"Don't you believe it," said he. "Oh, boy!"

The whole affair was frankly a matter of mutual amusement.

We were presently assigned a battery of our own regular artillery, to train with. It was exhilarating and exciting work, going over the top behind the barrage they laid down for us; especially exciting as they were still more or less in the stage of practice themselves, with the chance always of making a mistake and dropping their shells too short. That never happened, however.

One night, wandering through the streets of the village, who should I see but James Torrance, stalking about with the stride and air of an old artilleryman. "I've had a crack



A CAMOUFLAGED AMERICAN RAILWAY BATTERY IN FRANCE

at them," he told me, when we had exchanged surprised and enthusiastic greetings. "It's a good deal like sending out a circular letter — very anonymous and impersonal. Somebody tells you where to fire, and you fire, and keep on firing, until they tell you to quit. You don't know who or what you are firing at, and you don't know what happens. Now and then a Boche sails over in his plane, and you duck for cover. It went hard with our boys at first. They preferred to stand up and make faces at the enemy. But it does n't do. The first duty of a soldier is to keep alive if he can. He is more useful in that condition."

"How does it seem to be under shell fire?" I asked him.

"You don't mind it. It's like everything else in life. You expect the other fellow will be the one to get it. You yourself are the glorious exception. What do you hear from Evelyn?"

I told him that I heard very little.

"So do I. I write now and then. Mail comes through pretty slow."

"When and where will the big show begin?"

We both knew that he could not tell that. Nobody knew; perhaps not even the Germans themselves. "Old Billy Florida is trying to find out," he informed me.

"He is?"

"Yes. He could n't stay out any longer. He's over here now with the army intelligence. He'll be taking breakfast with the Kaiser before he gets through with the game."

"Where is he?"

"Did anybody ever know where Billy Florida was when their eyes were not resting on him?"

CHAPTER XV

I BEGIN TO SEE THE WAR

THE big smash began on March twenty-first, on a fifty-mile front in Picardy, between the Oise and the Scarpe.

It was the most stupendous and audacious stroke yet attempted by the Germans.

It was the beginning of their final cast; their last spurt in the race against America.

We who thought that Germany had reached the limits of her efforts; who believed from internal signs that the morale of her people was crumbling, that their will to war



GENERAL JULIAN H. G. BYNG

was waning, that the German people and the German military rulers were not one in spirit, were jolted awake by this mighty blow.

For here was a whole nation springing at the throat of its enemy with all the ferocious eagerness which it had displayed four years before, when "der Tag" arrived.

All Winter long the preparations.



THE KAISER TAKES COFFEE WITH PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA AND GENERAL VON HEERINGEN ON THE TERRACE OF A FRENCH CHÂTEAU

had been going on. The German Staff was able to pile up a million men in excess of the Allied troops on the Western Front. They trained them especially for assault. Ludendorff, who had come to be regarded as the real military genius of Germany, developed new tactics. A vast preponderance of guns was accumulated. Huge reserves were held at pivotal points, which could be sent down radiating spokes to any part of the front where the chance to use them best might develop; while the Allies had to chase their supports wearily around the rim of the wheel, after they found out where they were needed.

March twentieth our Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker, who had come to France to see how things were progressing, left the French lines. He was planning to visit the British the following day.

But at five o'clock the next morning the British had another visitor.

There had been a devastating deluge of artillery fire — over a million rounds in a few hours. The British reply was wholly inadequate; their guns were outnumbered three or four to one.

Then the human flood that had been piling up against the thin British dam came surging across the fields in the gray light of a misty morning, rolling in surge after surge, their waves crested with bayonet and rifle fire.

The blow was aimed at the British Army where it joined the French. This was a part of the line lately taken over by



MARSHAL FERDINAND FOCH

the British from the French, and thinly held by the Fifth Army, under General Gough, a famous cavalry leader. To the north, toward Arras, was Byng, with the Third Army. To the south, toward Amiens, the French.

The strategy was to break through where the armies joined, roll the English back against

their sea base — they barely had elbow room now — destroy the French Armies, which were believed to be too war-weary to continue, and so impose a victorious peace before America could get into action.

In those first bitter days, and for two weary, trying months, it looked as though they were going to be able to carry out their plans, in one form or another. The British line simply caved in under the first murderous assault. The German storm troops would not be denied. They came in resistless masses, wave on wave, reckless of loss. The British

mowed them down with rifle and machine gun and artillery, only to see more waves surging behind them.

As the waves struck the decimated barriers opposed to them, they swept over and pressed onward. They did not stop until they could go no farther. This was the new tactic. Instead of aiming for a limited objective, reaching it, and consolidating there for defence against counter-attacks, as had been done before by both sides in all their pushes, this time the Germans went as far and as fast as they could, with three days' rations in their knapsacks. Behind the first waves came other troops to mop up the fragments of resistance that had been left behind by the storm troops in their impetuous dash.

Day after day the Germans crashed forward. Day after day the Allied situation became more desperate, more appalling. Gough's Fifth Army broke down completely. No need to go into that. Perhaps nothing could have held up that first onslaught. England, demanding somebody's head to pay for the disaster, got Gough's, and was satisfied for the moment. History will straighten that out.

Town after town that had been painfully won away from the Germans after weeks or months or even years of ghastly trench siege-war, melted back into German possession in the few hours which it took them



FRENCH REFUGEE CHILDREN AT SCHOOL

to reach the towns and flow over them. Nobody could point out what would stop them, anywhere.

England, Mildred informs me, during those first days and immediately after them, was actually adjusting itself mentally to the thought of a compromise peace with Germany.

Meanwhile we who had come to fight were playing around in the fields of France at maddening pretence.

On a day, in the midst of it all, a little group met in a small village in France. There was Clemenceau, Premier of France, Lord Milner, representative of England, General Haig, commanding the British forces in France, General Foch, commanding the French. They had come together to see what was to be done about it; what could be done.

Haig and Milner conferred apart. "There must be unified command," they said. "Someone with authority to coördinate all our resources and use them as a unit against the Germans, working as a unit. Foch is the man."

There had been attempts to unify command, resulting in the Council of Versailles, which had only advisory powers. Jealousy had prevented anything more concrete in the way of centralized authority. Now these two returned to the conference. "We must make Foch commander of all the Allied Armies," they proposed.

And the thing was done. He walked out of there, that morning, with the fate of civilization in his hands.

To him came General Pershing, offering without reserve all the American forces then in France. Secretary Baker, on the ground, approved. President Wilson, watching from the White House, sent a cablegram of congratulation to General Foch. The world applauded. The Allies took heart. And Germany sneered at the idea of raw fledgelings opposing her seasoned shock troops.

Gradually the deluge came to an ebb, far in the West;

beat itself out in a bloody froth. Arras, where Byng was, had held like a rock. "The Pillar of Arras," men called it. Beaten and bleeding and gasping and blind and dumb with fighting, the Tommies hung on by sheer, dogged, British grit.

At the southern edge of the gap the French stiffened. Foch, short of reserves, wary, cautious, cool, plugged up the leaks one by one. The First American Division, withdrawn from Toul, was sent into reserve between Paris and the fighting area. They expected to be rushed to the front by Foch in a dramatic counter-attack. Instead they were given intensive training in open warfare; for the Germans had made a war of maneuver out of it by their great push.

It was at this juncture of affairs that we were one day ordered to be ready to entrain. Hope and excitement ran high. Pershing had offered us to Foch; Foch was going to send us into the maelstrom, the soldiers believed — many of them.

You can imagine our disgust and disappointment when we found ourselves being bundled off instead to a trench sector in Lorraine, far from the scene, to get our finishing touches at real fighting.



AMERICAN ARTILLERY PASSING THROUGH FRANCE

They marched us for four days. There was great grumbling. The dough-boys all felt it was not necessary; that there was transportation. Perhaps there was, but we needed the experience of a long march. We were the better for it when we swung up into the country where we were to have our first baptism of fire.

The boys had taken to singing. They did n't always sing things that a sentimentalist would have chosen for their uplift; but they sang, and it helped. It was found to be so helpful to morale that singing was tacitly compulsory, if one may so express it. For instance, while we were in training, one company was alongside a company of French Chasseurs, digging trenches. When they started back to billets, the Frenchmen set out singing. The captain of this American company told his boys to sing, and started out himself, singing. No response, except a musical growl here and there. "I'll keep this company marching until everybody in it is singing, if I have to march it all night," he told them. And they all sang, and liked it.

On this march, you would hear some lone voice breaking out over the swish of legs and thump of feet in some song, and in a minute the whole company, or regiment, would be following in. Especially when they were tired.

The lawyer with us had a good voice — had sung in church, he told us. And he took it upon himself to provide leadership in singing for the company. He would start them off every time the hike was beginning to fray the nerves or fag the muscles. You never saw such a change as there was in the character of that lawyer. I think it was probably the first helpful thing he had ever done in his life.

We approached the lines late in the afternoon. As we went along, one company after another was diverted to its billets, until only ours remained. We wondered what they were going to do with us. They halted us behind a hill.



A REGIMENT OF THE A. E. F. AWAITING THE WORD TO ENTRAIN FOR THE FRONT IN FRANCE

Over beyond the hill we could hear the firing of our own artillery, the occasional putter of machine guns in our trenches, and the ripping sound of rifle fire. Sprinkled in, was the noise of shell bursts. Mortar gave me a queer look. "That 's it," he said. It was.

We soon found what they were going to do with us. We had been waiting an hour or two, and it was getting dark, when we were set in motion again, up a long winding road that led over the hill.

Coming around the shoulder of this hill, I saw war at work for the first time. Rather a mild form of it, as I was to learn soon enough, but thrilling enough to begin on.

It was now fairly dark; the landscape was invisible. But you could see the long flanks of hills, crowded together, like animals huddled for the night; and sprinkled along these hills, in patterns which were utterly confusing to the eye of a novice, were little fringes of flashing gun-fire, lighting brilliantly for a moment, and dying out at once, and the duller red of shell burst, blossoming out in dark spots. Now and then a flare would go up from one or the other of the trench lines — we could not begin to trace the trenches themselves — and cast its ghostly pallor for a few minutes over the desert waste of No Man's Land.

"That 's it," said Mortar, once more.

Then they marched us down into it. At first the going was easy enough. There was enough starlight to show us our footing. Presently we got into the area of our own guns, and the way was rougher. The ground had been churned more or less by enemy shells, nosing around for our barking dogs. Now and then a great gun would let go near at hand, giving us all a jump.

"We 're going right in," I hazarded, as we kept on.

"I 'm glad of it," Mortar returned. "I would n't like to have to sit around and think it over first."



REMAINS OF A FRENCH VILLAGE IN THE PATH OF THE GREAT GERMAN
DRIVE OF 1918

Suddenly we dropped into a trench, which bore off toward the east, where Germany was. It was pitch dark. No smoking, no matches, were allowed. One of the boys began to sing, sotto-voice. "Cut that out," came the lieutenant's command. Merely as a matter of discipline, and not of precaution, for you could not have heard him forty feet, in the rumpus going on across the night.

We were proceeding in single file now. The trench went crazy. It twisted and turned and swung off at big angles. I kept piling myself up against the wall of it. Finally I was reduced to mere groping; held one hand out to touch the rough, scratchy wall, the way you go down winding stairs at night. Mortar had fallen to muttering, the way he did when he felt he had to do something to keep himself chirked up.

Every time a shell went over I ducked; ducked luxuriously, with complete indulgence. I was going to take advantage of the dark to get all my ducking done at once. One of the men tried to tell us what each shell was by its sound as it hurtled past us. Others taunted the shells and

the men who sent them — mostly obscenely, which seemed to be a relief.

A great flash broke out right behind my ear, and a noise like the world tumbling down. I felt as though I had been slapped all along my body with a hard, wet sheet from the concussion of the air.

"What kind of a shell was that?" I asked the man who had been telling us about each one.

There was no answer.

A man stumbled in the file behind me. There was a groan from the ground under his feet. I heard the one who had stumbled exclaim.

I went sick in the pit of my stomach. "They got him!" I whispered to Mortar.

"This is it," he returned.

"Who was it?" I inquired.

"An American soldier," Mortar replied.

An American soldier! That was the philosophy of it



RUINS OF A FRENCH CASTLE ON THE AISNE

which I had to learn to accept. We had to view these things impersonally.

Shells kept falling swiftly for a space. I stopped ducking my head. I braced myself each time for the blast of the next one. Mortar ceased his muttering.

We wound our way through an increasing maze of trenches. I was utterly lost. I did not even know now in which direction Germany lay; in which, France. Hills loomed up in unaccountable places.

Presently we came upon soldiers, slouching about in the trenches. Here and there one would be looking out over the parapet. Now and then a rifle would exclaim, close at hand. Farther along, a machine gun would sputter for a moment.

We were halted. The soldiers who were in the trench began to dribble past us in the direction whence we had come. A sergeant assigned me to a place at the parapet. Others were led to dug-outs, and told to get some sleep.



AMERICAN ARTILLERY GOING TO THE FRONT

I looked out through an aperture between the sandbags. Out over a dreary waste of nothingness. Up against the skyline loomed the black and tangled shadows of our wire. Somewhere beyond were the German trenches, full of men who wanted to kill — not me particularly, but any American soldier.

I stuck my rifle through and took a shot at the darkness, where I thought the enemy trenches were.

"What's that for?" demanded a voice behind me. It was our lieutenant.

"I was just taking a shot at them, sir," I answered.

"Do you want to draw their fire?" he returned.

"No, sir," said I.

He passed down the trench.

I took a glance about me. Four or five yards away I saw another American soldier, leaning against the parapet. I wondered who it was. I wondered where Mortar was.

Out in front shadows kept taking shape. I saw whole platoons of Germans assembling and dissolving a few yards away. More than once I was ready to fire at them. But I did n't. I found if I looked long enough, I did not have to.

I was relieved in two hours — by the lawyer. He was humming a hymn. Somebody showed me a dug-out. I stumbled down into it, felt out an unoccupied place between other American soldiers, and lay down. I felt as helpless and ignorant as a baby. I did n't know what to do if this or that should happen, out there in the trench. Then I reflected that I was only an American soldier and would be told what to do, placed my responsibility on the shoulders of my superior officers, and slept.

I was awakened by a great to-do up in the trench. The ground was shaking under the blast of many shells. Men were hurrying into the shelter of the dug-out. "They're giving us blazes," I heard one of them say. You could

hear the nasty whiz of shell fragments, after the scream and wail of the arriving shells. I numbed myself to it. "This is it," Mortar repeated.

"Are they coming over?" I asked.

"I guess they've arranged a little reception for us," someone replied.

We were all fixing our bayonets.

The shell-fire suddenly ceased.

At that we all rushed out. The first gray of morning was creeping into the darkness.

I jumped onto the firing step.

There they came; gray shadows in the gray; scattered and straggling.

I was thoroughly scared. I found myself hoping that they would never arrive; that something would happen to



AMERICAN ARTILLERY AND CAVALRY ESCORT

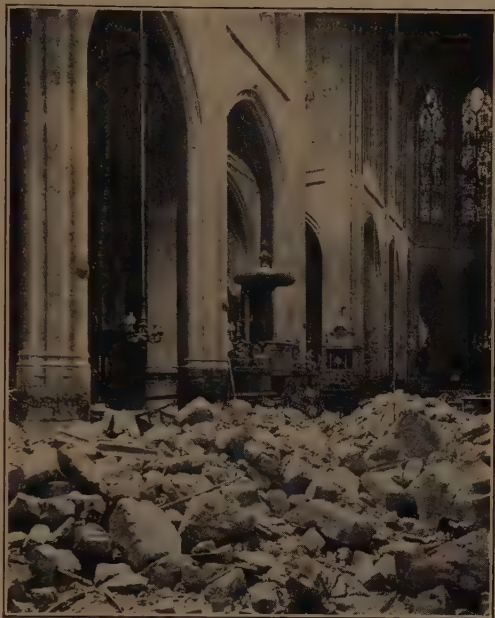
make them change their minds.

Then I began to try to make it happen. I began to fire at them, picking out marks each time as well as I could in the light there was. The first shot steadied me; I had been shaking like jello.

Rifle-fire was rippling along the whole front line trench. At intervals the chatter of machine guns broke into it. Our guns behind were dropping shells among the Germans as they came.

Still they came. You could see some of them slumping down onto the ground. The others were hopping toward us, ducking into shell-holes, coming out on this side of them, rushing into the next one, firing a little as they came. One bullet zipped close to my ear, I remembered afterward. I was n't a bit alarmed now. I was simply very busy. . . . Here and there an American soldier slid off the firing step and crumpled into the bottom of the trench, or edged himself over to brace himself against the parados. Strange how used to it I suddenly seemed to have become.

The Germans reached our wire — some of them. I am sure that I got one of them. I aimed deliberately, fired point blank, and he draped himself over the wire like an old sack.



RUINS OF THE CHURCH OF ST. GERVAIS

It was ridiculous the way his arms hung down, and swayed as others hit the wire; and the way his knees sagged. He and I might have been good friends if we had had the chance, ran through my mind. But he was to me now only a German soldier, and I was an American one.

They got no farther. Before we knew it, they had vanished. We kept on firing as they skipped back to their lines. It was like hunting deer or shooting jack-rabbits with a twenty-two. Every time we stopped one, half a dozen of our boys, who thought they had done it with their last shot, would let out a yell.

It was fairly light now.

There was nothing more to shoot at.

I looked at my German. He was still dangling ridiculously from the wire. Scattered about over No Man's Land were lumps of greenish grey that had n't been there. Some of them were stirring; thrashing their arms about, drawing up their knees in agony. I could n't stand that.

I gazed off. Far away to our left ran the range of semipiternal hills, merging out of view toward Verdun, shoulder on shoulder, impassive, imperturbable. For how many centuries had they seen men killing each others like this? And what had it all come to?

Mortar sat on the firing step, slipping his bayonet off his rifle.

"This is it," he remarked. "Quite a successful little reception party, was n't it?"

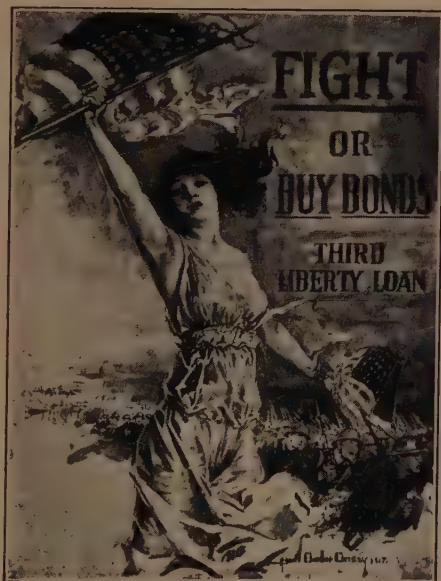
CHAPTER XVI

SOME LEISURE AND SOME LETTERS

WE settled into trench life swiftly and naturally. On the very morning of the German raid — it was nothing more — we sat down, quite as a matter of course, to some hot coffee with a rasher of bacon which they brought us, with those Germans hanging on the wire outside, or tossing their arms, or screwing up their legs like boys with green-apple colic, or dragging themselves off into the shelter of shell-holes. The boys talked over the late affair as they would have discussed a football game, play by play, incident by incident.

Any one of us would have gone out over the top and helped those wounded Germans, no doubt, but we all knew that it was not permissible, so nothing was said about it, excepting by that big, rough fellow I have mentioned — who was no rougher now than the rest of us as to his hands and muscles and knotty face. He kept talking about them until the lawyer made him stop.

We were in the front line trenches four days



A THIRD LIBERTY LOAN POSTER

and nights before we were relieved. Nothing happened, beyond an alarm or two at night — one of them well-founded, for a German patrol came halfway through our wire before they were spotted and potted. Mortar did the spotting and the potting. One of the boys roasted him the next morning for letting them get so close. Mortar told him that he had intended to wait until they got close



COUNT CZERNIN

enough for him to use his bayonet on them; but it had occurred to him that their remains would not have to be moved if he potted them out in the wire, so he changed his mind.

The boys spent the day playing cards, or checkers, or dominoes, or shooting craps, or settling the war, or expressing themselves about

the "frogs," as they took to calling the Frenchmen — and smoking. There was a prodigious amount of smoking, when there was anything to smoke. For my part, I read a little, and wrote a little — mostly letters — and chatted a little. The lieutenant had loaned me a pocket manual on tactics.

My German hanging out on the wire in front of the trench began to get on my nerves. There was such a persistent suggestion about him of what I had done to him. He looked more and more dejected every day, with his head and arms hanging down, his knees sagging. One of his



COMRADES IN ARMS UNDER MANY BANNERS — A Y. M. C. A. FOYER DU SOLDAT

boots toed in, the other, paralleling it, toed out. He might have spared me that final stroke of reproachful dejection.

We were billeted in a little village behind two ranges of hills — a quiet and safe retreat. There was a Y hut near by. It was a life-saver. It fitted us out for baseball. One man started a rage for marbles. His small brother had sent him some in the box from home. They were the one thing the small brother would have wanted, if he were going to spend all his time out doors, the way the big brother was doing, so he naturally slipped them into the family box. The big brother had enough to hand around a few and start some lively games. The lawyer proved himself the champion. He soon had them all.

We received some mail here. I had letters from my mother and father, from Evelyn, and from Mildred Birmingham. Mother gave me suitable advice about my feet and my digestive apparatus. She expected me to keep the former dry — dry, when it rained most of the time, and we lived out doors in ditches! She seemed just a little afraid of the French girls; whereas even Mortar was carefully refraining from any further affairs of the heart.

Father's letter was full of news and discussion about



COUNT VON HERTLING

home matters. People were getting tired of the way the shipping program was being handled. There was a great steam up over the Hog Island Yards, a gigantic enterprise for turning out ships wholesale which had accomplished nothing as yet excepting wide publicity and the absorption of a vast ocean of money. The Government was making its contracts on a cost plus basis — paying the contractor a certain percentage over and above what the work cost him — and the system was making some people forget the appeal President Wilson had made for sheer patriotism behind the lines.

The aircraft situation was even worse than the ship-building muddle, father told me. Those at the head of it seemed to be hopelessly fussy. They wanted to get everything down just so, on paper, before they started. The elasticity of Yankee resourcefulness, Yankee cleverness, was overlaid with a crust of academic technicality and beaureaucratic ritualism which simply crushed out all initiative, all bounce. The Air Board was striving for certain theoretical ideals; trying to develop a perfect motor — the Liberty Motor — before they made any motors at all; trying to standardize planes and build up an orderly system of manufacture, instead of turning out planes in swift quantities, according to the plans and experiences of the French and English.

People were blaming the President and the administration for all this, of course. "They are crying out for business methods; for business men at the head of things," said father, as nearly as I can recall. "They seem to forget all the dollar-a-year men that came rushing to Washington and were put to work. They seem to forget that President Wilson has done nothing but call in business men for business operations, from the first." Still the partisan, was father.



RUINS IN ARRAS, FRANCE

The country was full of drives, he informed me — Liberty Loan Drives, Red Cross Drives, Y. M. C. A. drives, and what not. People seemed to be giving liberally. The country was certainly prosperous. Everybody had money who worked or had a business. Prices were high, and going higher, but the buying public was hanging on to the tail of the kite joyously. "Business men tell me that there is an entirely new group of buyers," he said. "People who have never had spending money before, and don't know what to do with it now." The coal situation was a little better; Garfield had relaxed restrictions on the use of it. Sugar was rare and costly. But on the whole life was going on much as usual, he said. One missed certain friends from their accustomed places, and Washington was filled with strangers who had been enlisted in the government activities the war had developed. The housing situation was already bad, and getting worse, in the capital.

Roumania, father informed me, had capitulated completely to Germany. The Germans had made a hard peace with the Roumanians. Russia was in a mess which no one could at present make head nor tail of. Germany had evidently ceased to drive into that country. No doubt the Bolsheviki would find a way out of active fighting. Their leaders were committed to peace; they had promised peace and plenty to their peasant followers, and it would likely be demanded of them — the peace part. "As for the plenty, those poor children will have to find out that wealth and ease are not a spontaneous outpouring of a benevolent earth, to be enjoyed merely by adjusting ourselves to receive them," he wrote.

Father gossiped about strikes in Germany, and the peace gestures of von Hertling and Czernin of Austria. "They are trying to wiggle out on the four points of the President's speech of February eleventh without impaling



A NAVAL GUN AT MESSINES RIDGE

themselves on any of the points. For once I am glad that the American people do not notice things and think; for if they were at all observant of the quieter phases of international life, or thought about one thing longer than it usually takes them to turn to the next in their newspapers, they might think that Germany was crumbling to pieces, and let up a little. Which is precisely what Germany wants them to think, and to do." American Labor was not behaving any too well in some instances. They were showing a disposition to blackmail the Government just a little in its necessities. "But on the whole their spirit and tone is fine," he said. "Samuel Gompers is working with the Government and keeping labor in line. I would say that they are playing fair with us."

Part of his letter was about Hugh. Hugh had been assigned to the Rainbow Division, and had been in France six months. The Rainbow Division was one of the country's pets. It was composed of National Guard regiments from twenty-six States, scattered all over the Union. It was the first unit in the newly forming Army which the people felt represented the nation and the spirit of the nation in the fight for world democracy.

The First Division, now nine months in the field, and at the moment ripe for the real work of the war, was a division of regulars — professional soldiers who were not related in the thought of the people to home and the everyday American life. Because their sole home, in most cases, was the army.

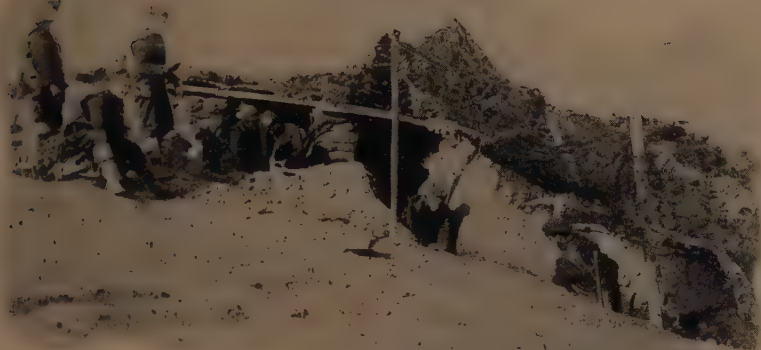
The 26th Division, the second full division in the field, was a National Guard Division, and represented the people; but it was composed entirely of New England troops, and therefore was local, in a sense in which the Rainbow was not. So the Rainbow was the particular pet of the nation, at this time.

I don't know who gave the Rainbow its name, but he was inspired, whoever he was, and his name was inspiring to the nation, to the Allies, and to the men of the Rainbow, which blended together into a unit so many States of the Union, and held out the promise which the Rainbow typifies.

The Rainbow Division was organized at Camp Mills, near New York City, and sailed in October, landing at St. Nazaire. First it proceeded to a temporary training area near Toul. The day after Christmas they were ordered to their regular training area at Rolampont, near Langres, 100 kilometers in the rear. Their experience in getting there was known as the "Valley Forge Hike." They ran into a blizzard and bitter zero weather. Their equipment was insufficient; many of the men made part of the distance barefooted, through the snow. At night they huddled together wherever they could find shelter — in barns, sheds, houses.



TELEPHONE POST OF AN ENGLISH BATTERY



A DISGUISED AMERICAN BATTERY

February sixteenth, just after I arrived in France, the Rainbow moved to the Luneville sector, in Lorraine, near the sector which had been occupied by the First Division. This was one of the quietest on the front. The French and Germans had a tacit agreement to leave each other alone. The Americans broke this up when Alabama troops fired on some German soldiers who had come out of their trenches to wash their clothes in a shell-hole. That started trouble, and affairs remained lively as long as the Rainbow Division was in.

After a month of it they were withdrawn and ordered for a rest. But before they started for their rest, on March twenty-fifth, orders came for them to take over a part of the French line to relieve a French Division so that it could be moved up against the German thrust, which was still at its height. They were moved over the Baccarat sector.

Not all of this was contained in my father's letter, of course. Part of it I had known before leaving America, and part of it I did not learn until much later; but it all fits in here.

Evelyn's letter was chatty and charming. It made me begin to think that I had overlooked and missed a lot in the girl that I ought to have been enjoying more all these years. Yet I knew perfectly well that we would begin to rasp each other again, two days after I returned. She was very busy doing things for the soldiers — really working, it seemed. She was n't very clear in her letter about what she was doing.

Richard Fiske had sunk a sub, personally, and with his own hands. Of course, he had n't used his hands to do it; but he had handled the whole affair. He was by this time in command of one of the smaller destroyers in British waters. "Just think of that!" I remember Evelyn exclaimed, in her letter. One day, on his way back to the base, after completing the convoy of some British merchantmen into port, he had seen a big German sub on the surface, and gone after her. The sub had been obliged to come up to recharge its batteries, and was not ready to go down again.

The submarine had heavier guns than the destroyer, and opened up on Fiske before he got within reach of it. Half a dozen shells came aboard; some men were hurt; one was killed by a shell fragment. Richard Fiske himself was wounded a little. But he kept on, trusting to getting in a fatal shot before the sub succeeded in doing so. And he did, exploding a shell at 2000 yards against the waterline of the floating U-boat, which began to roll over, filled rapidly, and went down, still firing. Fiske fished all survivors, including the captain, out of the water, and made off to his base, where he was in for a period of overhauling and repairs.

Paul Fiske, the brother, Evelyn informed me, was in France, with the Marines. If I ever saw him, "or Mr. Torrance," I was to give them her very best wishes and regards. The Marines, as I learned afterward, were being formed, with some regulars, into the Second Division.

Torrance had long since gone back to the First Division, and was even now, I supposed, waiting impatiently somewhere behind the lines to be thrown in to stop the rush of the Hun.

Mildred reported England deeply moved and concerned over the turn military affairs had taken. The people were going on shorter rations, to release British shipping for the task of bringing over American troops. That had been arranged between General Pershing and the British representatives in France early in April. "Men are the first necessity now," she said. Lloyd George was still paramount in England. She also spoke of the peace gestures of von Hertling and Czernin as "dangerous peace offensives."

"We ought to be glad that President Wilson is alert and is sounding the alarm," she wrote. I am able to quote from that letter directly; I happen to have preserved it. "The papers this morning are full of a speech Mr. Wilson has just



THE FIRST LIBERTY PLANE READY FOR FLIGHT

made at Baltimore, on the first anniversary of our entrance into the war. He points out how, at the very moment the Central Powers are making these gestures for peace over the President's latest announcement of the principles for which the Allies are fighting, they are signing a treaty of peace with Russia which wrests vast areas from her under one hypocritical pretext or another, and subjects millions of people to the German's world-will, cynically ignoring these principles. In answer he called for force to the utmost. I think his denunciation and arraignment of Germany is the most penetrating and crushing that has been hurled at any nation or peoples since the days of the prophets. The peroration of this address, in which he accepts the German challenge for force to the utmost, is one of those things that the grandchildren of our generation — yours and mine — will be speaking in school — if they are still following the custom at that time. I am going to quote a phrase or two from the London report." And she copied the last paragraph of his speech; which proved quite stirring and inspiring to us, out in the trenches:

"WE SEEK THE REIGN OF LAW.

"These great objects can be put into a single sentence. What we seek is the reign of law, based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind.

"These great ends cannot be achieved by debating and seeking to reconcile and accommodate what statesmen may wish, with their projects for balances of power and national opportunity. They can be realized only by the determination of what the thinking peoples of the world desire, with their longing hope for justice and for social freedom and opportunity.

"I cannot but fancy that the air of this place carries the accents of such principles with a peculiar kindness. Here were started forces which the great nation against which they were primarily directed at first regarded as a revolt against its rightful authority, but which it has long since seen to have been a step in the liberation of its own

peoples, as well as of the people of the United States; and I stand here now to speak — speak proudly and with confident hope — of the spread of this revolt, this liberation, to the great stage of the world itself! The blinded rulers of Prussia have roused forces they know little of — forces which, once roused, can never be crushed to earth again; for they have at their heart an inspiration and a purpose which are deathless and of the very stuff of triumph!”



A Y.M.C.A. HEADQUARTERS REST ROOM IN FRANCE

Force it must be, and prompt force, too. The Germans had not exhausted themselves or carried out the limit of their intentions in their first mighty and disastrous smash through south of Arras. They had followed that with a second smash, just as prodigious, just as unbelievable, against the Pillar of Arras, where Byng had held them in their first rush. They retook part of Messines, so bitterly won by the British, part of Paschaendale, drove deep and hard north of Arras; but were checked and held at last, before they had penetrated so far as they had in their first drive:

We knew they were crouching for another spring. The soldiers knew that as well as the commanding officers, as well as the staff. It was in the nature of things, and it was in the air.

Where, we did not know.

That we had to leave to Foch, and the others working with him, wary, watchful, waiting.

It was some comfort to know that Hugh was somewhere up near where the fighting was to be; that Torrance was standing beside his guns in the reserve; that the Marines and the New England boys were ready. Even if we had to sit in ditches, away off here, outside the ball-lot, while the big show was being pulled off.

HAPTER XVII

THE LAST WAR BURSTS

THE strain of the next three months, from mid-April to mid-July, is something I shall never forget.

For four weary years the Hun had been held at bay and civilization preserved from the abyss.

For four years the thought of giving way to him had never so much as knocked at the consciousness of the Allies arrayed against him.

That was the impossible thing. That was a conclusion which the human intelligence was simply incapable of entertaining.

However vague the idea of how and where and when we should ultimately triumph over him, it was the only idea that had ever taken any form.

And now, suddenly, with the end in sight, with the assistance of America almost at hand, the Germans were tearing through apparently at will, revived, victorious, irresistible.

What was to stop them? What if they should not be stopped?

We felt desperation in the air. The French, exhausted,



AMERICAN REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS NEAR
BELLEAU WOOD (Drawn by Capt. J. A. Smith)

war-weary, were losing that *élan* which makes fighters of them. The British, dogged, persistent, expected nothing. It was only a question of time.

And there we lay, we American soldiers, eating our hearts out, impatient to get in!

I kept thinking of Foch. What was he thinking about? Why did n't he at least try to stop them? Haig had issued his order to the British soldiers at Arras, in the second drive, telling them that they must fight with their backs to a stone wall; that they must hold, and they had held.

Time and again, in four years, the French had stood with their backs to the wall — or shall we say to the foot-lights — and held. Why was Foch letting the Germans through now? Had the Allies blundered in putting Foch in charge? Was the man yellow? Was he rattled?

News of the fighting came to us in broken fragments, enveloped in fogs of rumor and exaggerated report. It was



A ROLL CALL AFTER THE BATTLE, IN BELLEAU WOOD
(Drawn by Capt. J.A. Smith)

long before I had anything like a clear idea of what was happening. My description of it is from information picked up and pieced together much later — some of it only now, with the help of Mildred and Uncle Sam, and some of it from the lips of boys that went through it themselves.



THE BRIDGE AT DORMANS (*Drawn by Capt. J. A. Smith*)

The Germans began their third drive on the twenty-seventh of May, a little more than two months after they had started their first smash against the British. This time, jumping off the Chemin des Dames, they crashed straight south between Soissons and Rheims.

In three days they were at the Marne again, where they had been in August four years before! Had everything that had gone between amounted to nothing?

There was a call upon the Americans for help. We had four divisions ripened for fighting by fighting. There was the veteran 1st and 2nd, the 26th, New England Division, and the 42nd — the Rainbows. The 1st was off by Montdidier — it had just taken Cantigny, in the first regular “over-the-top” assault of American troops. The 2nd was

nearer at hand, but not in line, or near it. The 26th and 42nd were off by Rheims somewhere.

But there was another Division, just gotten together, ready for their final training in some quiet trench sector. This was the 3rd. They were to have a short cut to war knowledge! They were ordered at once to the Marne, where the Germans had crossed at Dormans and Château Thierry and were pressing toward Paris, widening their salient.

At the same time the 2d Division, with the regulars and Marines, was hurried up to the west side of the German salient, to block the road to Paris.

And America was in!

I don't know whether that turned the tide of war. We ought to be very careful about making any statements that look like a claim that America won the war. In a sense we no doubt put the finishing touches on the job.

The 3rd Division was the first one to reach the fighting. A motor machine gun battalion, arriving before the others, rode right into battle, in the approved fashion of old-fashioned cavalry, and fell to work. Their work was to hold the Huns at the Marne, and they held them.

In due time the infantry came up. There was heavy fighting. It was their first. They had never before been under fire. Now they were going through all the fury of a full German offensive. But they held — held until. . . . But that gets us ahead of the story.

A Marine, a friend of young Paul Fiske, has told me about the fight at Belleau Wood, which brought them fame and glory. I was trying to locate Fiske himself, but found that he had been killed later, in the Argonne. But Uncle Sam, who was hunting him up for me, brought his chum in one day. Mildred made notes as he told us the story, and we have used them in retelling it. He was a modest young chap, and I think gave a very good picture of it.

"They sent us in on the thirtieth of May. Started us in, that is. We did n't get into it for two or three days. On the twenty-ninth we were under orders to march from the Chaumont-en-Vexin area, where we were billeted, to the Beauvais area. I suppose Foch did n't realize how serious things were getting. But he woke up.

"There was n't an American soldier in the line from Cantigny to the Toul sector. The Germans had pushed a great sack between Soissons and Reims, reaching to the Marne — thirty miles deep. The game was to keep them from Paris, and it was a hard game.

"They sent us to the west side of the sack, between Soissons and Château Thierry. We traveled in motor trucks — 13,000 of us. It sure was a rough and dusty trip. Those trucks going along that road, I don't know how many of them one behind the other, for miles. You could have heard the roar of that column for a long way, I guess.



PRESIDENT POINCARÉ VISITS THE RUINS OF CHÂTEAU THIERRY

"The order came at 5 o'clock on the afternoon of the thirtieth. By the next morning we were under way. We went through villages and across the open country. Everywhere we went we received a great welcome from the French inhabitants. You could hear them shouting: '*Les Americaines! Les Americaines!*' in the dark as we went past. It sure was thrilling. They certainly were glad to see us!



CHTÂEAU THIERRY IN PANORAMA

"When we arrived at Meaux they halted us for orders. It depended upon developments, where we were wanted. At midnight a French officer appeared with orders to march to Montrauil-aux-Lions. We set out, threading our way among trucks and ambulances and the carts of refugees. Finally we got into line supporting the Frenchies on the road to Paris. We were pretty well fagged. Some of the boys had been on their feet for hours.

"'Fresh troops!' the Frenchies called us. We were dog-tired. But they were dog-tired, too. Except that they had been through four years of it, and we were just starting. A few hours' sleep would put us in shape. We were young and strong and enthusiastic. We wanted to get in; they wanted to get out.

"By the night of June first we had dug ourselves in along a line of twelve miles. Then we rolled over to get what rest we could. I had never been so tired in my life. I could hardly keep my eyes open while we were digging in. I think I dug in my sleep. I know I did n't know what was going on. It was all like a dream. We could hear them firing out in front of us. Everybody said they were going to send us into a counter-attack in the morning.

"The Frenchies were all in when we got there, ready to quit. They did n't see any hope. I don't believe they would have lasted through another day of it. It was mighty discouraging, the way the Germans had been rolling over them whenever they wanted to. And here they were within striking distance of Paris, and still going strong. But the Frenchies stiffened up when we formed in behind them. They were n't going to have green troops see old French veterans giving way before the Boches. Sometimes they



WHAT WAS LEFT OF CHÂTEAU THIERRY

were driven right back to our lines, and here and there we went out with them on a counter-attack on some point. But they would n't let the Boches through.

"On the fourth of June we took over entirely the twelve mile line. Right in front of us were Belleau Wood and the village of Bouresches. Belleau was an ideal place to defend with machine guns. It was thick woods, full of boulders and rocks where they could make their nests. The Germans kept filtering their machine guns into the place while we lay out in front, waiting. They had it on us in every way. They had a hill a little way off, where they could command all our roads, and they had balloons to help, and their airplanes would come sailing along so close to the ground that we could see the iron crosses on their wings. They dropped bombs on us in broad daylight.

"Belleau was a good place for them to consolidate their lines for holding, or to jump off from if they wanted to continue their attack. We had to clean it up. Next to us was a brigade of regulars. There has always been a lot of rivalry between the regulars and the Marines. They don't take much stock in 'quarter-deck' soldiers. So we were both itching for the chance to jump in and show the others what real fighting was.

"The chance came to us. On the fourth we beat off the attack. On the sixth we made one, with the Frenchies, to rectify our line toward Torcy. But that was n't enough. At five o'clock in the afternoon we started out for the woods, after a short artillery preparation. And we sure went to it! I don't believe there was a man among us who thought of getting hurt. All we thought of was getting the Boche. You get so excited that you don't think of yourself at all.

"We got it hot off the bat. The machine gun fire was something awful. I don't see how anybody ever comes through a fire like that alive. You would think they would

hit everything in front of them. It 's like turning a hose on. A lot of us were getting hit. Colonel Catlin was wounded after half an hour of it. We cleaned up the machine gun nests in the outskirts, but we soon saw that we were only beginning.

"All through that thick woods the Boches had hidden their guns. We could n't see forty yards through the thickets and we did n't know where they were until they began squirting death at us. Whenever we located one and started for it, half a dozen others would turn loose on us. I suppose if we had known as much then as we do now we would have stopped and waited for the artillery to smear 'em up a little more; but we were mad through and through, and there was no stop in us.

"We 'd stop and give them everything we had with our rifles when we spotted them. Sometimes that would stop them, and sometimes it would n't. Then we got to rushing them. I 'll tell you, it got pretty wild, hopping through the underbrush. All I thought about was to wonder whether I would get there before they got me. When we did get there, we made short work of them. You could n't expect us to be very easy on them after they had been potting us all the way to the muzzle of their guns. Some of them came the 'Kamerad' business, but it did n't always work.

"It began to get dark pretty soon, and that made it worse. We could n't tell where we were going half the time, except by the little spurts of fire that came out at us like the sparks from an emery wheel. We lost all track of each other. I had n't seen Lieutenant Fiske for an hour. Finally we had to quit for the night. We stayed right where we were, flat on the ground.

"The boys got Bouresches that same afternoon. That was n't so hard. We knew where all the cellars were under the houses, and our artillery plumped big shells into them

until there was no fight left in the Huns. Then we went after them. The boys cleared out the cellars in short order.

"Then the Boches began a 'hate,' watering our roads behind the woods and the town, and drenching us with gas shells. You've had a taste of that, all right. You know what it is. It was something horrible that night. We had the hardest kind of work getting our wounded back, and there were plenty of them.

"Before we began our next hunt we gave them a good dousing of artillery. But it does n't do much good in a woods like that, full of rocks and ledges. You've got to hit pretty close to a machine gun to put it out, and not many of them were touched. Of course some of the gunners went soft and cleared out, and we hunted out a lot of prisoners. We sent them back behind our lines. It was all right if they



BRIDGE OVER THE MARNE DESTROYED BY THE FRENCH AT CHÂTEAU THIERRY

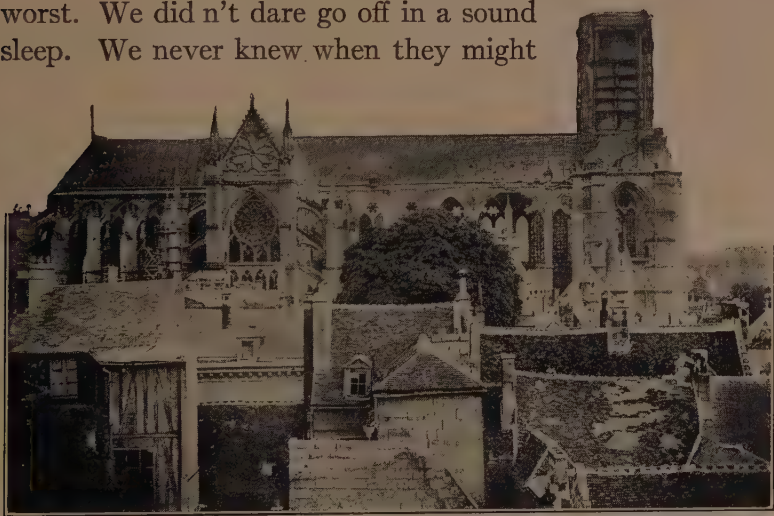
did n't keep on shooting until we jumped in on them, and then expected to be let off.

"But it was no go. We had to quit again. Their machine gun formations were too strong for us. We tried them again with artillery, two or three times, I think, but could barely budge them. Meanwhile they drenched the woods with yperite gas, which clings to the ground and the tree trunks, and burns your flesh before you know it is there. And they made a counter-attack on Bouresches, which the boys over there beat off.

"After we had been there two weeks, and were so dog tired that a fellow would fall asleep answering an officer, they took us out and turned the job over to a regiment of the 3rd Division to try their hand. They had to give it up.

"Then came the final rush. We had learned a lot in those weeks. The last time we went at them, after another artillery preparation, nothing could stop us. We drove them out, cleaned up 200 prisoners, and held the woods at last.

"But it sure was fierce fighting. The nights were the worst. We did n't dare go off in a sound sleep. We never knew when they might



SOISSONS — SHOWING THE FAMOUS CATHEDRAL AND COLLEGE BEHIND IT

come sneaking up on us, or try to start something. And it was so dark and tangled in there that everybody was fighting all by himself, almost. We could hardly keep track of each other.

"Lieutenant Fiske distinguished himself. He had n't stood very strong with the boys until that fight. They thought he was too easy. But he sure was a 'teuffel-hund' those days. He'd come up alongside of you, with his automatic in his hand, and say: 'There's a bunch of them. Let's get 'em.' And he'd be off after them before you could get started. I don't see how he ever came through. Poor chap. He got his later."

That was the end of the third German offensive, and the present threat on Paris. The 3rd Division, fresh from their training, had gone in with the French at Château Thierry and held the Germans, and the Marines, with the 2nd, had prevented them from forcing through on the west side of the salient.

Their next effort was against the big bulge in the line from near Soissons west toward Mondidier, which had been left between the first and the third drives. They made some ground here, and got more elbow room, but Foch was ready for them, and headed them off.

June nineteenth they tried to broaden the salient they had driven toward the Marne by an attack against Rheims, at its western shoulder. This pressed in a little, but it came to nothing.

Then, a month later, on July sixteenth, they made their last attack, east of Rheims.

By this time affairs the world over were looking a little brighter. It was clear now that Ludendorf was making his final effort to force a victory, and it was equally clear that so far he had not succeeded. He had to go through with it; there was no withdrawing now. He had committed himself



CAMOUFLAGED AMERICAN AMBULANCES IN THE MEUSE-ARGONNE

to it in a military way, and politically. He had used up so much in men and material that no alternative was left excepting a defensive warfare on German soil; but the German people could not be made to stand for that. They had been promised a victory from this final effort, and nothing else would keep them in line but a prospect of such a victory.

Austria gave signs of crumbling. Urged by Germany, she had made an attack on the Italians in June, along a 100 mile front, which promised some success at first; but a counter-attack by Italians, French and British ended in a complete rout for the Austrians, and a military breakdown.



AMERICAN TROOPS PASSING THROUGH SOISSONS

It was only a question of time, now. Turkey, too, was tottering, under the blows of the British in Asia; and Bulgaria was staggering. One by one her allies were being stripped from Germany, leaving her to face the world alone.

And America was ready! Ships were being built in fleets — eighty-five vessels were launched in American ship yards on the Fourth of July. American soldiers were arriving at the rate of 300,000 a month. Our output of munitions was reaching a flood tide. Even airplanes were now, at last, in prospect. So, when the next German blow fell, along the east of Rheims, we knew that we had only to hold out to stem the tide just once more, and the set of battle would soon be in the other direction.

Toward the middle of July new ammunition dumps began to appear behind the German lines opposite the British and the French in Champagne, east of Rheims. The enemy could strike in either direction. But this time the French were not to be fooled. Two days before the blow fell Foch was aware of it.

Three hundred thousand American soldiers were now in the Allied line along the Marne, or within supporting distance. The Rainbow Division was near Perthes, guarding the right flank east of Rheims. It was ready to bear the brunt of a full German offensive in its first jump-off. The question that searched the heart of the French command, of the Allies, of all the friends of righteousness and freedom the world around, was: Could they stand up against the inferno of artillery preparation and the rush of massed men, trained to the attack, which had been sweeping great gaps in the British and the French lines for the past four months?

The Rainbow was ready with the answer; eager to prove that it could.

The artillery preparation was thorough and deep. Every village in the back area, every road that led to the front,

every cross road, was vigorously shelled. Woods and paths and gun positions were saturated with gas. German airplanes, swooping low, fired machine guns into the trenches.

Then they came!

What fighting!

The French followed their tactics of the elastic resistance, holding against the pressure to the point of destruction, and then yielding without breaking, making the enemy pay a fearful price.

French and Americans were soon fighting side by side. American gunners, suffering from gas, fought on. American infantry, bruised and buffeted about by shells, deafened by the uproar, deadened by the tumult, stuck to it like veterans.

Time and again the Germans came forward, to be sent back in bloody retreat. It was on their schedule to be in Chalons and Epernay by noon, and they must reach those points. But it was the order to the French and Americans that they should not pass, and they did not.

Farther down, near Dormans, Mezy and Château Thierry, where the Germans had crossed the Marne in places and where the 3rd Division was, the results were the same. They were fought to a stand-still.

And the last frantic German wave burst and bubbled back.

The onslaught against civilization once more was stayed.

What next?

CHAPTER XVIII

THE TIDE TURNS

THE hour had struck. The tide of war had turned. Civilization was safe.

Foch was ready to begin the end.

When they had asked him, at a council of war, what his method would be, he had struck out vigorously at an imaginary enemy before him with his right fist, then with his left, again with his right; and then had given a vigorous kick.

That was what he was going to do now.

The method of the punch had been tried in the limited objective of the French and English. They had proved that the first lines of any trench defence system could be carried by troops in assault after an artillery preparation. But the end of such an offensive was always an accumulation of



A STRONGLY FORTIFIED GERMAN TRENCH

enemy reserves against the advancing troops; fresh reserves, piled up at the end of established lines of communication, against troops weary and worn with fighting, who had out-run the support of their guns, resulting in the stabilizing of the lines, a few miles, perhaps, behind the lines where they had begun.

Ludendorf, in his Spring offensives, had tried the method of the kick; a vast, vigorous push to the limit of his force on



SOISSONS AFTER THE BATTLE

broad fronts. Again reserves had stabilized the line, after much deeper inroads than the punch method had achieved, but without final decision.

Now Foch was going to combine the two; going to punch viciously here and there to exhaust the enemy reserves, until the time came when he could give the final kick.

Everything favored such a plan. The Germans were approaching the end of their available men. But behind the lines of the Allies millions of Americans, backed by the untouched resources in men and material of the mighty giant of the West, were swiftly and steadily accumulating. Fresh troops could be directed against the enemy, staggering

under the punches, and still more troops marshalled for the final kick.

With him in his project, heart and soul, eagerly urging him to the stroke, proffering all the American Divisions on the front and forming in the rear, staking everything on his assurance of their readiness and worthiness, was our General Pershing.

It was a risky proceeding. Failure would be doom, perhaps, for the Allied cause. The Germans, in actual fighting men, still outnumbered the Allies on the Western Front.

But the hour had come. The psychological moment had arrived. Worn and weary themselves, baffled in their last desperate adventure against the lines in the Champagne east of Rheims, and south of Rheims, the eastern shoulder of their salient, the Germans lay breathless in the huge sack they had made as a trap for themselves, stretching away down beyond the Marne. To strike swiftly with the first punch against Soissons, the western shoulder of the salient, to drive deep into the neck of the pouch, drawing the mouth closer about the vast army below in the bottom of it, promised too much to be neglected.

And the order went out.

The place of honor was given the 1st and 2nd American Divisions and a crack French Division, with another Division of Moroccan troops. There was no time for full preparation. The thing must be done quickly while the enemy was still gasping and quivering after his latest check.

At the same time other American Divisions were piled up to move at the proper time against the tip of the salient, at Château Thierry, Mezy and Dormans.

The blow fell on July eighteenth, three days after the last German attack near Rheims. The swiftness of the parry, following so closely upon the German blow, was its most dazzling and daring feature.

The 1st Division was to drive due east a few miles south of Soissons. It was ordered to move five miles the first day and keep right on the next day, and the next. The men knew nothing of this. Torrance told me. They had been in rest billets in the Beauvais area, and later in the Dammartin neighborhood. On the fifteenth they were ordered to the Soissons sector, as a part of the Tenth French Army. The movement might mean only that they were to take their place in the newly stabilized line. On the sixteenth they relieved a Moroccan brigade. On the night of the seventeenth they went into line. The Divisions had moved rapidly, but not too rapidly. No one was flustered or excited. The guns were up; everything was up. The 1st was ready for whatever was to happen.

Next to them, on the right, was the Moroccan Division, with the Foreign Legion, terrific in offensive. Joining up with the Moroccans, on their right, was the 2nd. It had



CAPTURED GERMAN SMALL ARMS AND MACHINE GUNS AT VILLERS COTTERS,
1918

been through the mill. It had suffered heavily, and was, according to peace standards, tired. When it was ordered to embuss late in the afternoon of the sixteenth, it thought that it was being sent off to a rest area, and the boys began to sing as they bumped along in the rough-riding French camions, or army trucks. Fiske's friend in the Marines described the scene to us. I have heard the story of that attack from both Torrance and this young man.

Torrance was in command of a 75. His battery was late in getting up; it had to find its place in the dark and the rain, for a storm had broken. "It was a good deal like trying to catch a train in a taxi, in a Fifth Avenue jam," he told us. "It was a very important engagement we had on hand. We were in the deuce of a hurry. And there we were, locked into that procession of ammunition trains, and tanks, and Gernals' motors, and empty ambulances, and supply trains, barely budging. And everybody else locked up in the jam thought that he was the only one that was being delayed. It did n't make any particular difference when the others got there, if they would only let him through. Streaming along on both sides of the road were our soldier boys, going in. They knew what they were going in for by this time, and that helped.

"It was as dark as a tunnel. And as noisy as a tunnel with a train going through it. Wheels creaking, motors sputtering, tanks clanging, the rumble and roar of things moving on wheels, the squashy tramp of the boys alongside, and plenty of shouting. And it was raining. Out ahead, through the rain, was the sputtering light of the lines.

"Nobody seemed to know where we belonged, or why we were n't there. The battery commander had a lot of French words written down, and a map. That would have been all right if anybody had been willing to pronounce the French words the way he did, or if we could have found some mark



GERMAN GUNS CAPTURED BY THE 4TH DIVISION, A. E. F. IN THE ARGONNE

to show us where we were on the map. You can't find your way with the best map in the world if you don't know your point of departure.



AMERICAN LINES OF COMMUNICATION IN THE ARGONNE

‘Things began to thin out a little on the road as we moved along. Others were turning off. It began to sound interesting out in front. Finally a chap from brigade headquarters came down on us, saying things about us. After he had got through telling us where he thought we ought to be, and where he seemed to wish we were, he took us to where we belonged. We wheeled the guns into position, got our locations and our orders, and were ready.

“We had a little sleep. It was raining. I suppose boys who laid out nights for several weeks in the rain and the mud and never felt it will, in a few years, be catching cold with their rubbers on and keeping their offspring in out of the wet. But it did n’t hurt the young animals while the war was on.

“They turned us up to lay down our barrage before daylight. And we laid it down. I had been looking around out in front to see what there was to shoot at. I had just

got back and given some pointing dope to the men when we let her go. That was some barrage. Our guns were jumping and barking around like a pack of excited fox hounds. For every bark, somewhere over in the German line, there was a deep and deadly bite.

"That 's one of the fascinations about the guns. Here you have an instrument with which you can blot out — well, Huns — that you don't even see. Given a spot miles away and told to clean it up, you know you are doing it, while the little guns bark and leap and bite. It makes you feel the way those old gods up on Olympus must have felt, handing out fate to the poor mortals down below.

"Then our boys went over. It was n't exactly a systematic bombardment we gave the Boches. Foch wanted to surprise them, and did n't want to take the time for the usual artillery preparation. And we certainly did surprise them. It was n't long before they were streaming back through our



AMERICAN TROOPS IN THE ARGONNE

lines. They were a messy looking lot. Boys of sixteen, men of sixty, with officers sprinkled in.

"I saw then and there why Germany was losing, and why she was bound to lose eventually in any war against free men. Those captured men were n't soldiers in their insides. They were just poor dubs that had been made soldiers on the outside by the military machine. Some of the machinists were with them now — the Prussian officers. They were still soldiers; but the men from the ranks, just as soon as they escaped the authority of the others, slumped back into the most ordinary sort of human beings.

"They were a pretty happy lot, those Boches. Our boys guyed the life out of them, and they enjoyed it. 'How far is it to Berlin?' was a favorite question. One officer

whom I talked with was almost crying. He saw that it was all over. 'If I had had the men I had with me when we marched through Belgium it would n't have been so easy,' he said. I told him that it would n't have made any difference, and went back to the guns, to tell some of his fellow officers the same thing with a few more 75s.

"Wounded were coming back, too. Walking cases, shot about the head and body and arms, and litter cases, carried by German prisoners, a good many of them. Wounded Germans were mixed in with our own boys, and got the same



GENERAL VON LUDENDORFF

treatment. 'We 're sure givin' 'em hell,' a wounded man shouted out to me. 'We 've got them on the run.' Most of the wounded were machine gun casualties. Some shrapnel and rifle fire, of course.

"But it was n't so easy out in front. It was pretty hot work out there. The country was a bad place for machine guns; up and down, woody, and full of ravines and little crags where the Germans could hang up their nests. Every little while word would come back to clean out a nest here or there, and we would pour into it. It's just like turning a hose on the bushes, or the lawn. Where you see a dry spot, you arch the stream over to it and wet it down. That's the way you wash out machine gun nests.

"Then the order came to advance the guns. That's the real sport. Hook up, and away you go, bumping over the road full of shell holes, taking to the fields, dragging through the woods, swinging into position, and letting go again while the horses are still being unhooked. We pressed pretty close. This kept us all day. We had to be careful to know where we were shooting. Our boys were pushing ahead so fast in some places. Village after village emerged behind our lines, like the tips of rocks when the surge passes over. First a quiet rising of the water, then a little swifter movement, then a rush of broken, foaming, shouting water, and the little rock comes sticking out through a messy, frothy, whirling little slackwater, dripping and blinking. That's the way villages showed up behind our lines all that day, and the next, and the next.

"The German lines began to stiffen fast. Ludendorf saw soon enough what was up. You can imagine German Headquarters that morning. They were probably figuring out the next move to make, now that they had been stopped at Rheims. Paris and peace were almost in sight. Then came the reports. 'Americans gain five miles toward

Soissons. British and French pressing in west of Rheims. Americans and French piling up at Château Thierry. Line breaking under blows before Soissons. More villages lost. Guns of all calibers lost! You can imagine.

"We kept it up for five days, making seven miles. That brought us in sight of Soissons, and sealed the fate of the salient, because most of the German supply came through Soissons, and now that was under our guns. The boys were pretty tired, and the losses had been heavy. Some Scots took the line over from us. They had come all the way from the British front. That shows what unified command did. Foch could use everything there was to the best advantage. And he certainly was doing it.



GENERALS PERSHING AND CHARLES P. SUMMERALL ON THE EVE OF THE
ST. MIHIEL OFFENSIVE

Having left his automobile in the background, the American commander-in-chief demanded of Summerall, who led the First American Division: "Well, what's your trouble? I suppose you are going to tell me that you cannot get across the Rupt de Mad." Summerall smiled and answered: "Don't worry, General, the First Division is already over the Rupt de Mad." Whereupon Pershing's face lit up as here pictured.

"The artillery did n't go out when the boys did. The Scots' artillery had n't come up, so we stayed on. That was pretty tough. We were ready to drop in our tracks. It's hard work, handling a gun for five days running, when you are following up an advance of infantry, and they need you close behind them all the time. We had sort of let go of ourselves when we thought we were going out for a rest — let down. Then they told us we would have to stay. Well, we bucked up. You know how that is. Soldiers can, and have to. We stuck it out another day. We captured sixty-eight guns that we could bring away, and about 3500 men, and twenty-five officers. I was glad to get a rest."

"I certainly am getting one now," I remarked.

"Yes. Well, I know a fellow with four feet of dirt lying on the pit of his stomach," Torrance made answer. "He'll never move."

"He's a pretty good patient, Mr. Torrance," Mildred Birmingham informed him, softening the rebuke. "He does n't give us much trouble."

Fiske's friend, Butterall, has given us a picture of the part the 2nd Division, with the Marines, played in that first back stroke.

"We thought we were going out to rest," he said. "We'd been chewed pretty badly a month before at Belleau, and replacements had hardly been completed. They loaded us into busses, and we began to sing. Then they steered us off toward Germany, and we knew it was no rest for us. But we had started to sing, so we thought we might as well keep on for a little while, and we did."

"The whole business was organized very hastily, you know. We really were n't on our feet for a good solid blow, according to military precedents. But Foch knew what he was doing — Foch and General Pershing. The General was egging him on all the time."

"To show you: Some of us started out without an issue of rations. Of course the rolling kitchens could n't keep up. The roads were jammed with all kinds of transport. Principally ammunition trains and guns. And tanks. Principally everything. The men marching alongside in the ditches.

"They dumped us out in the middle of nowhere, and nobody knew where we were to go, apparently. But pretty soon it was clear that we were to assemble for the attack in



"CATERPILLARS" RETURNING TO THEIR BASE AFTER THE STORMING OF
JURIGNY

the woods of Cotteret. We were to jump off at four in the morning. At eight that night — the night before — we were ten kilometers from the woods, and it was raining pitchforks. Dark! You never saw anything so dark as it was then. We went plugging along, wondering where the forest was; wondering where we belonged in it. The officers had their orders, of course, but it is some job fitting yourself into a map according to orders on a night like that.

"At last we got to the woods, after many halts and

delays. It was after midnight. Before four we had to be in our places in the line. We were expected there. The whole movement depended upon our being there, on time, and ready. There were no two ways about it. It was n't a question: Could we do it? It was a question of doing it.

"I never saw such a mess as that forest was. Half the 2nd Division was wandering around in it lost. There had n't been any time for the officers to scout the positions, excepting after they got there on the way in. Usually you have one night to look things over, and then move in on the next night. This time, in the beginning of one of the most important offensives the Allies had undertaken so far, we were going in, in the rain, on unknown territory, and jumping off the first night. Some job! The General certainly had nerve to promise Foch that we would do it. Of course we would.

"I nearly gave up, though, more than once. The officers were going up and down with anxious faces. They certainly were worried. That 's the time the stuff in a man stands out; when he 's got to do something that 's impossible, and is looking for a way to do it. Fiske showed up then. He would go running off into the dark and come running back with a bit of information — like as not wrong — and then go off again exploring. Finally he brought back a French runner, and the runner led us.

"I looked at my wrist watch when we started out after the French runner. It was three-thirty! At four we were to go over the top! And where in the deuce was the top? How far away? Would we ever get there?

"Pretty soon we found that we were trotting to keep up with the French runner. Then we were running. He certainly was a wizard, the way he wove in and out of that dark forest that night. It was raining worse than ever. You get so you have to stop and think whether it is raining or not

in France, it rains so much; but there was no doubt about it this time. It was one of those rains that sends you curling up anywhere you can find; under a bridge; right in the creek; to keep out of it.

"Now we were on the jump, bumping into each other, going down in hog-piles when somebody ahead stumbled over a root, or a log — or a body — and getting up again and rushing on, pell mell through the dark and the rain.

"The barrage was going all this time. I began to hear bursts of rifle fire. I looked at my watch again. It was one of those shiny ones you can see at night — the darker the night, the better you can see it. Through the rain I saw that it was one minute to four.

"Then I saw Lieutenant Fiske standing there, directing us to our places in line, and beside him a very anxious young captain who had been waiting for us to come up. 'I thought I would have to go over all alone,' I heard him saying to Fiske. I guess he would have, if we had n't come up.

"We had n't even got to our places in the line, when the whistle blew, and over we went, still panting with that last mile or two, taken on the run. I caught my breath with the machine gun bullets zipping around me, cutting twigs and whacking into tree trunks.



"THE TANKS ARE COMING!"

"But there were n't many machine gun bullets just yet. We had taken the Boches entirely by surprise. It was contrary to all rules of warfare for us to be attacking right then, after we had been getting licked to long and so hard. Certainly they were n't expecting us, and evidently had n't the slightest idea that we would rebound to the attack for a long time to come. Their trenches, when we came to them, were only little scratches on the ground, compared with the systems they had built up in their regular lines.

"It had cleared up now. Tanks were everywhere. We were beginning to believe in them. It's great sport to see them go lumbering along through the woods, taking ravines, climbing logs, pushing over trees when they have to, crushing their way like horrible monsters of another age, spitting fire and death as they go, and making the worst noise that has been heard since I don't know when. The Fritzies did n't like them a little bit. The only thing that will stop a tank is a direct hit with a shell.

"It's something awful inside of them, they all say. 'Suicide Clubs,' the crews are called. Bouncing around; hot,



A.E.F. INFANTRY OF THE 27TH DIVISION BEHIND A TANK ON THE SOMME

noisy, full of smoke, only half seeing where they are going, all boxed in helplessly, if anything happens, and something likely to happen any moment. I'm willing to do my part. We Marines have been through enough to make people know that we don't flinch. But excuse me from the tanks. I'll



AMERICAN TROOPS WITH GAS MASKS GOING FORWARD

take mine, when it comes, looking at it in the open, and not boxed up in a tin can ready to be roasted to death or pounced to a jelly with rivet heads.

"It was great fun at first, scooping up the Fritzie and sending them back in bunches. We'd go to a dug-out, shout down at them, find out how many they were, count them off as they came up, and march them off to the rear. Then, before we went on, we'd drop down a bomb or two, so that if they had been trying to put anything over on us, they would n't succeed.

"Pretty soon it began to thicken up a bit. We kept running into machine gun snags. Every little while we'd be held up until we could get hold of some trench mortars, or perhaps send back for an artillery preparation. Or some

unit on our left or right would be hung up, and we'd have to wait for them. As a rule, though, we did n't stand on ceremony. The big item was time. The further we could get before the Fritzies stiffened up and got his reserves in line, the better off we'd be and the fewer lives we'd lose in making the distance. So mostly we pushed on.

"We were beginning to get it pretty regular along in the middle of the morning. We had made all our objectives so far, and were still making them, but we were paying for it. Streams of walking wounded filtered through the woods. Red Cross men and German prisoners were carrying litter cases. I'd take a look now and then to see if it was someone I knew, and usually it was. But for the most part I was too preoccupied.

"We made five miles practically on the jump-off. By six that night we were in Vierzy, but we had n't cleaned it out. We stayed there that night. It was a busy night. There was n't so much doing in the way of preparing defences. We were on the offensive now. But there was plenty to do to get ready for tomorrow's offensive. Rigging up communica-



CARRYING TELEPHONE WIRE THROUGH AMERICAN TRENCHES NEAR SOISSONS

tion lines; establishing new dressing stations nearer the front; getting up ammunition; and bringing up something for us to eat. We had n't had much all day; nothing regular. I got hold of some bread from a French cook and a bottle of thin wine for a bunch of cigarette papers, which went half way round the company. It was fine to see the way the boys passed everything on to the next. Maybe it was because the wine was so bum.

"Well, that is about all there was to it. Excepting three or four more days of it. Now and then we would come to a nasty place in a ravine or on a hill, and have a bad time of it. Now and then we would have to cross a wheatfield in plain sight, and the going was always painful and bloody. Now and then we would mix it with a bunch of machine gun nests, crawling up on them and then rushing them. Now and then we would wait for the others to the right and left to come up. Fiske was liaison officer, keeping us in touch with the Moroccans on our left. They certainly were fighting some, too.

"Four days later we had made our objectives. Soissons lay exposed below us. And we were taken out to rest."

Meanwhile, down at the tip of the salient, I was in my first big fight.

CHAPTER XIX

THE DAY'S WORK

I DON'T know how to tell about my first battle. This account should be heroic and dramatic, no doubt.

But the fact of the matter is that the affair did n't seem either of these, at the time.

We accepted it all as a matter of course.

Like a lot of men building a house or taking in hay.

The small boy sitting on a lumber pile glories in the carpenter astride the ridgepole.

The city motorist whirling by waxes sentimental over the farmer in the meadow.

Whereas the carpenter is intent on driving nails in the right way in the right place, and the farmer is wondering whether it is going to rain before he gets his hay in.

Just so small boys and war correspondents and playwrights and novelists and popular historians and Fourth of July orators see a lot in a battle that the soldier is not aware of.

For instance. Riding in a motor truck from one place to another in France is very much like riding in a motor truck from Princeton to Washington, D. C., let us say. Just as bumpy, just as dirty and noisy and smelly, just as uncomfortable and tiring — and just as romantic.

Sleeping out at night in a Frenchman's back yard or in his barn is not especially different from sleeping out in your own. Walking around in the rain with wet clothing and wet feet produces much the same sensations when you are a soldier as it does when you are merely a man — excepting

that you are not likely to take cold. There is no one to expect that of you.

Tramping ten or twelve miles over bad roads or across broken fields or through tangled woods involves precisely the same spasmodic semi-subconscious leg action whether you are carrying a rifle to shoot a German or a shotgun to shoot a prairie chicken or a rabbit.

Jumping over a log or pushing through bushes or winding in and out among trees or wading a creek or swimming a river or crawling along a ditch or running up a hill is in itself just as natural a physical phenomenon at the Marne or the Ourcq or the Vesle as it is in the Catskills or northern Michigan.

And working up to an enemy position with men all around is a good deal like being headed for a football game, and getting into the crowd as you near the place where the game is going to be. A rifle cracks the same when aimed at a Hun as when aimed at a deer; and a machine gun in action sounds like some giant ripping titanic bolts of cloth,



BOUND FOR THE HINDENBURG LINE!



A MILITARY ROAD IN FRANCE AFTER A DELUGE

or a small boy running a flat stick fast along a picket fence.

You get just as hot and tired and hungry working hard in war as you do working hard at home — excepting that you never have to work so hard anywhere else as you do in war.

It was work. That is the word for it. The most terrifically exhausting, pitiless and relentless work that a man can get into. Gruelling, heart-searching, breath-taking work.

Of course there are the noises, and the smells, the smokes and fumes and vapors and stenchs from gases and corruption. But a dead horse, or a dead man, for that matter, smells about the same after a few days, whether it has been knocked to pieces by a high explosive shell or dragged out on the prairie north of town after a natural term of years to be permitted to dry up and blow away.

And there is always death.

But you don't think so much of that. You are simply a human being doing something in a perfectly human way. Death is an incidental human experience associated with the business of war.

We were sitting in billets over behind a quiet sector south of Verdun, listening for news from the distant battle line. We talked over the reports the way men around a ticker discuss a ball game. It was a mighty big game, and we wanted to be in it. But there was no excitement, no heroics, no attitudes struck.

Mortar was deep in another affair of the heart. This time it was with an American nurse. She was a professional whom he had known back home. She used to come into the drug store where he worked to get supplies for a patient she was taking care of in the neighborhood. Now she was "working" at the front.



DRAINING A BRITISH MILITARY ROAD ON THE WESTERN FRONT

Mortar called it a chemical affinity. "We both know so much about pills and powders and bandages and drugs that there is something we never have to mention," he said to me. "Being able to take something for granted mutually forms a close bond between any two people. Besides, the soldiers all make love to her all the time she is working, so it's a relief to have me do it when she's off duty."



AMERICANS REMOVING GERMAN WIRE FROM AN ARGONNE ROAD

She was n't off duty much. There was n't overmuch to do where we were; but the area had been drained of nurses for the fighting along the Marne. "She was left behind because she is competent enough to take the place of three or four average nurses," Mortar explained to me. "That let them send seven out of eight from her unit."

Mortar was n't exaggerating or being facetious. Individual exertions were habitually put to that stretch in the war. This young woman was doing the work of eight. Young men farther north, and west, were working four, five,

eight days and nights on end, without sleep, almost without food — and then starting all over again, perhaps, on another stretch of it. Officers were working forty-eight or seventy-two hours a day — literally doing in twenty-four hours what they themselves could n't have accomplished in two or three days in their offices at home. Young men likely to get lost in a touring car in Central Park on Sunday afternoon were driving ambulances in pitch darkness over unknown, shell-torn roads of France, with no light to guide them but the light of bursting shells and flashing guns; finding the hospitals, and finding their way back again for another load.

I saw this going on. I don't recall where or when. It might have been in the Marne salient. It might have been later, in the Argonne. It might have been one night at St. Mihiel — although I think not there, because the ambulance work was light then.

I had been fighting all day — two days, if I am not mistaken. Had been jumping in and out of holes; making quick springs through tangled woods; creeping yards on end through thickets and then rushing into some group of men that wanted to kill you and smashing at them with butt and bayonet, when you were so dog tired that you could hardly lift one foot after the other.

I had been doing this for a day or two, with nothing to eat but a little bully beef and slivers of hardtack, plus a cup of luke-warm muddy coffee that I had got I don't know where that night — I had been doing this, and had dropped where I was in a dead sleep.

The Germans had let go at last. They had fought obstinately. We had butchered them by the score, with bayonets. It was one of the few times when I actually used the bayonet. (I am going to tell about another pretty soon, which I think was the worst experience of my whole life.)

And they had mowed us down by the dozen, while we were at it, with their machine guns.

Somebody woke me up poking me. "Where 'd you get yours, Buddy?" he was asking.

"Get what?" I returned.

"I thought I saw some blood on your shirt."

"Maybe you did," I said. I had been gashed a little by a bayonet in those two days. I had forgotten all about it.

"Any casualties around here?" he asked.

"I suppose so."

I looked around, and saw a Ford ambulance not far away. I did n't remember any road being near. But that did not prove there was not a road there. I had been too tired to notice a sheaf of roads.

"Know of any?" he persisted.

"I 'll help you find 'em," I said, staggering to my feet.

"Sorry to have disturbed you, old man," he apologized.



INTERIOR OF A RAILWAY MILITARY HOSPITAL CAR ON THE WESTERN FRONT

"But I thought you were hurt. . . . By Jove, you are!" and he poked a flash-light at me for an instant.

"Douse that," I said. "Do you want to draw fire?"

In a moment we heard a shell coming. A pure coincidence; but he pocketed his search-light.

There was no use doing anything about the shell. If it was going to hit us, it was going to hit us, there in the dark. If it was n't, it was n't. It did n't — that was n't the one that got me. It struck a few paces the other side of the ambulance.

We knew at once, by the comparatively light and smothered explosion, that it was a gas shell. We remarked it to each other.

All this had happened within a minute of the time I had first been awakened. I don't want you to get the idea that the ambulance officer was idling away time while wounded men were awaiting transportation.

Another shell was coming. It turned out to be a second gas shell. "We 'd better wake 'em up around here," the ambulance officer said, suiting the action to the word.

I got busy rousing the boys. Our unit was pretty well mixed; we had n't stopped to straighten out. Half the men were of another company. I did n't find Mortar, or the lawyer. Orders were given to don gas masks in a hurry. The shells were coming over fast now. They were drenching that area, on a chance that it would do some damage. Most of the fellows put their masks on and dozed off again. Some of them were too dopey with sleep to bother. I myself put masks on two or three men.

Picture the situation in your mind. A few of us hopping around in the dark, over rough, broken ground, with here and there a little clump of bushes, trying to find everybody before the gas found them, and never sure that we had done so, never ready to stop.



A RED CROSS WORKER SPREADING CHEER IN A MILITARY HOSPITAL

Some of the men I tried to wake up and warn would n't stir. I always made sure why before I left them. If there was any life in them, I packed them off to the ambulance.

It did n't seem strange to me, at the time, to be groping around out there in the dark, several thousand miles from home, picking over the dead and wounded.

I ran across one poor chap pretty well out in front. He was unconscious, and barely breathing. I could n't tell what was the matter with him; excepting that one leg dangled horribly when I managed to get him over my shoulder, and he groaned a little, as though I were making something hurt worse.

The ambulance was just chugging up to leave when I got back with him. "Hold on!" I called. "Wait a minute."

"I've got a load. Full up."

"But this is a bad one."

"They're all bad," replied the driver. "I'll be back again."

And he was, within an hour.

Twice more during that night, after that, he returned.

Meanwhile, we had scoured around pretty thoroughly, and gotten gas masks on a lot of the wounded, too. That was necessary; the gas was getting thick. One fellow had his face torn so badly that he could n't endure the mask. He kept taking it off. He went with the second load. I never saw him again.

My bad case went with him.

"You handed me a stiff last time," the driver said, when he returned following his trip with that load.

"He was n't when we put him in."

"Must have croaked on the way, then. Too bad to take up room like that."

The driver was not callous or heartless. He was merely



A RED CROSS AMBULANCE FLEET IN FRANCE

impersonal. He was tending to his work as efficiently as he could. And his work was to get wounded men to the surgeons. How he ever got back and forth is more than I can say.

While we were at it the Germans came along in a counter-attack, and we had our hands full for three or four hours. By the time we had beaten them off there were as many wounded lying around as there had been before we started picking them up. We could n't wait to do it again. We had to press on after the Germans.

We were started into the Marne salient on the twenty-second of July. The fight had been going on for four days. Up near Soissons the 1st and 2nd Divisions had pressed deep into the throat of the salient. The 26th, from New England, acting as the pivot of that attack, had carried out its job of swinging in farther to the south and keeping things in line from the Soissons sector down to the Château Thierry country. The 3rd Division, which had stopped them at the Marne in the first party it ever got into, had pulled off another pretty party and driven the Germans behind the Marne everywhere. The French also were in on it all along, of course.

Rumors of big fighting were in the air. We knew we were going into it at last. Preparations for moving up had been going on for several days. It is some job to transport thirty thousand men and all they need to fight with. We sat around watching. Wagons, tanks, guns, trucks, rolling kitchens, ammunition trains, coming and going in the village where we were; ambulances and hospital supplies accumulating; an inextricable confusion in the eyes of those who were merely passengers.

Finally they marshalled us out and piled us into our trucks. Then there was another long wait, for no apparent reason. That is one of the trying things about being one

soldier in several millions. Situations involving you that are perfectly clear and completely solved at headquarters keep you wondering and disappointed.

When we got started at last the strain was off. The company was like a lot of boys, shouting and singing and



TOBACCO FOR THE WOUNDED

laughing for the first few miles, exchanging salutes with the natives, making jokes at them in English which the natives did not understand, and receiving equally unintelligible quips from them.

It was a beautiful France that lay shimmering under the midsummer heat as we went along; a France unviolated by war. A joyous spirit, like a holiday mood, was upon us all and upon those we passed. Victory was in the air; the relief from a long, deadly strain of dogged waiting and hoping for the day that had now come, when the enemy was to be swept away and crushed.

We stopped for night where night found us, if we stopped at all, without regard to accommodations. But we did not always stop. Sometimes we rolled along far into the night.

One morning we swung down in sight of the Marne.

Beyond the little river, which had so lately run blood, we could see solid columns winding along roads hastily reconstructed by the engineers. Bridges had been thrown across; they were black with traffic. Beyond them were the forested hills and ravines and ridges, which had recently been in the clutches of the enemy.

The trucks halted, and we were ordered to debuss. We stood around waiting. The roar of battle could be heard in the distance. Mortar met a doctor he knew, coming in from a dressing station for a bit of rest. He had been busy for three days, practically without sleep. But he stopped for a few minutes to tell us about what had been happening.

We were in the wake of the 3rd Division. They had had rather easy work of it at first, as the Germans were trying to withdraw from the Marne when put under pressure, but it had become stiffer as they pressed deeper. "It was just a case of fight," commented the medical man. "We went through. Nothing can stop our boys now excepting sheer exhaustion. They keep on until they drop, and then some others are sent in."

"Many bayonet wounds?" Mortar inquired.

"Not many."

The 42nd, the Rainbow Division, was on our left, he told us. They had taken up the work of the 26th, the New England troops, at Epieds. That meant that Hugh was not far away. I wondered how he was getting along. There was no way to find out, of course.

As a matter of fact, he had already been wounded. One of the first obstacles the Rainbow encountered, when it took over, was the Red Cross farm. Now, French farms are not like ours. The buildings are made of heavy stone, built to last centuries, usually surrounding a court. Even shells make slow picking of them, they are so solid and massive.

This one stood out from surrounding woods in what we would call at home a clearing. It was an advanced bastion of the German position, commanding two roads, and dominating the situation. The Boches had filled it full of machine guns. Over in the woods other machine guns protected the flanks. Frontal attacks were out of the question; artillery preparation was too slow. The 42nd had an engagement ahead of it.

Hugh had noticed a ditch leading from the woods where our troops were across the open right under the eaves of the farm building on their unprotected side. It was overgrown with underbrush. He had gone to the captain and said he would like to take a bunch of men through there and flank the farm.

The captain himself had been in charge of the adventure, taking two platoons. Hugh commanded one of the platoons. They crawled along, keeping cover, until they came up, and then they jumped the Huns with a good old American yell.



GASSED SOLDIERS AT A FIRST AID STATION

It was Indian fighting; it was n't in the German books.

There was a lively tussle inside for a while; but the Germans could not use their machine guns to advantage. So they were cleaned up, and the farm was captured.

When it was all over they found Hugh sitting up against the stone barn with his legs spread in front of him. Something had hit him in the head at some time in the procedure.



THE "FINISH" OF THREE TANKS ON THE YPRES-POELCAPPELLE ROAD

It had the appearance of a blow from a rifle butt. They thought he was done for at first. He sat there staring. But he was only dazed.

It got too hot for the Americans at the farm. They had to withdraw. While they were bringing Hugh off, three machine gun bullets caught him in the legs. All this I learned afterward.

That night the Germans withdrew, and the 42nd followed them to the Ourcq.

Meanwhile, we had gone in.



A FLEET OF AMERICAN RED CROSS AMBULANCES ON DRESS PARADE

CHAPTER XX

THE FIRST PUNCH

WE took over from the 3rd Division one night.

All day we had been getting into the thick of it.

The dead were still lying around, items in the account — little heaps of khaki, or of field-gray, in all sorts of attitudes — some huddled, some sprawled, some looking quite comfortable; others so cramped that you wanted to go and straighten them out, for the comfort of your own bones if for nothing else.

Groups of German prisoners kept going by. Some of them were grinning, like small boys caught at mischief. They all seemed pretty well satisfied with their fate — glad to be out of it alive. Excepting the officers, who for the most part were sullen and insolent.

Ambulances were streaming past, to and from the dressing stations. We met walking wounded, seeping through the lines. They had had first aid. They sat in twos and threes by the side of the road, smoking cigarettes and giving us advice and information, mostly flippantly. They were glad of a rest. They were dog-tired; lassitude and inaction were a delicious balm to their senses.

We went right in, scattering out through the woods. The next time you go into a woods — any woods — picture it full of invisible darting bees whose sting is death, emanating from hidden hives. Close your eyes and recall the liveliest Fourth of July you ever listened to; then multiply it in your imagination by a thousand or two. Look around, in your mind's eye, and see companions behind every bush and tree trunk as far as vision can penetrate through the tangle.

For greater verisimilitude, drop down your knees, if no one is looking on who might embarrass you, cling to the earth, and crawl from point to point, pretending that exposure of your body means death or deadly hurt. It will help you to understand what we found ourselves engaged in that night when we took over.

Bodies were lying around, some still stirring; some groaning.

"Zip, zip, zip," machine gun bullets went swarming by.

I do not see how it is possible for troops to advance against those fatal streams of lead. They come at you from nowhere, playing up and down along the line like a hose, each drop carrying potential death.

We had our bayonets fixed. I still carried my full pack — my house on my back like a snail. Some of the fellows had slipped theirs off.

I paid no attention to anyone, except in a general way, so that I could keep on doing my part with them. Mortar,



PLACING AMERICAN WOUNDED ON A HOSPITAL TRAIN



THE FAMOUS HILL NO. 230 IN THE ARDENNES

the lawyer, the big rough fellow, were only other soldiers now. Our sergeant kept calling directions.

There was nothing strange about doing this. It seemed the most natural thing in the world. We were working, that 's what it was — doing a job.

We heard little squeals, sobs, gasps, cries, curses, as men were hit. The unpleasant sound of bullet entering flesh sometimes caught the ear.

All the time we kept peering out ahead for something to shoot at. We shot now and then without seeing it. We had to be doing something.

We found ourselves firing steadily at a thicket, about a hundred yards ahead and a little to the right where we could see the spurt of machine gun fire.

“Come on, boys,” our sergeant cried, leaped up, took three strides, and disappeared. Down the line to the left I saw another man do it. I did it, finding a much appreciated rock to drop behind. I was joined by a man at my left, then one at my right. Khaki clad spirits of the woods were popping ahead all along the line, except directly in front of the machine gun nest where the boys were firing fast and

furiously. Beyond that spot the same performance was going on.

The Germans were sweeping the woods with their machine guns. They could n't take any aim at the men advancing like great grasshoppers among the trees. They had to take their chances on having their stream of death playing in the right place, at the right time.

We had to take the same chances. Fewer and fewer of the original grasshoppers repeated their hoppings. A man next to me sank down softly at the end of one of his spurts, clutched the grass and leaves and twigs beneath his hand once or twice, gave a little squeal in spite of himself, and lay still.

As soon as I saw that I made my next advance. I thought it was a good time. But it was n't. Half a dozen balls ripped through my clothing. One struck my rifle a glancing blow, twisting it half out of my hand, and went whining angrily through the air on a ricochet. I threw myself down and rolled over behind a tree. I felt one little hot score across my thigh. I reached down to touch it with my fingers. The place smarted under them; they came away moist. But it proved to be nothing.

We were picking up the fire of other nests, on the flank of the one we were worming ourselves up to.

We were within twenty yards, a dozen, ten. Would there be enough of us left to do anything when we got there? Only three or four, apparently, were coming up from the other side.

I saw a face peeping out through the thicket where the gun was hidden. I took a snap shot at it. It disappeared like a flash.

"I'm going to see if one of them is shot between the eyes," I said to myself.

It did n't occur to me that I might not get there.

Somebody leapt up and kept on dashing forward. We all did. We crashed in through the underbrush.

My pack caught. I hung there for ages, wriggling free.

Somebody had broken through. I heard blows, and shots.

I was there myself. A big German came at me with his bayonet, just as I was undoubling myself from beneath the bushes. I thought I was a goner. My rifle was under me



FISMES ON THE RIVER VESLE

I could not swing it free. I raised it as high as I could and pulled the trigger where it was. The German's face twisted, and he crumpled.

One Boche was standing with his hands over his head, shouting: "Kamerad! Kamerad!" in a terrified, pleading voice.

Somebody smashed his head in with the butt end of a rifle. The time for him to cry "Kamerad" was while we were coming; not after he had killed all of us he could, and saw the jig was up.

I saw one of them trying to put in another charge of cartridges. I leaped toward him. He swung up as I came. I will never know what his intentions were. Perhaps he had n't any. I did n't quite know what mine were. It was all so quick, so necessary, so much a matter of course. . . .

I remember well what he looked like. Rather high cheek bones, little stupid eyes, close together, a baby nose, leathery lips showing no red. His helmet had been knocked off; his head was an obscene little round thing with close cropped hair, showing flat places on it. His face was as expressionless as that of a man wheeling bricks or taking tickets. The hand that he raised to fend off the blow was knotted and hairy. The wrist bone was big and protruding. One of the fingers had been broken years before. No doubt somebody loved this thing called a man. Little children at home, perhaps. He was of the age to have a family. But what of it? The war machine had only used him as another cipher to make its myriads.

Having taken that machine gun, the obvious thing to do was to take the next one — one of those that had been pouring in a flanking fire on us as we took this one. So we proceeded to do it. All that afternoon.

I found myself in one *melée* with Mortar. He looked unhappy, and frightened half to death. One of the gunners came with the "Kamerad" game. Mortar made a move to use his bayonet, but arrested himself in the midst of it. In another moment someone else had finished off the German. I heard Mortar laugh queerly, so I slapped him on the back and chuckled. "Another one gone," I said, meaning another machine gun.

"You seem to like it," he observed.

Did I, I wondered? No, I did not. Except that it is always satisfying to complete another part of your job, whatever it is that has to be done.

I was getting pretty tired. It had been raining. It was hot work. It was becoming hard to summon the will to move my legs; to start myself ahead.

We came to wheat fields in among peninsulas of woods. They were bad. But what could we do about it?

So we went on.

We had to take it for granted that we were doing the right thing, and not throwing the line out of joint.



CIERGES AND HILL NO. 230 (*Drawn by Peixotto*)

As a matter of fact, we did throw the line out of joint, slightly.

Some of us found ourselves breaking through the edge of a little woods. We were mixed in with men of another Division, who had been working up on our left.

There was a little village. We did n't know where the Division was; but the thing to do seemed to be to take the village.

We started in.

We found it full of gas, and had to come back.

All this time they were lashing us on all hands with

machine guns from adjoining woods. The Germans clearly were making a stand. We drew back.

The village lay between two creeks that came together there. The bridges were pretty well dilapidated. The creeks were running muddy from the rain. One of them looked as though it could be jumped across, or waded. That was the one nearer us. The other was a little more of a stream.

It was the Ourcq, we were to learn, and the village was Cierges.

Somebody came up to where we were catching our breath and addressed the lieutenant commanding in a voice that was familiar to me.

I gave him a quick look. It was Billy Florida, in uniform and the insignia of a lieutenant.

He saw me. We saluted. Billy was busy. He was telling the lieutenant where to go. We were out too far. Billy was liaison officer of the regiment next us. That was apparent. I remembered that he was an intelligence officer, but I had expected him to be hunting spies, or acting as one.

When he had delivered his message, he stepped over to me. Bullets were beginning to zip around us; evidently we had been spotted. Billy did n't seem to mind them.

We had a few casual words, and he took his departure. Billy would be like that if you should unexpectedly encounter him on the other side of the moon. Nothing disturbs his sense of values and proportion. Friendship has the same basis and is subject to the same exchanges in Kansas, Cairo and Cape Horn.

I asked him how Sadie was, and was told that he did n't know; had n't heard. Asked why he was n't hunting spies in France he said nothing.

The Germans did n't like to have us where we were. It was in a little woods that ran out in a spur from the Meunière



AN IMPROVISED CAMP OF THE 109TH AMERICAN INFANTRY

Woods where they were building up a stupendous defence along the Ourcq. Meunière Woods swarmed with machine guns, and sheltered their artillery. They were throwing in fresh troops to hold it.

They threw some of them over at us, in the dead of night.

I had tumbled down into a heap, to sleep, after munching on a bit of hard tack and some bully beef. Mortar was alongside; we had run across each other and "re-established our liaison." On our arms we dropped off into a doze.

That was one thing about this war. It was a continuous performance. There was no let-up for days on end. The armies worked in shifts, and very long ones. When we had fought all day, we could expect to keep on fighting all night, because that was what the enemy was doing. And the next day. And the next night.

So we were having a snooze.

I woke up suddenly dreaming that I heard shouts of alarm and firing close by. The dream came true; I did hear all this.

Mortar was standing beside me, looking into the dark. I jumped up. We could see shadowy forms close by; struggles going on.

Mortar swore, and jumped in. I followed.

A big, bulky German was crowding down one of our boys, who was sitting on the ground holding the German's rifle barrel and bayonet away from him with both hands. He had dropped his own weapon. I leaped and thrust at the same time. There was a moment of resisting pressure, then my bayonet slid sweetly in. The German jerked back, gave a squealing grunt, grabbed my rifle, and sank to his knees.

As I was trying to wrench my weapon away I caught a glimpse of another Boche, a mere boy, coming at me with rifle raised for a blow with the butt of it. I let go of my own

weapon with one hand and raised my arm to ward off the blow.

But it never descended. Some one coming from behind me had been too quick for him.

I gave my German a kick, as his grasp was relaxing, and withdrew my bayonet. A little twist helped free it. The fellow sank limp to the ground.

Others were coming. The air was full of grunts and cries and curses; grunts of give, and grunts of take; the suddenly exhaled breath of those giving hearty blows, and the pained gasps of those receiving them.

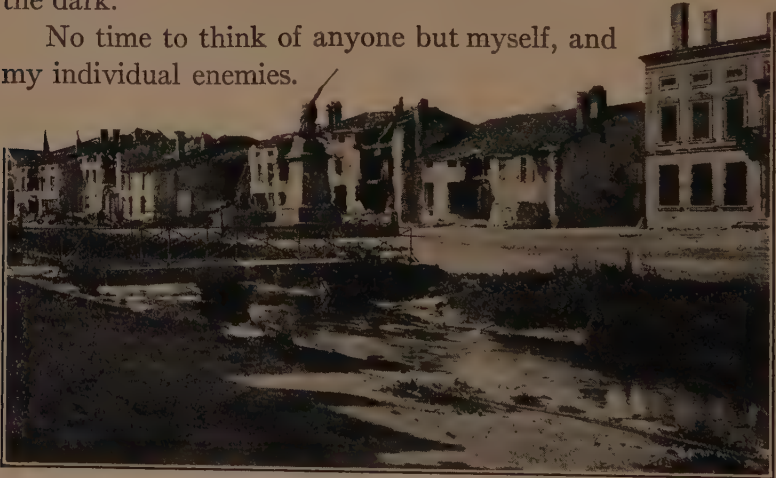
I wondered where Mortar was; how he was getting along with this sort of thing.

Out of the shadows I beheld a second foe advancing, his bayonet ready. He made a lunge which I parried, and the *riposte* went home. This time I gave him no chance to retain my weapon; I retrieved it in the moment that I swept it home, and he was done for.

Still they came.

All around was the shouting noise of the conflict, there in the dark.

No time to think of anyone but myself, and my individual enemies.



A RUINED VILLAGE ON THE MEUSE

Twice I felt the bite of steel on my chest, but each time evaded the full blow. They proved to be nothing but scratches. And each time luck was with me to the end.

I am not a rough and tumble fighter; it was tough work. It went against the grain. There was no chance to rest. We went in tired against those fresh troops, confident of their prowess and experience.

I passed into a state of dazed activity, carrying on mechanically, directed by a sheer animal instinct of self-preservation. There is only a blur of strife from that moment in my memory.

I don't know how long it lasted. They say it was only half an hour. To me it seemed half a lifetime.

They were giving way, I know. We were following them.

I remember at one time going to grapple with a German barehanded. What had become of our weapons I have no idea. He was stronger than I. He had my arms pinioned and was bearing me down. I felt him reaching around behind him. He picked up a broken limb and began beating me with it. I tripped back over a root. The fall broke his hold. My hand struck against a stone. I picked it up and beat him in the face with it, as he came toward me again. That confused him. Before he could recover himself I struck him with it again and again. He began to try to back away. I caught him by the legs and threw him over, gaining my feet at the same moment.

There he lay, trying to shield himself, with me astride him, beating him horribly over his head with the weapon of the cave man. With each blow his resistance became less definite. My short, hard breath was mingled with his grunts and groans. I had reverted to the brute.

Suddenly he shrieked: "Kamerad!"

One final, smashing blow, and he relaxed, quivering. "Kamerad yourself!" I think I said.

Now I wanted to kill.

I had a rifle once more. Whose, I don't know. I dashed forward into the thick shades of the woods. And I killed, unthinkingly.

They were becoming harder to find. We could hear their cries out beyond, as they gathered themselves together to return to where they had come from.

I heard myself shouting, and was in full career after them, when an officer stopped me. He was holding back the men so that they would not be drawn into the midst of the enemy's lines, in pursuit.

"Are you hurt?" he asked me.

"No," I said.

"You are covered with blood."

"It is n't mine," I told him.

"Go back to a dressing station and get fixed up."

I did n't intend to do that, so I slipped away.

I was sore and lame; one or two of the gashes in my chest throbbed and ached. But they amounted to nothing.

I worked back as nearly as I could to the point where I had been when the dream began, in order to restore the position as nearly as possible, and thinking I might find Mortar there.

He was n't. I dropped off into a doze again, worrying and wondering about him.

It was morning before I found him again, safe and sound, and meditative.

"Some night, was n't it?" he observed.

"How did you like it? How did you get along?"

"Great. Look here." He showed me his bayonet, crusted with gore. Gore was splashed far up the rifle barrel. He was bloody to his elbows, mussy and disreputable. He smelled in need of a bath.

"Hello," he said. "They pinked you!"

He gave my scratches the semi-professional inspection of a drug clerk, pulled out a little kit his nurse had given him, and pasted me up.

They had brought up some coffee during the night, and we had it cold. You could feel the refreshment of it creeping through your fibers, down into your limbs, lilting through your brain.

Then we had to go to work again.

The Germans certainly intended to hang on to the heights of the Ourcq. The river itself was only a creek, but over beyond, across the valley, were heights commanding it, bristling with machine guns, backed up by artillery, swarming with infantry thrown in to stop us. It was a natural



AN AMERICAN MILITARY SUPPLY TRAIN — PARKED

defensive site. And there was a master hill — Hill 230.

That morning we entered Cierges. The gas had died out enough for that. There were snipers around. We located one firing under a Red Cross flag in the church tower. It was the sport of the hour, potting him. Finally he came tumbling down inside like a squirrel among the branches of a tree, just as a few of us had decided that the quickest way was to go up after him. We met him coming down. He fell in a heap at our feet. He wore glasses. They had been smashed in the descent, cutting into his eye. The wreckage hung over one ear. But he was past caring.

The Germans had made a fortress out of a farm in front of us — Bellevue Farm. No use trying to take it by direct assault. But ravines ran past it. We used these. We got just so far, pretty well in behind and part way up the slope of Hill 230, but the Germans proved too thick for us. Machine guns had us on three sides — in front, and on the left and right rear. Eventually, however, we took the hill.

How we ever did it is more than I can believe. The woods and ridges and hills were thick with machine gun



A.E.F. ADVANCING ON CANTIGNY, MAY, 1918

nests; and behind them fresh ones ready for the reception of machine guns dislodged from the front positions. You could no more expect to go out in a driving rain without getting wet than you would expect to pass through the drenching shower of machine gun bullets coming from such a position without having some of these stinging, deadly drops go through you.



AMERICAN DOUGHBOYS RESTING ON THE MARNE

But they did n't go through all of us.

The lawyer got his in that attack. A machine gun bullet through the head. We happened to be going along together. They had sent us marching across a wheat field to take a woods — Planchette Woods, I think it was. Some of the boys were smoking cigarettes. They were as matter-of-fact about it as young men going to the office or the lecture room at college.

The Fritziees saw us coming, and began to mow us down like wheat with the sweeping scythe of their machine guns.

The lawyer was growling about it. "I don't mind . . ." he was saying, and stopped short. I glanced around for him to continue. He was n't there. I saw the wheat swaying back into place where he had toppled over into it. I stopped to see if I could do anything quickly for him — and saw that I could n't, that nobody could.

I suppose he is still wanting to rearrange things.

We thought we were through with the taking of the Heights of the Ourcq.

We were mistaken. We went right on.

But the going was much easier. The Germans were making a break for the Vesle. We merely chased them until they got there, when they turned and fought back.

I was to add one more to my experiences at the end of these weary days. I was in at the death at Fismes, on the south back of the Vesle.

The Germans had broken down most of the bridge across the river, but had left plenty of machine gunners and snipers to give a good account of themselves.

The next time you are in a city of a size to have its houses built touching each other, fight that fight yourself. Capture Fismes. To begin with, make all the houses out of thick stone or brick walls. Then bend the streets around a little, so they are not perfectly straight, but leave crooks and turns which give direct command of fire down long sweeps of them. Then fill these stone houses full of Germans with machine guns, amply supplied with ammunition and rations, and capture it.

I'll leave it to you.

After Fismes, they took us out.

The salient of the Marne was no more. Soissons was ours; Rheims was safe; Paris was relieved.

The first punch had landed home.

Now for the next one.

CHAPTER XXI

BACK AGAIN

THEY thought it best to tinker with me a little after Fismes. One of the bayonet gashes in my chest had not healed under the ministrations of the drug clerk, and here in the town a bullet had glanced off a stone house into my shoulder.

It was only a flesh wound and did not put me out of action at the time, but when I reported at the first aid station to have it dressed they sent me on to the receiving station behind the lines — after they had given first aid, of course.

To tell you the truth, I was rather glad of the prospect of a few days in a clean, comfortable bed, with a bath and a pair of pajamas thrown into consummate the luxury; especially as I knew our division would now be drawn out for a rest and replacements, so that I would miss no duty.

I smelled badly, not having had my clothes off for weeks. I have been repelled by such an odor among day laborers after a long spell of summer heat. But I had never encountered such a full-flavored, lusty, frank stench as I carried about with me at the time.

This in itself would have been bad enough. It was made much worse by a host of unwelcome guests that had taken advantage of my preoccupation to be entertained at my expense. I was seething with them. They hunted by droves, in relays. When they were not nourishing themselves, they spent their time exchanging visits. The tickling crawl of their feet was as distressing and maddening as their more poignant occupation of boring holes in me.

I reached the dressing station at night, pretty well all in. Men were sitting and lying about in litters. Walking cases were resting against trees or the wall of the building, where the surgeons were working. They were all awaiting their turn, apparently, or had been attended to and were waiting to be taken back to the hospital which was next in order for them.



I strolled up to the door of the house and looked in. There were two rooms. Half the end wall was out of one of them, the ceiling of the other was a patchwork of canvas and burlap, stretched across to take the place of the top part of the house, which had been blown off by a shell or two.

The first room made me think of those employment agencies you see in big cities, where lumber jacks and railroad

hands and farm laborers and such workers loiter in looking for jobs. Here was a group of muddy, bedraggled men milling around a table with a light on it, piled up with bandages and cotton and the paraphernalia of the surgeon, and presided over by two or three brisk, busy doctors. But there was one difference. Each one of these men had a bandage wrapped around him somewhere, illuminated with a little spot of red in the center of it. They were the walking cases.

They would finish up with one man, tell him what to do, send him out, and turn to the next. "Well, Buddy, where did you get yours?" they would say; or something to that effect; and the Buddy would reply: "Machine gun through the shoulder," or "Shell fragment in the head," or "Shrapnel in the arms." "Snip" would go the old bandage, and on would go a fresh one, after whatever treatment the case required, and time and the circumstances permitted.

I was watching one of the surgeons wrapping splints on the arm of a chap who had walked in with a broken elbow,



AN AMERICAN-MANNED TANK GOING OVER THE TOP IN THE ST. MIHIEL DRIVE



ST. MIHIEL

when the other surgeon sang out to me: "Well, what's yours, Buddy?"

I told him.

"Bullet in there?" he asked, stripping off the bandage from my shoulder.

"I don't know," I answered.

He began to feel and fish for it. "Hurt?" he enquired.

"Of course it hurts," I replied. "But what 's that got to do with it?" I found myself suddenly and unaccountably peeved.

"Right-o," he said. "That 's the spirit. . . . Here it is. Want it?"

He held a jagged lump of lead between his thumb and finger. I looked at it a second. "No. I've had enough of the damn thing," I was frank to say.

He laughed and threw it into a corner, then sprinkled some powder on the wound . . . and I don't know what next, because I toppled over.

It was only a faint. I came out of it in a jiffy, sitting in a

chair, bandaged snugly, quite comfortable, with the fragrance of Mortar's prescription counter mingling and contending with my more personal fragrance.

"All right now?" asked the doctor; a cheery young fellow with dark circles of fatigue under his eyes.

"Sure," I said.

"We'll shoot you back to the hospital as soon as there is ambulance room. May be morning. Some bad cases on hand. They must go first. You'll manage somehow."

"How can I manage to get something to eat?" I asked.

He laughed. "That's out of our line," he said. "You would n't want anything we could give you."

The other room was for litter cases. I peeped in as I went by, and came back to look in the window. Some of them were no worse than the walking cases. Bullets through the legs, or something of that sort. Others were pitiful. Especially those that were gassed. Their distress was frantic.



ST. MIHIEL, SHOWING THE ACCURACY OF AMERICAN AIRMEN IN DIRECTING GUNFIRE

I saw one poor devil with nothing left of his two arms but raw stumps. The surgeons were working on him. He was screaming with agony, between clenched teeth, trying to restrain himself. One man, lying very white and still, had a huge hole in his chest. There was another with his face shot away. I turned from the sight, dizzy and sick, to find a tree where I could recline and rest.

Cigarettes were going all around me. I heard the boys talking over the party we had just been to; relating comical experiences. They found humor in everything.

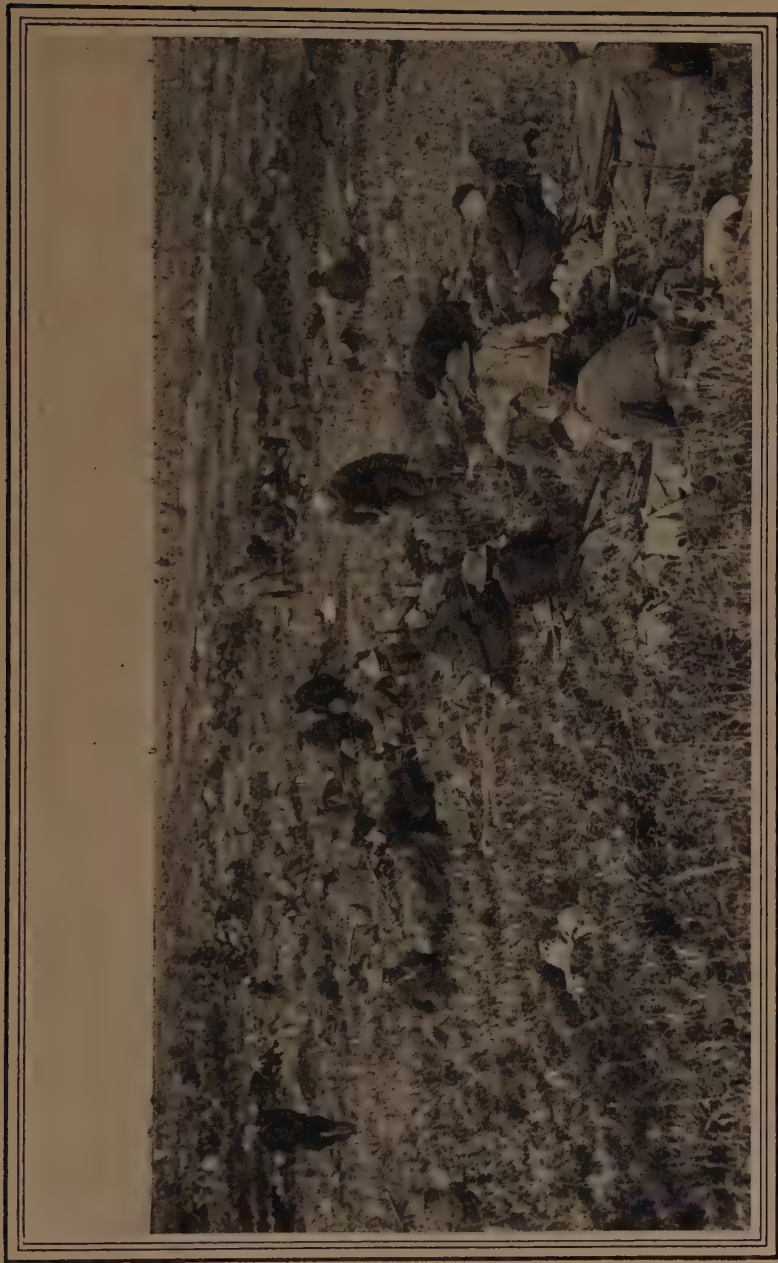
Some one came bringing coffee and doughnuts! It was a Salvation Army worker. How they ever got up to where we were so close on our heels is more than I can tell. It seemed to me the most marvelous coffee I had ever had in my life up to that time. "It's all the way from home, boys," said the chap who handed it around. "The folks is all thinking of you. God bless you!"

It was noon before there was a chance for me in an ambulance. I could have walked, perhaps, but I was in no hurry. And my shoulder hurt quite a bit. We moved slowly. One of the men in the ambulance was hovering on the fringes of death. A jolt might send him over. There were plenty of chances to give him the fatal jolt.

We went past some of the spots I had fought through in the last few days, when every inch of ground travelled had meant a heart-breaking, dangerous struggle. They were placid and safe enough now. The debris of battle was lying all around. It looked as though a hardware store had moved out, leaving behind it shop-worn goods it did n't want to take.

I got no farther than the receiving hospital. To stretch out in a cot, clean and free from cooties, was more refreshing than anyone can imagine who has not had the experience after what we had been through. I luxuriated in it.

We were a jolly crowd. The heavier casualties were in



AMERICAN INFANTRY RESTING ON THE BATTLEFIELD IN THE ST. MIHIEL SALIENT

other wards. Miss Plummer, Mortar's nursing friend, showed up, having followed the Division. And Uncle Sam came down on a visit. I had sent word to Paris that I was having a vacation of this nature.

He told me great tales of what was going on. Foch was delivering his punches all along the line. Up near Amiens the British, with the help of Canadians, Anzacs and some Americans, had broken through for twelve miles. Tanks played a big part in this punch. There were two hundred of them in action. The German line was so loosened up that



U-BOAT 58 — FIRST U. S. NAVY'S CAPTURE, BY DESTROYERS "FANNING"
AND "NICHOLSON"

the British cavalry got in its work, after years of waiting. The Germans, from the Somme to the Oise, were back practically to the lines they had held in 1916. The Amiens salient, driven in in March, had disappeared, like the Marne salient. That ended the second punch.

Then Mangin struck at and took the heights between the Oise and the Aisne.

Then Byng began to strike at Bapaume.

The Germans were fairly in a panic. Ludendorf had tendered his resignation, which was refused. They had not counted on the recovery of the British. They had supposed

that the disasters in March had definitely put them out for some time to come. Yet here they were, smashing back harder than ever. We know now that Ludendorf was already advising his Government to make the best peace it could. And on July thirtieth, while we were busy up there toward the Ourcq, word came that Austria was ready to make an honorable peace, which meant that they were ready to quit, if the Allies would let them off from any further consequences of having begun.

Uncle Sam gave me news of Hugh, who was mending fast in a base hospital. Peggy had come home for a rest, worn out. "It's hard to keep her out of it," Uncle Sam told me. There was no word from Teddy, Jr. No word was expected. Efforts of the Red Cross and the Swiss and Spanish Ministers in Berlin had failed to turn up any news of him. "Peggy has given up," said Uncle Sam.

One day they turned me out of my cot to make room for a bad case that was just coming in. I had been wanting to be up for two or three days.

They wheeled the patient in. Where one leg belonged there was an empty sag in the covering. I noticed that much before I noticed the face of the patient, and that Miss Plummer was walking alongside, looking rather drawn.

When I glanced at the face, pale and sick, I saw that it was Mortar.

I gave a glance at Miss Plummer, to see whether I ought to speak to my old Buddy without further preparation. She nodded.

"Well, Mortar," I said, when they had made him comfortable in my bed, "they left enough of you to roll pills, I see."

He turned, and his face brightened. "Say," he said, "they 'll never get me with a bayonet now. I 'm all through with that sort of stuff."

"You seemed to enjoy it that night up by Meunière Wood."

"This war does queer things to people, besides lopping off their legs. You looked like a Berserker that night, yourself."

"But a cannon ball took off his legs, so he laid down his arms," I quoted, from Hood's ballad of Ben Battle, a favorite with Mortar.

He took up another verse.

"Oh, Nellie Gray, Oh, Nellie Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
A love that loves a khaki coat
Should be more uniform."

He looked at Miss Plummer, who smiled.

Mortar whispered to me, the day before I left for the ranks again, that his nurse had agreed to marry him. He need hardly have told me so. I might have told him.



A SALVATION ARMY LASSIE AT THE FRONT



A CAPTURED U-BOAT BEING TAKEN TO PORT BY AN AMERICAN CREW

She did, and they have been to see me, here, where I am lying writing this account of what some of us went through. Mortar on crutches, looking robust and well, and Mrs. Mortar presiding over him in a proud, possessive, watchful fashion — somewhat trained-nurse, I thought.

Hugh and I were sent back to fight at about the same time, and neither of us was ordered to his original unit. Hugh was attached — as captain, now — to a division which was assigned to the British Army somewhere near Arras, and I was sent to a division that was being organized into the First American Army.

Before I left the hospital, mail found me; two or three letters from my father, a couple from Mildred Birmingham, among others.

Father's were full of news and comment on affairs at home. The first was written some time in June; the last in the middle of July.

There was a lot of complaint at home about profiteering. "Prices of necessities seem much too high," he wrote. "Much higher than is warranted by conditions, bad as they are. Merchants are full of their glib excuses. I don't know. I am not a business man. They may be right. But it does look as though they were charging what they could get. Laws cannot or do not regulate this.

"They are not failing to get what they see fit to ask. Business is booming, everyone reports. Wages are so high that it has brought a new group of purchasers into the market — people who never had more than enough before, and don't know what to do with the surplus. They are spending it for things they have dreamed of all their lives and never expected to possess. Many stories are told about workmen going to their work in silk shirts; about the purchase of grand pianos in families where there is no one to play them, and such incidents.

"I think the excess profits tax has something to do with this. Congress has tried to get a big revenue out of the big profits being made, and business men are trying to make enough profits so that they will have something left over after they have paid the exactions laid upon them by the Federal laws."

He spoke of the Prohibition situation. "There is a strong sentiment here for complete prohibition of the manufacture of all intoxicants, beer and wine as well as spirits. People are wondering why they are asked to save and scrimp on the use of grains in the form of flour, when the brewers are allowed to go on using such vast quantities. Hoover has failed us at this juncture, some of us feel, by saying that it is



A CAPTURED U-BOAT IN NEW YORK HARBOR

not necessary to curtail the production of beer. But the chief complaint seems to be against the President, who has authority to stop the whole proceedings and does n't do it. Why he does n't is a question which I hope will be answered satisfactorily some time. He maintains that it is because Labor would revolt. I think he has been frightened into that belief. I do not believe it has any foundation.

"Drives continue for all sorts of war work. The latest scheme is for a 'war chest' to gather in funds to be divided among the various activities. It is already leading to dissatisfaction, both among the activities themselves, which are inclined to be jealous of each other, and the people, who find things included in the war chest funds for which they may not wish to subscribe. This is all taken care of in the forms of subscription, but it does not satisfy the public.

"Ship-building is well under way at last. May was a record month. By July fourth, when I don't know how many ships were launched, more ships were being turned out than were being sunk, and the corner had been turned. That seemed to be the critical situation in the war.

"The U-boats have been over here attacking coast-wise shipping. It apparently is merely an attempt to frighten us into withdrawing war vessels from British waters, where they are needed and are doing such good work. But if that was the intention and the hope of Germany, they have failed again. There has been no panic and no change in plans. The U-boats have not attempted to attack our transports under convoy. That was too much for them to undertake, so far from their bases. There is gossip about German submarine bases in Mexico. No one seems to be sure of it. Carranza naturally is under suspicion; his German sensibilities are well known.

"There is a great scandal over airplanes. A Congressional subcommittee finds that in the Curtiss plant not one

battle plane has been turned out to date. Hughes is investigating at the request of the President. It was a wise stroke to ask him to conduct an investigation. Everyone will be satisfied with the results. His fairness and fearlessness are relied upon.

"The I. W. W. trial in Chicago is demolishing that activity pretty thoroughly. Nothing can live in this country against an aroused public opinion, and revelations of the activities of this lawless organization certainly have aroused



A MOBILE HOSPITAL ON THE WESTERN FRONT

public opinion. They have practised sabotage in industries which were vital to our winning of the war, especially in the lumber fields of the northwest, and incited to insurrection and rebellion against the Government in a way which is unforgivable.

"German money, it seems, has purchased the New York *Evening Mail* for propaganda purposes. The purchase was made through Rumely, of tractor prominence. He is in deep water over it. The thing came out when he refused to make known the ownership of the paper, or falsified the reports.

"The President has made a couple of notable speeches. One of them was an address to Mexican editors visiting in this country, which did more than anything has done in years to sweep away our neighbor's doubts and suspicions. The other was made at Mount Vernon, on the Fourth of July, in the presence of an illustrious company of foreign representatives to this Government. It was an exalted utterance. It was another demand for the destruction of autocracy as expressed at present through Germany, and the establishment of some organization of peace which shall make a repetition impossible."

Miss Birmingham's letter discussed the attitude in England toward the idea of some sort of a league of nations after the war. Viscount Grey of Falloden had just issued a pamphlet in which he declared that such a league had now reached the practical stage, and must be accomplished. It was well received, she said. She reported that the Germans had just sunk a British hospital ship — the *Llandoverly Castle* — seventy miles from land, with the loss of most of its passengers, patients and crew.

When I reached the unit to which I had been assigned, I found preparations under way for the first all-American offensive. An all-American Army was being organized of units, some of which had been through the fire and some of which had not. We had proved ourselves able to fight as Divisions; there was no fear even of the Divisions that had not become veterans in the last few weeks. Divisional staffs had proved equal to the demands of modern warfare.

But how would it be when we ventured upon the unexplored experience of handling an Army of several Divisions? Would our staff work break down or clog up? Staff work wins and loses battles; we all knew that. The soldier in the line is only the final factor of success.

The preparations were forming against St. Mihiel, an

ugly salient south of Verdun which had been a threat and a humiliation since 1914. Attempts by the French to reduce it in 1915 had been abandoned because the men and the effort were needed more elsewhere. It included the high hills of Ardennes, culminating on Mt. Sec, at the apex of the salient, and commanding the plains of the Wouvre.

We were to wipe it out.

For miles behind the lines in Lorraine one could pass through villages and see nothing but American soldiers. American trucks, American artillery, lined the roads. American trains brought huge stores from our American ports established on the French coast. Fleets of our own tanks were brought up. In the air we had American airmen, flying in French planes.



SALVATION ARMY CANTEEN LASSIES WERE THUS EMPLOYED IN FRANCE

By night this vast area around St. Mihiel teemed with transport, worming up toward the front, without lights. By day nothing unusual was to be seen by any casual German flyer who might drift out from the salient to have a look. Points of observation on Mt. Sec revealed nothing on our side but the accustomed routine of a modern trench battle front with its tributary area behind.

They moved us, at last, by night marches, around to the southeastern side of the salient. One night — September tenth — they put us in line. The next day we lay there. And the next night we knew that we were to go over early in the morning, against this salient which had held fast for four years, and which was now defended by four systems of trenches and wire in our front.

What could we do, a raw, green army, that had never fought together, against the trained veterans of the mighty Ludendorf?

A world was looking on to see.

A world heard the crash of our artillery barrage in the midst of the night, and, with bated breath, beheld us go over the top with the first flush of dawn.

If we failed . . .

In my heart I knew we could not fail, as I stepped out of the trenches and started across No Man's Land toward the first German wire.

CHAPTER XXII

ST. MIHIEL AND AFTER

ST. MIHIEL was a walk-over.
It was an anti-climax.

The big scene came before the curtain went up, when all the world was waiting for the First American Army to go over the top in its first offensive.

That was really one of the dramatic moments in history, when the David among nations stood alone in the courage of innocence, with sling in hand, face to face with the Goliath that had challenged civilization for so many years.

But the show itself was a fizzle, as far as modern fighting was concerned.

The Germans laid down on the job, that was the substance of it. They were second class troops, and they quit cold.

There was fighting, of course — fighting that in any other war would have been regarded as a battle of stupendous magnitude and ferocity; but it was nothing to what we had expected, or to what we had experienced in pressing the Germans out of the Marne salient.



A BAVARIAN PRISONER OF WAR



CANADIANS MOVING FORWARD TO THE CAMBRAI ATTACK

We know now that Ludendorf, hard up for men, had not only thinned down his lines at this point and substituted second class troops, but had planned to withdraw entirely from the salient and form his lines along its base. In fact, he had already withdrawn many of his heavy guns.

No doubt this was known to the men left to hold the line, and the knowledge can be assumed to have softened their morale in a perfectly human way. Why die in an attempt to hold something for the purpose of giving it up as soon as you had succeeded in holding it?

Thirty hours after we started in we had reached our final objectives, according to schedule, capturing 18,000 men and more than 400 guns in the operation. This in itself had the appearance, at least, of an achievement which electrified the world with enthusiasm over the young nation from the West and gave the distressed onlookers whom we were championing new hope and confidence in the final outcome.

And the confidence was justified. The only reason why we did n't carry out a brilliant victory with complete success was because the Germans would not give us the chance to do it. They cheated us of the spectacle by withdrawing from

the scene. The outsider, however, believed we had won a great fight, and was thereby reassured, while the professional observer and technical critic knew that we had carried out a brilliant movement brilliantly and had even clearer grounds for feeling confident in us.

To them — to those who really knew — the hasty throwing together of an improvised army, formed half of recruits who had never been under fire, and the successful maneuvering of this army under modern conditions by a Staff that had never before handled anything bigger than a Division, and had never handled a Division until a few months previously, formed an achievement which would have daunted the most hopeful of them in the mere attempt. Now they knew that we would get away with anything.

This feeling was so strong, after our march through the St. Mihiel salient, that Foch was ready to administer the kick he had been preparing for, and which he knew he could not administer until the American Armies were ready.



GERMAN ARTILLERY CAPTURED BY THE CANADIANS NEAR ARRAS

He had been punching steadily. Late in August, Haig had delivered a stunning punch against Ludendorf on the Somme, sweeping the Germans back through the territory they had overrun in the Spring offensive, taking Bapaume, Peronne, Thiepval, and scores of villages and towns that had been fought over, and through, inch by inch, for years, and enabling the French to occupy Noyon once more. It was a deadly thrust.

Ludendorf had no more than felt the shivering, staggering effect of this impact than he received another short arm jolt from the Canadians, beginning east of Arras and developing into a complete thrust through the Queant-Drocourt Switch, an important auxiliary of the Hindenburg Line, and through a part of the impregnable Hindenburg Line itself — trenches and dugouts and redoubts and subterranean passages which the Germans had been working on for months and considered absolutely impervious to any possible attack.

Hugh was in this. He had reached his unit in the nick of time to take part.

And now Foch was ready; Haig was ready; Pershing was ready. The time had arrived. Foch on his own responsibility would not have sent the Armies of England and America against the enemy at that time. One tremendous push, he knew, and all would be over, if the others were ready. Otherwise, they would have to wait until Spring, and that meant another bitter Winter of warfare; more lives sacrificed than would have to be sacrificed now; a longer drain on the patience and resources of the Allied nations.

But Haig was ready. He knew what confronted his troops; the risks run; the disaster that would follow failure; the war-weariness at home; the uplift it would give to the flagging morale of the German Armies and the German people. His own Government was not eager to have him go on at

the time. Lloyd George dreaded the frightful casualty lists that were to be expected from an attack on the Hindenburg Line, the part of the task which would fall to the British. He was more inclined to trust to the plan of crumpling Germany by the way round; by pressing home through Austria; by lopping off Turkey and Bulgaria.

His hopes in this direction were not without grounds, especially appeal-
man. Turkey,
Allenby and his
Minor, was tot-
ing to a non-military
driven steadily by
Arab allies in Asia
tering. Bulgaria was



MARSHAL FOCH (*top*), SIR DOUGLAS HAIG (*left*), GENERAL PERSHING (*center*), GENERAL PETAIN (*right*)

about to go, according to all signs. The Serbs, French, Italians, British and Greeks were ready to move in upon her from Salonika; Greece, through the masterly statesmanship of Venizelos, had discarded Constantine, her pro-German King, and declared for alliance with the enemies of Germany.

And Austria, prodded by Germany to her final desperate effort against the Italians in June, had failed and fainted. Now it was clearly only a question of time until the Italians, with the help of French and British troops, and some Americans, would roll back her invasions and put her out of the fighting. Germany, thus stripped of her Allies, would have to capitulate, saving the deadly destruction of another great push on the Western Front. So argued the British Government.

But Haig was not of the same mind. He believed that victory could come on the Western Front only, and that it should be won now, when the impetus toward victory had set at last in the right direction. Another Spring, and the resistance of Germany, moral and material, would be stiffened; the start would have to be made again. "Let us do it now," he said, in effect, to Foch. "I will assume the responsibility for it so far as the British forces are concerned." While his Government was not wholly behind him, it would not deter him.

Pershing, as well, was ready. There was grave doubt, too, in his quarter. The Americans had fought well and bravely. But only once had they fought as an Army, at St. Mihiel. Brilliantly successful as that adventure had turned out, it still left something to be desired in the matter of staff work, of transport. If the final kick were given now, the Americans would have to take a much larger concerted part in it than they had taken so far; would have to call upon many, many troops that had not yet had their baptism



SOME OF UNCLE SAM'S "CARDS" TO THE KAISER

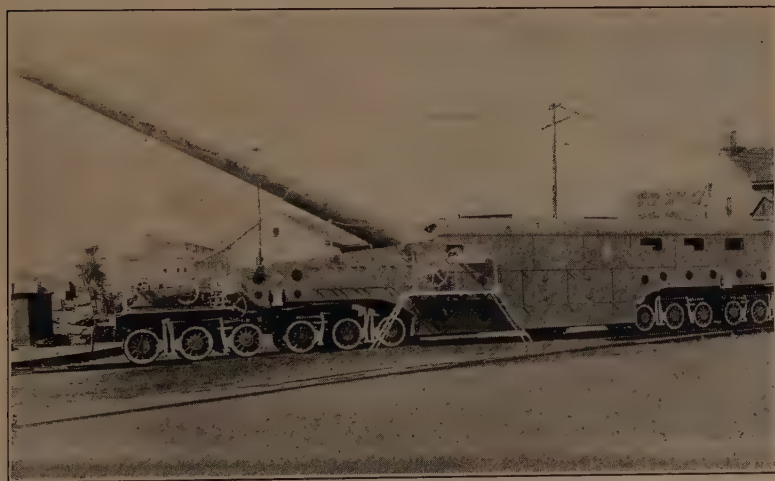
of fire, their final training in actual fighting, which makes the soldier; would have to go up against the wary, wise, seasoned troops of Germany in a game in which the advantage of experience was all with the enemy.

But Pershing believed in his Staff, in his men, in the cause, in the opportunity. "Let us do it now," he, too, said in effect.

And Armageddon began.

The Americans were to participate to a degree in every area of war. Some were with the Belgians, under King Albert, who were to take up the fight near the sea and thrust back into their own land. Others were assigned to the British forces, carrying on the kick through northeastern France as a climax to a prolonged, diabolically skillful and thorough preparation. Some were with the French, joining up with the British.

But the main American attack was to be along the Meuse and through the Argonne, north from Verdun toward Sedan. The Argonne was a hideous problem. Rough, shaggy woods on ragged, rugged hills, with only two roads



U. S. NAVAL RAILWAY BATTERY IN FRANCE

of communication, and with terrain where artillery could scarcely follow, and where tanks, now the great weapon of victory on the British front, were impossible, because of the woods and rocks and steep ravines. It formed an ideal defensive country for machine guns, in which weapon the Germans were supreme.

All through the war the Argonne had lain untouched. More than once the French had tried to shake the German hold on it, but the cost promised to prove too great. The place was regarded now as such a hard nut to crack that the plan was for the Americans to move down the Meuse, to the east of the forest, while the French advanced along the western skirts, thus cutting it off and pinching it out without a serious frontal attack. Our lines in the forest itself would merely take up the slack.

The objective of the grand kick, all along the line from Albert and Peronne down to the American front, was inviting and definite. It was nothing less than the main line of communication that ran behind the German defences from Switzerland to the sea. One end was fed through Metz; the other through the Belgian railways. To cut it at any point meant to sever the life cord of the present German defence, and compel a withdrawal all along the line — if not much worse.

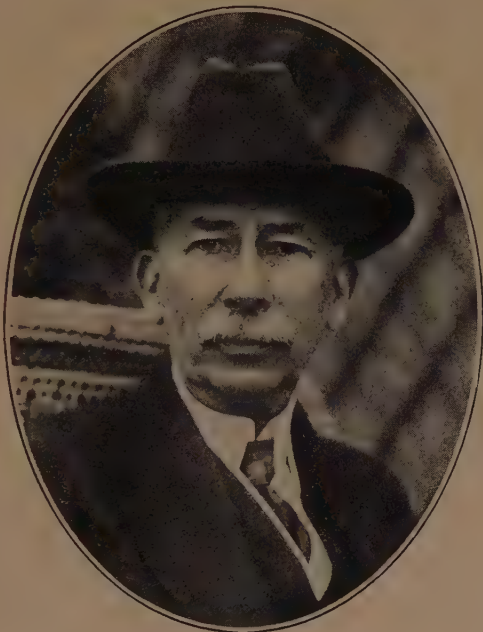
We, in the ranks, did not know what was going on, or what was in the air, when we were hastily withdrawn from St. Mihiel, which had proved paper under our thrust, and bundled off to the west. Those in the front of our advance, who were held pressed against the Germans where they had stiffened at the base of the salient, with Imperial orders to hold at all hazards, believed that it was their pleasant destiny to go forward straight through to Metz, which now lay under range of our heavy naval guns, soon to be brought up from the coast.

They had good reason to think so, for they were being handled in a way that was intended to make the Germans come to the same conclusion; and a soldier in the ranks is not taken into the confidence of G. H. Q. An action into which he plunges with all the enthusiasm and hope a soldier can feel at the prospect of a decisive victory, *may* prove to be only a well conceived feint, in which, as a part of the pretence, he may be called upon to sacrifice his life.

No doubt the average American soldier would have a great deal to say about giving up his life on something that seemed to him so futile and inconclusive as a feint, but every move,

every step, every wound, every death or agony that promotes the final outcome, is just as much a part of success as the last spectacular over-the-top that achieves the final break-through.

I have heard men complain — not those who were killed, of course, but those who were hurt, and those who were left behind to miss those killed — of what seemed to be a needless sacrifice in the fighting that was carried on up to the moment when the Armistice went into effect, and I have given the matter more or less thought. It does seem tough to



COLONEL EDWARD M. HOUSE

be laid low as the result of one of the last shots fired, when everyone was fully expecting fighting to cease. But what if it had not ceased? What if the Germans, luring us into a sense of jubilant security by a cry of "Kamerad" on the grand scale, had struck out while our guard was down, or had wormed themselves into positions of greater advantage than we had allowed them under pressure, so as to be ready to defy us if they decided it was safe? These people who tore up treaties as "scraps of paper," sunk hospital ships and launched gas warfare on a civilized world — it was necessary to hold them down, once they were down, until the business was settled.

Uncle Sam and I — and Mildred — were talking about this only yesterday. A couple of boys from my old company had just been in. They had both been talking rather wildly about things in general — General Pershing, their superior officers all the way down to the N. C. O.'s, the way things had been bungled in the Argonne, the way the boys had been neglected out there, and overworked; the delay in sending them home, now that it was over. By the time they began to make a case against the conduct of the war out of this last-moment fighting, I could stand it no longer. "We had a big job on our hands, and everybody did their best," I said. "Including yourselves. I think it's pretty lucky for the rest of us that you were in the trenches instead of back home trying to direct things. Fighting is only about one per cent of being a soldier. The other ninety-nine per cent consists in being a good soldier. Maybe we could do it better next time; but there won't be any next time, if the country will keep on standing behind Wilson in his peace fight the way it has been standing behind him in the war instead of grousing around without any faith, the way you two fellows are doing."

Mildred smoothed it over. Like most Americans, of most

ages, they had talked without thinking. Most of the rest of the Americans think without talking, which is just about as bad for the country. Uncle Sam was sane about it. He came back laughing, after he took them down the street.

"Kicking kids!" he said. "The eternal egotism of ignorance. We don't pay much attention to them when they come home from college that way, or howl around at noon

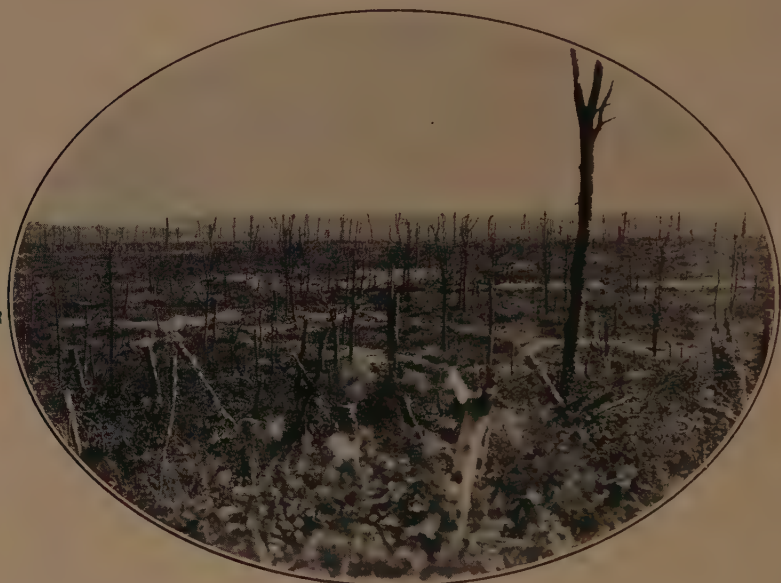


CHAUMONT, FRANCE, WHERE THE ALLIED COMMANDERS, WITH GENERAL PERSHING, CONFERRED ON THE GREAT 1918 FALL OFFENSIVE

hour, before they go back to the office. We don't expect much of them. We don't even let them vote until they are twenty-one. Now, I suppose the people back home will make oracles of them, and sit around listening to them, and put the biggest kicks on the front page, and start investigations, and elect Republicans. . . . Amusing, is n't it? Now they are starting on the Y. M. C. A."

"I suppose it really is the impulse to criticism which is the basis of a free government," Mildred put in.

We were all feeling rather badly over the turn politics had taken at home. The Republicans had carried Congress in the Fall elections. In a way, perhaps, the President was to blame for that. He had made the tactical mistake of asking the country for a Democratic Congress to support him in his conduct of the war — and peace. He ought to



VIEW OF THE GERMAN TRENCHES ASSAULTED BY THE 26TH DIVISION
A. E. F., NEAR BOIS DE ÉPARGES, SEPTEMBER 10, 1918

have known better, of course. He ought to have known that you cannot dictate to the American voter in that way — that an attempt to influence the election in that way would have the opposite effect. At the same time his repudiation by the people at home when two million men were over here trying to support him in his attempt to wipe out war for the whole world rankled in my thoughts.

But the most serious effect which the reverse would have would be on European thought toward the President.

To them, with their system of government, it could mean only that Wilson was no longer accepted at home as the leader of his people and that all he stood for in the war and in the prospective peace no longer had their support.

"He would never have done it if House had been there," commented Uncle Sam.

House! What a figure! How unique in all history, this wise, shrewd, silent man, devoting himself and his rare talents to universal service without reward, without credit, even, when he could avoid it; weaving back and forth an amazing pattern in the looms of history; guiding, succoring, advising the President; keeping him informed; studying; meditating; reporting; familiar friend and confidant of all the world's great men and many of her kings and princes; against whom reproach or slander had never raised its head.

There were some, of course, who did not like him — my father among them. Father did not so much dislike as disapprove of him; or, rather, of his unofficial functions. I have come to think that that was a form of professional jealousy that crept in after father had become a bit of a bureaucrat in the State Department. It was astonishing to see what his connection with the Government did to his sense of humor.

Sam Stevens, on the other hand, was a great admirer of Colonel House, whom he characterized as a spiritual soldier of fortune. He liked the way the quiet Southern gentleman went about getting things done. Sam knew him, of course, and felt that he knew him well, as everyone else did who was acquainted with House.

I am writing this with my own hand. They have all gone and left me alone to go to sleep, but I have contrived to get up and find a light. Stealing out of bed like this is quite

a lark; the more so, since it was not very long ago when there was some doubt whether I would ever have the strength and control to navigate. . . .

Mildred has just come back, to bid me good night again, as she often does after I think I have seen the last of her, and caught me at it. She wanted to see what I had written. She does not put down, just yet, all that I say to her, and she felt that she could not quite trust me.

Of course I did not show her. I suppose I ought to put something down that would justify her suspicions of me.

But I am a bit done up.



MEN OF THE 80TH DIVISION, A.E.F., FOREGATHER AT THE MONTFAUCON
Y.M.C.A.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE BIG PUSH BEGINS

NIGHT!
Dark, abysmal, primeval night.

Overhead, in illimitable space, the stars that had looked down upon this earth when it, too, was a glowing, whirling mass, like themselves, and upon all the foolish things that had taken place upon it to this moment — and all the good.

All about the darkened hills, piled in tumult, one on the other, up to the summit where Montfaucon stood on the summit.

The rustle of a breeze through the weeds. The distant rumble and roar of army transport, bringing up munitions, supplies, food, through the broken woods over broken roads. Now and then the groan of a man, the crack of a voice.

I lay on my back, relaxing in delicious repose, with a strange sense of solitude and peace upon me, after the frantic day of strife and struggle amidst thousands upon thousands of men bent on destroying each other. I could hear the quiet breathing of others near by, deep in sleep.

Occasionally the rattle of a machine gun, startled, spitting like a cat in alarm at some unseen threat. Occasionally the rising crescendo of guns, plastering distances with death, flashing sudden and fitful glares through the night.

There was no other light. Trucks, motors, ambulances, artillery on the way up, were laboring through utter darkness, fumbling their way over unknown roads, to avoid being seen by distant observers, or by German airmen whose

whirring planes could be heard up there somewhere between us and the cold, placid stars.

It was the night after our first attack in the Meuse-Argonne — that incredible dash of untried men against a veteran enemy.

What would the morrow bring?

The big push had begun! Where and when and how would it end? Where — and what — would I be? It seemed impossible that I should last through many more hours like the last twelve.

It all seemed like a dream, my being there, lying out on the cold ground, at night, in France, waiting to fight again. I thought of all the times I had not fought as a boy, when other boys would have fought. How hateful to me the idea always was of using force; trying to overcome with brute strength; how I feared being hurt! Here I was, engaged in the greatest trial of brute strength in the history of the human race, hurting and in imminent danger of being hurt. And what a good soldier I was, for all that; how well I was doing my part; how cool and courageous something was making me!

I thought of the millions of other men, stretched in a tense line from where I was, hundreds of miles to the North Sea; each one of them a man like me; each thinking his own thoughts; each with his own life packed tightly around him. Of the Fritzie across the way, up on the hill there at Montfaucon; on a thousand hills. How it must seem to them to be getting beaten at last — incredibly beaten, after all these years!

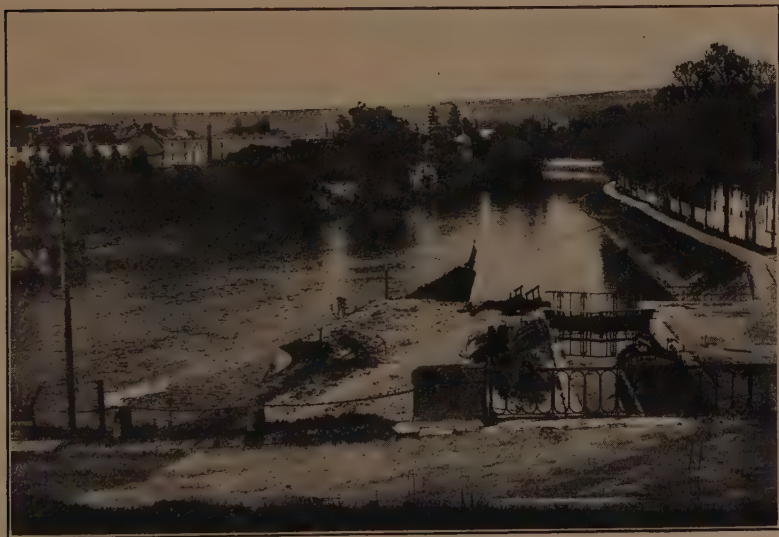
I had seen many of them go streaming past us behind the line, prisoners, that day. I had taken some myself, and sent them back. They all seemed greatly relieved; glad it was over with, one way or the other. Now they would soon be going home. No more chance of being prevented from



U. S. ATLANTIC FLEET IN FORMATION

that. But I felt a strange personal pity for them, at the same time, in the bitter helplessness of being defeated.

My thoughts ran home, to our quiet, simple, commonplace little living room in Washington. I saw my fine father, thinking things out steadily, bracing himself for every bit of news that might be on its way. "It's all right so far, father. Cheerio," I said to myself. And mother, anxiously sitting beside him, reading the papers. And Evelyn, in a uniform. She was driving a motor now, for some active department in the capital. "I love it," she wrote me. "It is great sport." Where was that rather annoying young Craig? Out on the black ocean somewhere, helping to bring more Americans to take our places in France, if need be. They had done a good job, and a trying one, those sailors. Ceaseless vigilance, under a strain which was the greater because for days on end their watchfulness brought no results, no stimulation, not even expectancy, but had to be maintained. Those stars up there among the trees were glancing down indifferently on



VIEW OF VERDUN AND THE MEUSE RIVER



GENERAL PERSHING, PRESIDENT POINCARÉ AND FRENCH MINISTER OF WAR
PAUL PAINLEVÉ REVIEWING TROOPS

him and his comrades tonight, as they were on me and mine.

Where was Hugh? How was it going with him? Somewhere with the British, where the fighting was going to be of the worst, I knew that much. They were up against the Hindenburg Line in its perfections. And Teddy, Jr.? Was he off somewhere in Germany, dragging through the weary days, waiting? Did he know how close deliverance was approaching? Or were his unknown bones. . . .?

Billy Florida, I knew his whereabouts as accurately as anyone ever knew them. I had seen him that day, talking to some German prisoners that had just been brought in, ferreting information out of them. But where was Sadie Lockheart? And that other — Elizabeth?

My thoughts wheeled around to Mildred.

It seemed a lifetime since they had pulled us away from St. Mihiel, when we were no longer needed there. None of us knew where we were going. I was amazed and puzzled when they told me that the city we finally swung into sight of was Verdun.

Rugged old Verdun; rock that had stood through the wracking tides of war during these long four years; splintered, scarred, serene, unperturbed.

We were there for a day and part of a night, moving out early and unexpectedly in the dusk of the following dawn. Some of us soldiers had a chance to walk through its streets, buying little things, talking with shopkeepers and citizens, eating in the cafés. There was a patronizing air about the town, as of one who has been through much, toward a novice. Something like the attitude of a convalescent toward one who is going to be operated on on the morrow. We certainly were operated on!

We did not move far. They hurried us out of sight with the first break of light. Wherever we were going, and what-



THE VAN OF THE A. E. F. MARCHING TO BATTLE

ever we were going to do, it was clearly intended to be kept secret from the Germans. I have been told that the teeming life of the jungle becomes suddenly silent and invisible on the approach of a man. I was reminded of this by the effect of light upon the landscape.

We had been sensible, in the twilight of the morning, of a confusing stir in every direction. The whole earth seemed



ALLIED CAVALRY SKIRTING A SHELL-CRATER, EN ROUTE TO THE FRONT

in-motion. There had been the incessant scuffing and fluttering of myriad feet; spectral streams of many men passing in silence; the roar of motors, the clatter of tanks.

Light came, and all had disappeared. The roads were empty and innocent.

There have been many miracles in this war — the stand of the British at Mons and at Ypres; the stand of the French at Verdun; the sudden upset of the German plans at the First Battle of the Marne. Another one was the bringing up of the necessities of war to the Meuse-Argonne; hurrying, crowding forward over broken roads; engineers fumbling in the dark for rocks and planks to fill in mushy shell-holes so that heavy loads could pass over; trucks in the ditch; artillery and motor machine guns and ammunition

trains in a jam; mule teams mixed up; all in the dark in strange places; no one daring to flash a light, lest the enemy observe the activity and be forewarned. Excepting that our miracle did not come through quite so clearly as some of them, as we shall see.

Surprise was vital, of course. It always is. There were special reasons for preserving it this time. Ludendorf was not expecting us so soon again. The Americans had just launched the St. Mihiel offensive. No German mind would conceive of our coming back so soon with another one — and a bigger one. And we did not want any German mind to guess it from anything that was going on on his front. Silence was even enjoined upon us as we marched along through the night. It fitted into the picture perfectly.

They marched us up into line behind the firing lines — not on them. A thin fringe of French was left in front, so that the Germans could get no inkling that the Americans were massed ready to pour over. There were French, too, in the artillery — incomparable gunners with their incom-



SHELL-TORN SECTION OF MONTFAUCON

parable guns ready to soak down for us the deadly dust of rifle and machine gun fire when the time came to advance. And we had French airplanes — the first Liberty motors had begun to arrive only in August, and had not yet reached the front. But otherwise we were Americans all — hundreds of thousands of us.

We were wheeled up early in the evening to our position. It was nip and tuck, I found out afterwards, to bring all our soldiers into their places in time. Foch had set a day for us to be ready — September twenty-fifth — and we were. But then he gave us one more day, which the staffs put to good use in tying up the loose ends of their preparations.

For a while, as we moved forward through the dark, I tried to keep track of the general scheme of things — not because it was any part of my duty or responsibility, but because it was interesting to figure out the plan. The confusion seemed so complete and hopeless that I wondered whether anyone made head or tail of the movement. Troops seemed to be going every which way, and no way at all. I soon gave it up, and confined myself to keeping track of the man next to me and staying with him. That is the first principle of liaison — keeping together. Soldiers must keep in contact with each other, platoons must maintain touch with platoons, companies with companies, regiments with regiments, division with division, lest a gap open up and spread which may let the enemy through in a counter, or leave untouched areas of stinging offence in the rear and on the flanks of advancing troops. Since such a gap may have its small beginning between you and the man next you, — since they all have such an origin, as a matter of fact — the business of keeping personally in touch can be seen to be important. And difficult, too, at night, when you don't know where you are going, and cannot have a light.

We were supposed to get some sleep. And we did, some

of us. It had been a hard drill into line. But after midnight there was little of it left for any of us. For at that hour the night was rent open by the blast of the guns in the preliminary bombardment. The hour was coming. We were to go "over the top" at dawn.

I sat watching the sputter of flames for miles, dying away at last in a fluttering glare where the distance was too great to see the single spurts. The din was frantic, but sweet to the ears. For over there, where those shells were plumping down at the ends of their swift arcs of flight, the Germans whom we were to go against in a few hours were being made ready for us.

I shall never forget the interminable suspense of those hours; the eagerness for action, the desire to have something happening which we could have a hand in. And, with me, a distressing impatience to know what was going to happen to me; how I should behave.



RUINS OF MONTEFAUCON

Gradually, imperceptibly, a faint gray stole over the sky. The tiniest stars began to fade. Then around the rim of night the gray grew brighter. Little by little we began to be able to distinguish objects — the loom of the hills we were to go against, individual trees emerging from the blot of woods, the men at our elbows.

As soon as a man was distinguishable at a distance of a pace or two, even as a moving shadow, we went over.

The charge of today is not the impetuous, hurrahing rush of former wars. You stand up and you walk slowly, under an urge almost irresistible to crouch and crawl, or run forward. But you can't do that. In the first place, a little way ahead of you is the creeping barrage, timed to travel at a certain rate. If you travel faster than it does, you poke your head into the nether fringe of it, with disastrous results. In the second place, you must all get there together, and not give the Boche time to polish you off piecemeal, in the order of your arrival.

So we walked slowly, feeling hideously exposed, with a sense of unprotected nakedness mingling with a sense of protection behind the curtain of death which swept ahead of us over the German trenches.

No Man's Land! For days and months and years no man had walked like this in broad daylight across this territory and lived. It struck me like being able suddenly to walk out across deep waters which you had gazed over for a long time.

Hate had blasted it desolate. It was a seething succession of shell-holes, like healed pock-marks, overlapping, irregular, some deep, some shallow, some partly filled by the dirt thrown out of later explosions, some fresh and round and crisp.

We wove in among them. It was hard walking. If you went around the deep holes you lost liaison. If you went

through them you had a slippery climb in and out over the weeds that had grown in the old ones; and were sleek and dry at this time of the year; or the loose dirt of those that were fresh.

I looked down the line, waving, in and out, up and down. Here and there men toppled over. Many fell but were on their feet again, having merely stumbled or slipped. Even while I looked my feet struck a weed patch on the margin of two shell holes, went back under me, and I pitched headlong down into the next hole, ploughing my sleeves full of loose dirt.

Suddenly in the growing half-light posts began to appear, bearing tangled skeins of wire. The artillery was supposed to have knocked this flat. But it had n't, in front of us. The guns had begun firing without first testing the range, in order not to give information of our intentions to the enemy. So picking out posts that were out of sight, by firing according to the map, had not always accomplished the purpose.



NO MAN'S LAND, NEAR MONTSEC, FROM WHICH THE GERMANS WERE DRIVEN
BY THE A.E.F. SEPTEMBER 12, 1918

Here and there were lanes. Fifty yards from me I saw the boys streaming through, the way water runs through a gap. But ahead of us, there was only a mat of wire, half tumbled together, which made it worse, in many respects, than regularly strung wire.

I got out my wire cutters and began. Bullets were commencing to zip. The wire was years old, much of it, and rusty. "Whing," would go a strand, under the clippers, and bound away in a thrashing coil. Then for the next strand. It is not a pleasant job. You feel in a desperate hurry, with bullets zinning close and the other boys getting ahead of you through the open places. You don't want to make them wait.

Some of our fellows found holes under the wires; got down on the ground and burrowed. Not a bad plan, so far as safety is concerned, but a very bad one in respect of getting yourself jammed into a mess that you can't lift through.

I tried it. I was in such a mess, matted down by a snarl that had me caught in a dozen places, when a spray of machine gun bullets whipped over my head. I could hear wires snapping above them, like taut "cello" strings pulled too taut.

The man next me grunted and sunk limply down, pressing the wires tighter against me. I was idiotically angry with him for getting shot!

I think I should have been there yet, enmeshing myself permanently in those wires, if some one had not clipped two or three master strands in my cluster, while working his own passage through, and released me.

There was an end of the wire, of course. I broke free at last and leaped forward, to establish the line again.

Here were the trenches.

Not many Germans about.

I saw a green-sleeved arm sticking up from the churned dirt.

We jumped down into what was left of the trenches and began to thread our way around.

Turning a traverse, I came upon the half-broken door of a dug-out. A German was emerging; a pale, stoutish man of middle age, whom you might have expected to find cobbling shoes on some city side street.

I started after him with the bayonet. It seemed a great pity. There were others behind him, and others behind me as well.

He gave me a frightened look, and shrank down a little. "Kamerad!" he pleaded, holding his hands in front of him like a poodle sitting up.

I made as if to thrust him through, then passed him along. Others were coming out of the dug-out. We



VARENNES, ONE OF THE FIRST TOWNS CAPTURED BY THE AMERICANS IN THE ARGONNE DRIVE

turned ten over to a couple of our boys, and sent them back.

Then to the next trench. We had n't much time. Others behind must do the mopping up. We were scheduled to push on through.

It was a tangle, a labyrinth, of ditches that we penetrated, running helter skelter, every which way. I never ceased to marvel at the intelligence which could understand a system of trenches; that knew just why each one ran in this direction just so far and then in that, and why the next



MONTFAUCON — RUINS OF THE CHURCH AND THE PUBLIC SQUARE

trench began at a given point, and travelled in a given direction; that had a reason known beforehand for every spadeful thrown up.

To tell the truth, the fighting was not very stiff — just then. We had taken the enemy completely by surprise. He had n't counted on this. His best troops were not in line against us; and there were not too many — just yet — of his lesser ones.

Out beyond it was worse. We were crossing another pock-marked area, where immemorial shells had been pounding and pestling the dirt behind the first line trenches, and were weaving through it toward ragged woods ahead.

The sun was bright; it was getting to be sweaty work.

Now here, now there, in the woods ahead, we heard the put-t-t-t-t of machine guns, and knew that things were thickening up.

We took to dropping into shell holes; creeping from one to another, sneaking up on the woods. The put-t-t-t-ting broke out in new and more numerous places. Things were getting thicker!

Now we were in the woods. It was like swatting flies, wiping out those machine gun nests. Except that you had to swat quickly, and swat first. They stung death.

For twenty miles, as it turned out, we were doing this.

Noon came, but no noon whistle. No quiet little luncheon. Things were rapidly thickening up!

Little by little we kept forging ahead. Rocks and trees that one hour were spitting death at us, in another hour were placidly in our wake. The same rocks and trees, but so different — safe as an empty bottle.

A man grows tired without knowing it, struggling through woods hour after hour, with intervals of spirited wrestling, and with nothing to eat, and no chance to draw his breath.

The afternoon wore away, and still we forged ahead, up slopes through woods, toward our objective.

Shadows grew longer.

Shadows in the brain, too; shadows of fatigue.

Evening and night came. The fighting faded out; died down.

We looked around, and dropped where we were.

The boys began to grumble for their grub — hot grub, after a hot day's work.

And here I was, lying out among the stars, under the trees in France, wondering about it all.

Wondering what the morrow would bring. Wondering what the day had brought elsewhere.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE WORK GOES ON

THE Meuse runs north past Verdun before a range of heights on its eastern bank, and the tumble of hills I spoke of on its western. At the foot of this second ridge, paralleling the Meuse, is a little river called the Aire. Beyond the Aire the Argonne begins, four miles wide and fourteen in length. We were beginning at the end to clear our way through. Not the Division I was with, but another Division — the 77th, from New York City; product of the offices and shops, the avenues and the slums; small men for the most part, but big fighters.

The heights across the river to the east of the Meuse were held by the Germans. We were obliged to move in front of these, right along their face, with a flank bent back to confront them. Next to the Meuse, between the river and the place of my Division in the line, the Germans were depending largely on swampy ground for their defence. Our boys went through this up to their waists in mire, and to their necks in water, and cleaned them out.

In front of us were the Montfaucon woods, reaching up along the piled up hills to the summit, near which was the town of Montfaucon, our objective.

We did n't make it the first day. I was disappointed. I knew that the Crown Prince had built a palatial dug-out up there to watch the operations against Verdun. I was obsessed with a curiosity to see that dug-out.

They kept stirring us up and poking us around that first night, trying to establish liaison all along the line. Once they brought us back a hundred yards or so through woods

that we had paid for with blood. Then they moved us forward again. We kicked at all that. We wanted to sleep. And it had begun to rain. And we had had no food.

The engineers were having the worst of it that night. There were only a few little tracks across the land, fit for foot soldiers. These had fallen into disuse and bad repair. We needed the artillery out there in front, where we had penetrated to, and we needed the rolling kitchens. But they needed roads. The engineers were trying to give them roads; working in the dark, on unknown ground, building narrow bottoms to the mud.

Day came on cold. I got up and stretched myself, aching and miserable, in its earliest light. I was very hungry, very unhappy. I felt things were not working out right. I munched a bit of cold ration, shivering with every move.

Shadows began to take shape around me. Other men



GERMAN PRISONERS TAKEN BY THE CANADIANS IN FRONT
OF CAMBRAI

were pulling themselves together. "Where in blazes is that grub?" was the first remark of most. No one knew. We only knew where it was not.

A few 75s began to bark. The German artillery commenced to answer heavily. They made a dismal sound. The shells, we saw, were plastering the communications in our rear, holding off our artillery, our food.

They told us to go on, and we did. It was part of the movement taking place all the way to the North Sea. We had to do our part, regardless.

Machine guns began to sputter ahead of us.

I became aware of one in our immediate front. A bullet from it clipped through my coat. I dropped behind a fallen tree to think it over. I could not stay there. I had to go on. So I jumped forward to another shelter behind a standing tree.

No use shooting into the thicket where the machine gun seemed to be. Nevertheless I fired, to relieve my feelings.



PRISONERS CAPTURED BY THE CANADIANS IN A NIGHT RAID



A 15-INCH GUN ABANDONED BY THE GERMANS IN THEIR RETREAT FROM VERDUN

I saw some men streaming out, one by one, over to the right, toward the nest. So did the Germans handling the machine gun. They turned the hose-stream of bullets in that direction. Half a dozen of us slipped forward. That drew the fire on us, and let the others creep in closer. Others at our left were moving forward in the same way.

There was an angry doggedness about it that you would not expect in green troops.

We were making intermittent progress when the group at the right picked up machine gun fire from another nest, behind and flanking the first one. That was the German system of defence, and a trying one. If we only had our artillery. . . .

We dashed up, one by one. Some of the boys got pinked. You could not tell, when a man dropped, whether he was hit or only taking shelter, until you noticed whether he got up again for another dash, or remained where he had dropped.

I got behind two rocks. There was a narrow space



THE FAMOUS CANAL DU NORD, WHICH THE CANADIANS STORMED



IN THE CHÂTEAU AT THE LEFT WAS FOUND BY AN OFFICER OF THE 37TH AMERICAN DIVISION A FINE TELESCOPE USED BY THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE DURING THE VERDUN OPERATIONS

between them which excellently served the purpose of a loop hole. I settled down to fire through this aperture. They spotted me. I heard their bullets spattering on my rocks, and ducked behind them for a moment.

I guess they thought they had got me, or else they found other occupation for their fire. I took up my shooting once more.

This time I located the spurts of fire and aimed point blank. Presently their firing ceased. I waited to make sure. While I waited two of our fellows made a dash. Then two more. And that machine gun was accounted for.

So it went, all that bitter day, up the slopes toward Montfaucon.

By noon we were in the town.

I forgot to look for the Crown Prince's dug-out.

How about the fighting over to the right, along the Meuse? And to the left, in the little valley of the Aire? And beyond that, in the Argonne forest? We did not know then. Now we know how the 33rd Division, pressing across the wet lands of the Forges bottoms, leaped, all covered with

mud and glory, upon the Germans, and drove forward along the river. How the Division next to them, pushing forward, got wedged in between the fire from the heights of the Meuse, across the river, and the artillery which the enemy had brought up on the whaleback on their left, and suffered a terrible pounding.

On the east bank of the Aire, west of us, the 35th Division had a hideous experience, pushing in against concentrated fire from surrounding heights. For five days it fought in its entirety without rest or relief, on raw rations which it could not cook. Half of its men were killed or wounded. Nevertheless it made six miles.

Across the Aire, next to the Argonne Forest, the 28th fared little better. The Germans, alarmed by the threat to their lateral communications, made a desperate stand, with enormous advantages in their favor, and held our men practically helpless.

In the Argonne itself the progress in this first stage was slow but sure against a stubborn defence.

Over at the left of the center, next the 35th, marching



SCOTCH-CANADIANS MOVING UP TO THE ATTACK ON CAMBRAI

up the trough of the Aire, were the rangy boys from the Pacific. They had never before been in a battle.* They were sent into this one with orders to go as far as they could. They swung off into a four-mile advance in the first morning. They got the jump on the Germans at a ravine, where the enemy had planned on making a full resistance, and swept past them. They went on over hills and through forest the next day, and the next, and the next, until they had reached a state of exhaustion. Nothing less than this, and the absolutely impenetrable welter of machine guns and the artillery fire that the desperate enemy had brought up, could stop them.

Next to them, moving up through the Montfaucon woods, as bad ground as any in the Argonne Forest, were the Ohio boys. They, too, fought until exhausted; until weary legs could not hold weary bodies off the rain-drenched earth, and resistance against the bitter cold had given way to stupor. Yet these were the fellows whom we met in Montfaucon, after three days of it.

They had fought us to a standstill all along the line, that was all there was to it, and we could n't go on until we could bring up our artillery and organize some semblance of transport behind us.

Meanwhile Hugh had been having some excitement.

The British were to administer the kick along the Hindenburg Line in front of Cambrai and St. Quentin. Haig had retained two American Divisions to help in it. And one of these was Hugh's.

The first blow fell on the 27th, the day after we started along the Meuse. The British after a sharp artillery preparation, went against the Canal du Nord. They made six miles, threatening Cambrai from the north.

The next day King Albert, with his Belgians, and a little help from French, British and Americans, smashed through



CANADIAN "LADIES FROM HELL" EXAMINING AN ABANDONED GERMAN
MACHINE-GUN NEST NEAR THE CANAL DU NORD

in front of Ypres, where Ludendorf, relying on Flanders mud for his defence, had thinned out his line to gather reserves to put in against the Americans along the Meuse and the expected British assaults around Cambrai. All the Flanders ridges, for which the British had fought so bloodily for so many months, and which had been swept out of their grasp by the prodigious German drive of the Spring, were seized once more, and Lille threatened from the north, as Cambrai was.

But the big show was farther south. It began on the 29th, after a bombardment, the most terrific the war had yet seen, in which tons of metal were thrown into the British lines.

Here was the very heart of the famous Hindenburg Line, and a pretty situation. The German defences lay behind a canal, deep, wide, unfordable, lying straight between high

banks. At two places the canal ran underground — once for a few hundred yards, once for four and a half miles. The Germans had paid extra attention to fortifying these natural bridges over the otherwise impassable barrier. They had made a huge dug-out of the entire tunnel where the canal ran under the hill; a perfect retreat from the heaviest bombardment. They had laid platforms from wall to wall over the water, and led little tunnels out behind, from which the troops could emerge in time to meet attacks, after the storm of artillery was over.

The attack on this part of the line fell to the Americans. One Division was to carry the southern end of the ridge over the canal; the other was to move against the northern end, where the canal, coming out of the ground, turned to the west, toward the British lines, and then swung north again. In the plan of the battle, it was decided to have the British refrain from attacking the canal at this point, which was very difficult, until the Americans had won across the canal over the ridge and swung up behind to the north, where the British could join up. The whole attack was to be fast and quickly accomplished. The Australians were to "leap-frog" through the American lines when they had gone as far as they could.

The British on the right, south of the Americans, made a brilliant assault, sliding down the steep banks of the canal, crossing the deep water on rafts, or with life-belts requisitioned from Channel steamers, scrambling up the opposite banks, and driving out the Germans.

The Americans next went through according to schedule, attaining their objectives on time and in order. But the other Division, fighting against the northern end of the canal, had a desperate time of it. Hugh was with them. He has told me about it.

Their right, next the successful American Division, got

along fairly well at first. Too well, as it turned out. "It was bitter work, but we went ahead," says Hugh. "We had to. You can't do anything else, when your movements are part of a plan that stretches from the mountains to the sea. At least, you can't do anything but try.

"We marched across the Somme battlefield, going in. I never supposed anything could look so dead and desolate. The ground had been churned up for years by shells, of course. But the worst of it was what the Germans had done to it when they withdrew in '17. It was a wreck, covered with grizzly weeds, and how it smelled! You know what that smell is. The Somme field did n't mean as much to us as it did to the others, who had been fighting over it. I saw big burlies in tears as they went across, quietly, over ground that had cost them blood and anguish for so long.

"I was away out in front with my men. We were grinding ourselves to pieces against the stiff pressure of their



HOWITZER FIRING AT MESSINES RIDGE

resistance, but we had to keep up with the boys on our right. We got up to our objective. Then I began to find out that everything was n't turning out just right. I began to see as many Germans behind us, and all around us, as there ought to be in front of us. I did n't know where they came from at first, or what we were going to do about it. Pretty soon I tumbled. They were pouring out of the tunnel, Orders were to mop them up as they came out and take them prisoners. But there was a whole Division down in there. How are you going to take prisoners when they are more than you are, and don't want to be taken? We simply could n't handle them. They were too many for us. That was n't part of my job; I had orders to press ahead and leave the mopping for others. But here we were, being mopped instead. There was nothing for it but to stick it out, and we did.

"Farther up the line they were having even a worse time. I think it was a bum plan to make us go ahead over the ridge leaving the enemy untouched behind the canal. It turned out bad, at least, because it gave the Germans a chance to turn all their attention to the boys that were coming along up there; and they certainly made the most of their chance. The boys had to come down the apron of a hill under direct fire from the wide, wide world. Then they had to march up the next hill against the real Hindenburg Line, meanwhile facing the music from over the way. They dropped 4,000 of us. I think we would have been wiped out if the Australians had n't come up according to plan. It took them four days to finish off what we were supposed to do that first day. Our end worked out all right, up where we were. . . . I can tell you I was glad to see those Aussies showing up. That was their last fight. When they finished that job they all were drawn off to rest, and get ready to go home. They had been at it for four years, half the world

away from home; shot, gassed, pounded, soaked, frozen, roasted in Gallipoli. They sure were glad to have it over with. We took over from them later and went on with the push."

The weather had turned nasty. Cold rain swept over those bleak hills, mingling with the machine gun bullets. We had gone light in order to be able to move swiftly. We lay shivering on the ground without blankets. And there



CANADIAN VANGUARD ENTERING CAMBRAI

was no food. Only the night after Montfaucon had fallen into our hands, and we had crept dog-tired out beyond to take more hills, and yet more, if we could, under pressure of implacable orders, did food reach us, brought out through the three miles of fire zone by parties as weary as we were.

I do not know what they gave us. I only knew I ate ravenously a few mouthfuls, and then toppled over asleep on the ground, with my food still in my hand.

That day they took us out, and I passed into a blissful dream of inaction and irresponsibility — until they needed us again.

CHAPTER XXV

THE LAST SHELL

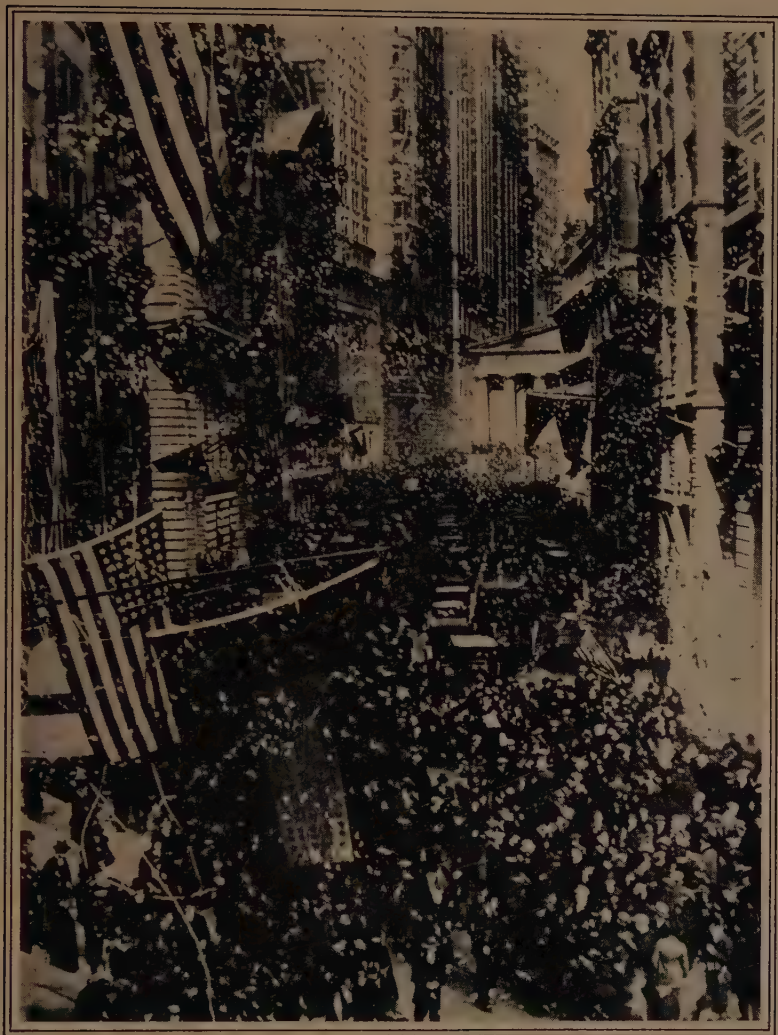
WE know now that as early as August eighth, when Haig made his first successful drive in the west, Ludendorf was beginning to advise the German Government to begin negotiations for peace. When he and Hindenburg saw the German lines crumbling up from the Channel to the Meuse, late in September and early in October, they both began to press more insistently for a peace move.

On the evening of September twenty-eighth — while I was lying out in the rain between the Meuse and the Argonne — Ludendorf threw up the sponge. Bulgaria had quit; Turkey was quitting. The Allied Armies, coöperating with the Serbs, had moved out from Salonika on the fourteenth — French, Italians, British, Greeks — and in two weeks had pulverized the Bulgarian Army. King Ferdinand abdicated, and it was all over.

On the twentieth-ninth of September Ludendorf and Hindenburg met the Kaiser and the Foreign Secretary at German Headquarters, and urged an immediate request for an armistice. That afternoon the Kaiser, acting without their counsel and to their great disgust, issued his pronouncement on the introduction of Parliamentary Government, and von Hertling ceased to be Chancellor. Ludendorf sent an officer to Berlin to insist on peace, and on the third of October Hindenburg was writing this to the Imperial Chancellor, Prince Max of Baden, who had assumed charge:

“To the Imperial Chancellor. Berlin, Oct. third.

“The High Command insists on the immediate issue of a peace offer to our enemies in accordance with the decision of



ARMISTICE DAY DEMONSTRATION AT BROAD AND WALL STREETS, NEW YORK

Sunday, September twenty-ninth, 1918. In consequence of the collapse of the Macedonian front, and the inevitable resultant weakening of our reserves in the West, and also the impossibility of making good the heavy losses which have occurred during the battles of the last few days, there is no prospect, humanly speaking, of forcing our enemies to sue for peace. The enemy, on the other hand, is continuing to throw fresh reserves into the battle.

"The German Army still stands firm and is defending itself against all attacks. The situation, however, is growing more critical daily, and may force the High Command to momentous decisions. In these circumstances it is imperative to stop the fighting in order to spare the German people and their Allies unnecessary sacrifices. Every day of delay costs thousands of brave soldiers their lives.

(signed) Von Hindenburg."

There is the military mind that is capable of fighting ruthlessly as long as it seems to serve, and then give over fighting as calmly as one throws down the last losing tricks at bridge and starts a new deal!

When Mildred read that letter to me, as we were poring over material for this work, I angrily regretted that we had entered into an armistice with them. It was a gigantic display of "Kamerad." Would it have been better to have treated it the way we treated the cry of "Kamerad" in the machine gun nests, when the Boches kept up their firing until we were upon them, and then tried to put our relationships on a new and wholesome basis by one little word?

Well, they tried it, and it worked. On the fourth of October Prince Max sent a note to President Wilson asking him to notify the other belligerents that Germany was ready to quit and talk things over.

I came out of the line on the thirtieth of September after

only four days of it. Some of the Divisions were in it for nearly as many weeks. How they stood it I do not know. For my part, I was a human wreck; drained to the dregs; sucked dry of energy and interest — “expended” as the military term puts it. I could hardly summon the moral fortitude to drag myself back over the weary way we had come through blood, tumult and death. My bones were water; my muscles wrappings of rags. I was gaunt, sunken-eyed, sick, with four days growth of dirty beard on my face. And I smelled to heaven again.

We had barely gotten out of the fighting when we were met by Salvation Army lassies, dressed in khaki, with coffee and doughnuts, smiles and cheery words.

I shall never forget how I stood swaying, with my rifle leaning in the creek of my elbow, a cup of hot coffee in one hand and a doughnut in the other, staring into the eyes of the young woman who had given them to me. She might have been some one's servant girl at home, or a country girl engulfed in the city, before the things began to happen to her which finally floated her into this work. She was not particularly intelligent, not at all pretty, but there was a light in her eyes which we seldom see.



“THE LOST BATTALION” AND MAJOR CHARLES WHITTLESLEY, NEAR APREMONT,
ARGONNE FOREST, OCTOBER 29, 1918

She had evidently been stared at before by numbed soldiers. She met it with a continued smile that reflected the light in her eyes.

Somehow she stood for the world that we were fighting for, to me, in that moment. I had forgotten that there was anything left but filth and stench and din and pain and hate and horror. Now all that seemed the fantastic dream which men will see that it is, sometime, and this revealed itself as the real — this young woman, happy in doing something loving.

We flopped down where we were to rest, moving on again a few miles late in the day. I began now to understand better why we up in front had suffered the lack of so many things. The tiny, inadequate roads were mires of mud



HOW NEW YORK CELEBRATED THE SIGNING OF THE ARMISTICE

occupied by stagnant masses of transport. We passed congestions miles in length where ammunition trains, guns, lorries, rolling kitchens, motor cars, ambulances, were tangled in such a hopeless confusion that they could move neither way for hours at a time. They stood there waiting, while our boys out in front were perishing for the need of the things they were trying to bring up. The wonder to me was that anything ever got through.

This was no one's fault. It could have been avoided only by a staff and an S. O. S. of years' of experience, instead of months; by facilities behind the lines double those available, and by preparations and consolidations of the immediate roads which would have consumed weeks of invaluable time. We were confronted by the alternatives of stopping to do all this, thereby delaying the end of the war until the following spring, or going ahead as well as we could with things as they were, and we simply chose the latter. If we had chosen the other, the loss and the cost would have been even heavier, though not so pointed, dramatic and satisfying, perhaps.

By stages we filtered back to rest quarters. The rest consisted in being lectured to half of every day and instructed in details of modern warfare and the way to wage it which meant something to us, now that we had found out how little we really knew, and going through drilling and training with the replacements which were assigned to fill out our ranks, half depleted both of men and of officers.

The quarters consisted of a broken village, in which not one house was intact, with a fair sized plain near by where we could drill. I slept in a woodshed which was warm and snug enough, and offered a fairly good bed of wood dust; but which swarmed with cooties. Nevertheless, with plenty of food and a chance to warm myself now and then in a "Y" hut, I began to regain vitality and buoyancy, and was quite fit again by the time I was to be sent in once more.



A FIFTH AVENUE SCENE ON ARMISTICE DAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1918, IN NEW YORK

We knew that we were near the end, and that it was nip and tuck whether we would get another chance at the Germans. With me, personally and privately, it was nip and tuck whether I wanted another go at them. If they could be polished off without me, I was quite willing that they should be, although my conscience and sense of obligation and duty were very quick.

The first phase of Foch's push had come to an end all along the line. It had been driven home as far as it could be without getting a new foothold; reorganizing transport.

But the second phase followed soon. Gouraud, with our 2nd Division in line — the Marines and Regulars who had helped stem the German tide in July — thrust up east of Rheims and forever freed that city and its cathedral from German guns.

Farther north the British made a big break-through and got to Le Cateau, scene of bitter experiences in those early days when the British were retreating before the German



SIXTEENTH INFANTRY, 1ST DIVISION, A.E.F., MARCHING INTO BANTHEVILLE,
NOVEMBER 12, 1918

tide that had washed them out of Mons. Here the cavalry got into play. For years it had been kept tuned up for this hour. Now it swept about through the open country, among towns that had not been smashed by years of war, welcomed by French inhabitants. Hugh was in this smash. The two American Divisions to which Haig had held on participated.

Down along the Meuse the situation was pretty stiff. The military problem, as I understand it, was something like this. Ludendorf knew that the jig was up. Early in October he did not hope even to be able to stave off the final collapse until Spring. Then the first phase of the final kick died out. Each Army of the Allies had put behind it the waste of the former battle lines, where war had surged back and forth for years, leaving nothing but wilderness which had to be crossed with roads and refurnished with railroads and bridges. This lull made Ludendorf think that he could still contrive to hold out longer than he had expected, and he set plans in motion to that end. His hope was to make a withdrawal to the line of the Meuse, from Belgium to where we were already pounding at that line. The Meuse turns east at Namur and runs through Belgium. If he could get all his troops behind this line without a disaster, he might stick it out. But he must not let us get through where we were, and he must not let the British get through where they were, midway between. So he was holding on for dear life in front of the Americans, and was preparing to make an equal stand along the Selle river, to keep the British off.

Our struggle through the second stage was bitter and ghastly. The task seems impossible now. It was a miracle of achievement. Wooded hills, swarming with machine guns served with skill and determination; behind them ridges pouring over their high explosive shells into open spaces, drenching woods with gas shells, our own artillery inadequate, crippled in its supply of ammunition.

Our attack began with a wedge driven far up the Aire valley. There followed a terrible thrust against the heights west of the Aire, where machine guns and artillery were holding up the entire advance, pouring flanking fire down upon the wedge and over into the troops waiting to mop up the Argonne. With utter disregard of losses we went on, widening the wedge. New Divisions hurled into the center and against the heights between the Aire and the Meuse made expensive progress. Under cold and dreary skies, drenched with rain, hungry, sleepless, untutored troops fresh from civilian life bore on and won, foot by foot, ridge by ridge.

To the left of the Argonne, Gouraud, with his French, was moving forward.

Then came the time for the 77th to advance in the woods. They did so. One battalion on the left, ordered to press on without regard to progress made on its flanks, found itself isolated and surrounded, but held out for days, on one day's rations, with what ammunition they carried with them. Hiding behind a hill, dug into their fox-holes, famished but



BULGARIAN RESERVES LEAVING FOR THE FRONT

triumphant, they waited until released by the advance of their fellows, earning undying glory and fame as the "Lost Battalion."

And so they went through to Grand Pre gap, at the top of the woods, and waited there for the last thrust which was to carry us to victory.

That was the day I "got mine," in another part of the line.

Back in our rest quarters, we had been recuperating and reviving, more and more eager to be in it again.

At last the orders came, and we moved forward, renewed in body and in spirit.

This time we were to attack east of the Meuse. There was a hill there that had resisted until now, the Borne de Cornouiller, highest of the hills east of the Meuse, which had plunged a deadly fire across the river into the flanks of our troops advancing northward.

We set out in high fettle. There was no talk of peace among us although it was known that negotiations were



AN IMPROVISED AMERICAN RED CROSS CANTEEN



"DEAD MAN TRENCH" NEAR THE MEUSE

being undertaken on the basis of President Wilson's Fourteen Points. It would not do to let the soldiers think of peace. That would have slowed them up. It is not in human nature to keep on fighting to the last minute when you know that it is virtually all over. And it is not in military prudence to assume that it is all over with a foe that is capable of crying "Kamerad" and then shooting you in the back. So there was no talk of peace.

The stage was everywhere set for the last great thrust. Our lines were pressed well home west of the Meuse. The Kriemhilde position, depended upon by the enemy for a last desperate stand, had been pierced and shattered. Behind it lay another and weaker line of defence, which would go the same way. Away to the North the British had swept the Germans out of their defences along the Shelle and cracked the center of his resistance, so vital to the consummation of Ludendorff's plans for a withdrawal and a stand on the Meuse until Spring.

We did not know it then, but Ludendorf was on the point of resigning, and Germany was seething with revolution. The people, half starved, deluded too long by promises of ultimate victory which they now knew could not be realized, fooled not at all by the pretence that Germany had been fighting a defensive war from the first, had turned against the whole business and were threatening to tear things down from the inside if any attempt were made to carry on the war any longer.

So the stage was set for victory.

More and more guns had come up to us. Some of our own American guns were now in evidence. The French foundries had supplied others. Ammunition had been



DOUGHNUTS WERE EVER READY IN THE SALVATION ARMY HUTS

accumulating in a most heartening fashion. Transport congestion had been ironed out, partly, at least. We were more certain of food; the vast resources of our nation were reaching through to us.

We moved forward, at last, to take our part in the final thrust. It was a joyous march. Even the sun was out again, after weeks of cold, drenching rain. Half of our men were replacements, but they were of us; had absorbed our traditions and our lore, and were in spirit veterans.

The Borne de Cornouillers — “Corned Willy” the boys called it, after corned beef — was a nasty problem. A barren hill towering above ridges and ravines which can be described as forming a bowl of which Cornouiller was the highest point in the rim. Its long slopes were exposed to machine gun and artillery fire. The prospect was not a choice one as we gazed across the intervening country, when we had crossed the river, and were moving up. I must confess that my heart sank.

The attack had to be made through the bowl. To get into the bowl you had to go for two miles along a road through Death Valley, continually under fire of all the German guns along the ridges and in the high woods. One branch of the road passed through a pass flanked by round hills and woods. Beyond it lay the plains of the Woevre and Germany. Two Divisions had tried in vain to seize this pass. Now they were clinging to the ground they had gained, lying in their fox-holes, beating off German counter-attacks.

We moved through Death Valley at night. Night or day was the same to the German gunners, who had the place registered and could let their shells off through the dark, certain that they would find their targets.

That is where I “got mine.” Shells were dropping all around us, spouting up dirt. The racket was deafening, but we were used to that. And to the shells, too, for that matter.



A SALVATION ARMY WORKER ROLLING DOUGHNUTS FOR THE
DOUGHBOYS IN FRANCE

But one can hardly get used to having a big one go off directly under one's feet. So when the one that got too near me let go, I felt the ground upheave beneath me — and all went black.

That was not the end of me, of course, or I would not be here writing this book, with the assistance of Mildred Birmingham.

I do not know how long I had remained submerged in

darkness when I began to come back and gradually became aware that I was lying in a cot somewhere, with a nurse hovering over me. I was barely sensible of her presence as I lay there looking at her through half-opened lids.

She came and leaned over me. "Can't you speak to me, Kenneth Stevens?" she said.

I did not know whether I could or not, and said so, which proved that I could, and made her laugh a little.

"Am I here?" I went on. I had a strange sensation of not being present. My body, at least, seemed elsewhere. I could neither feel nor move it.

"You're here, all right," she assured me.

"But I don't seem to be," I protested. I suspected her of breaking the news gently to me that I was somewhere else. "I can't feel myself," I looked around over the bedclothes to see myself.

"You've had a little experience," she replied. "You're here — all here. But you're not . . . you're not . . . not connected up right quite yet," she explained.

"I see. . . . How did you know who I was?" That had just occurred to me as rather remarkable.

"Your tag," she said. "And a letter from my sister that they found in your pocket. Besides, I saw you in London. Don't you remember?"

"Your sister?" I cried. "Who?"

"Mildred Birmingham. I'm Peggy."

So that is how I come to be here. Sam Stevens arranged it. . . . And there was Mildred, at their little flat, when they fetched me to Paris.

I am afraid I shed a tear or two over Peggy. She took my hand, and smiled. Just then the doctor came prancing through and drove her off.

"Has Teddy showed up yet?" I managed to ask, before she went. She gave me another smile, and shook her head.

CHAPTER XXVI

"CEASE FIRING"

THEY have told me the details of the last few days of fighting — fellows that have drifted in — Hugh, Torrance and Uncle Sam.

Our outfit went through three rather hideous days of it, after I left, from all accounts, twisting in among the hills and ravines, dashing against machine gun nests in the woods, digging in and hanging on. It was raining again, and a fellow would no sooner get a hole dug and hide down in it than the rain would fill it with icy water. Food was out of the question. None could be brought in. The wet woods were drenched with gas, strangling and stinging. Masks became a torture, but they had to be worn most of the time.

But their spirits remained high. The boys knew that this was the last, and they pressed on through the mud and the cold, the gas and the steel, with the smack of victory on their lips, mopping up the woods and ravines as they went.

At last they came out on the open slopes, where every man was a free target for machine gun, rifle and artillery fire. Up they went with a rush. Pill-boxes were everywhere. The only way to take them was to take them, and they did it. They would not be denied.

German morale was breaking rapidly. On the one hand the Germans confronted a contracting ring of steel from the Vosges to the sea. On the other hand was the promise of a just peace held out in the Fourteen Points of our President. Between the two the German resistance was worn down. And the Borne de Cornouillers was ours.

Meanwhile our troops were moving in a broad fan-like

sweep northward toward Sedan, and crossing the Meuse at many points north of us. That was deadly work, throwing bridges over the river under fire, scrambling across in pontoons, getting precarious footing on the east bank, and clinging there.

The boys went forward without the support of sufficient artillery, which was lacking or could not be brought up. But they went, regardless of casualties. Nothing could stop them now. Victory was in hand. They did not rest on the Borne de Cornouillers. Damvillers was ahead of them, and Damvillers they must have. So they went ahead and took it.

And so it was all along the line. The channel ports fell into the hands of the Allies. The British pressed pitilessly through the center of the long, wavering German line day after day, finding themselves in the last days fighting on the ground where the first British Army had so desperately held



STREET IN FLEVILLE, OCCUPIED BY THE A. E. F. ON OCTOBER 5, 1918

off the German hordes during those terrible days of Mons and afterward. On the day of the Armistice, Canadian troops entered Mons itself, and pressed through beyond it. On the same day the French surged into Sedan, where, in 1871, the invading Germans had given the decisive stroke to the French Armies, resulting months later in the siege and surrender of Paris and the loss of Alsace and Lorraine.

And the day came — the day that I had heard acclaimed in Paris when I lay in my bed beginning to write this book. The Armistice was signed. Fighting would cease at 11 o'clock on November eleventh, the lines remaining where they were at that hour. But until then there was to be no relenting.

Torrance has described the hour to me; one of the most dramatic, perhaps, in all history. "You had a sense of something around you that you could not see or hear or even feel. An exaltation in the ranks; a great song of the heart which lips could not voice.

"We kept the guns going. Our 75's seemed to know; they leaped and barked. Do you know, I am going to miss them?

"The men kept moving forward, poor devils. Some of them going down every minute.

"Ten-thirty came. Ten-forty-five. Ten-fifty. Ten-fifty-five. Only a shell now and then from the Huns.

"I looked at my wrist watch. Only a minute more.

"Then a cry, a great sigh of thanksgiving and relief, ran like a wind from the mountains to the sea. And the show was over. My little 75's stood panting. . . ."

There can be no doubt that the military power of Germany was hopelessly broken. In the last phase of the offensive on the Meuse, we swept the Germans ahead of us in virtual rout, with only here and there any resistance worthy of the name. We crossed the Meuse at will, and cleaned out the heights. The Second Army, which had been formed of



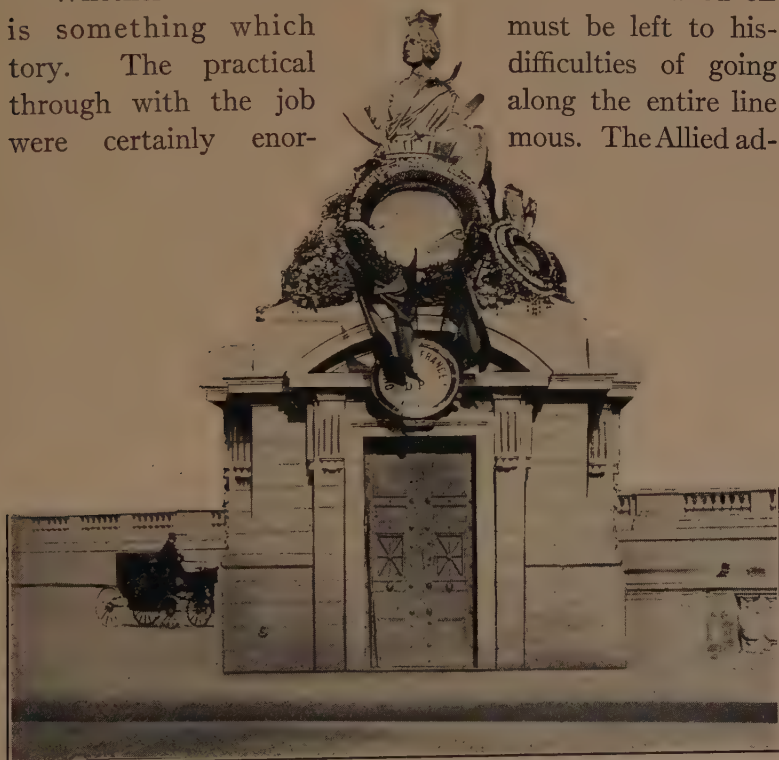
AMERICAN DOUGHBOYS RETURNING HOME ON THE S.S. "AGAMEMNON"

new arrivals around veteran Divisions, was under way on decisive operations south of us, against the iron fields of Briey, and toward Metz, which was under fire of our naval guns. One division, of colored troops, actually crossed into German territory, I believe. Everything was set for a triumphant sweep ahead.

We had mastery of the air everywhere. Planes were beginning to arrive; guns were coming up; ammunition was in abundance; transport had found its feet and was becoming effective. We had really just begun to fight with the skill and resourcefulness produced by bitter experience, when we were called off. The disappointment was acute and general.

Whether we should
is something which
tory. The practical
through with the job
were certainly enor-

have been called off
must be left to his-
difficulties of going
along the entire line
mous. The Allied ad-



THE STRASSBURG MONUMENT, IN PARIS — OUT OF MOURNING

vances had reached the limit to which they could be driven without a laborious and time-consuming reorganization of the rear; building of roads and railroads, transfer of bases and sub-bases, and all the elaborate preparations that must precede the mechanical handling of hundreds of thousands of fighting men on a moving front.

Who and what had won the war? How did it happen that defences which had proved unconquerable for years suddenly gave way under much the same sort of pressure which had been exerted on them before? I have never had a satisfactory explanation of that. The Germans had not "cracked" in the early part of the final kick, as we found out in those last days along the Meuse, and as the British, French and Belgians can testify.

It is true that Austria had caved in. The Italians, returning to the attack flushed with the thought of the victory which was emerging along the Western Front, administered a defeat to their ancient enemy which brought them to their knees and wrenched a despairing peace from them, leaving Germany stark alone. But this had not affected the purely military situation on the Western Front at the time it crumpled up.

It is also true that Germany as a nation was seething with revolt. The people, who had stuck to their task so far entirely because they believed that victory and conquest lay beyond its conclusion, had seen the handwriting on the wall. But again I say that the fighting man on the front was still a fighting man in a serious way, hard to discourage, hard to dislodge, needing to be whipped thoroughly, in most cases, up to the very last. Anyone who went through the whipping and the lashing of interlocking machine gun fire on the slopes of "Corned Willy" in the early days of November, cannot be convinced by argument that the Fritzies had quit cold.

Some experts say tanks did it. Others, that a preponderance of artillery turned the day. Others contend that the superiority in the air had much to do with it. But we, down on the Meuse and in the Argonne, had few tanks, and little use for those we had, in such country. Our artillery was only beginning to overbalance theirs at the end; and in the air we were not masters for many days when we were pushing forward, as anyone will tell you who went through the dread ordeal of standing up against low-flying enemy planes showering machine gun bullets down upon our lines.

It is preposterous to say that America won the war. The war was equally won by every soldier perishing in a night raid, or hung in the wire early in 1915, or clinging to the horrid slopes of Verdun, or wasting his all on the Somme, years before the end came in sight. True enough, the Allies might not have been able to go through with it if we had not



PREMIERS ORLANDO, LLOYD GEORGE, CLEMENCEAU AND PRESIDENT WILSON
(seated) AT VERSAILLES



SHOWING PRESIDENT AND MRS. WILSON AS GUESTS OF THE KING AND QUEEN
OF BELGIUM AMID THE RUINS OF LOUVAIN

come on the scene. But what scene would there have been for us to come upon, if the Allies had not clung through those four desperate years while we were waiting and awakening?

If any one thing can be said to have won the military phases of the war, it was the statement of Principles which our President made from time to time, defining the moral issues with clarity for all, and brought to a focus of expression in the Fourteen Points, on the basis of which the Germans at last asked for an armistice.

President Wilson, in reply to their request, asked them if they really meant that they accepted his terms, and wanted to get together to discuss details for carrying them out; whether they spoke for Germany with authority; and whether they would withdraw from occupied territory. The Germans assured him that they accepted the terms, that they spoke with authority, and that they would withdraw.

In further reply the President stated that no armistice could be granted while they were still practicing inhuman warfare, and refused to carry negotiations further. Whereupon Germany protested that it was behaving itself, and would be good; to which he responded that they could not be trusted, and referred them to the military commanders of the forces.

Meanwhile the Allies had gotten together and drawn up terms of an armistice. The President notified the enemy of this, and told them definitely to see Foch about it. Which they did.

The delegates proceeded through the lines and met Foch in the Compiègne woods on November eighth. A premature report that the Armistice had been signed got abroad on the seventh, resulting in wild celebrations throughout the Allied countries. Business shut down and the people paraded the streets in an abandon of joy.



A GERMAN HANOVER BROUGHT DOWN BY AMERICAN "ACES" RICKENBACKER AND CHAMBERS, KILLING THE OBSERVER AND WOUNDING THE PILOT

The German delegates received the terms and transmitted them to Spa, where they were relayed to Berlin. Word was sent back to the delegates authorizing them to sign the terms, which they did on November eleventh.

Hostilities should cease by land, water, and air six hours after the signing of the Armistice. All invaded territories were to be evacuated within fourteen days, as prescribed in a note annexed. Repatriation of prisoners and others held under the war was to begin at once. The German Armies must surrender in good condition 5,000 guns, 30,000 machine guns, 3,000 bomb throwers, 2,000 airplanes. The left bank of the Rhine must be evacuated and the territory administered by the Allied and United States Armies. There must be no evacuation of inhabitants and no destruction in evacuated territory. All planted mines must be revealed. The treaties with Russia and Roumania must be abandoned. Reparations for damages done and restitution of money stolen from Belgium were insisted upon. The Allies were to establish bridgeheads with a radius of occupation of thirty miles at the Rhine crossings at Coblenz, Mayence, Cologne. Free passage over all seas was to be granted to all ships of all nations. One hundred and sixty submarines were to be surrendered; the rest to be disarmed and placed under the supervision of the Allies. The bulk of the German fleet must be turned over. German naval aircraft were to be immobilized in German bases. All merchant ships of Allied and Associated powers should be returned intact. The blockade of Germany would continue in effect. Together with many minor details.

Thus Germany was rendered impotent.

Emperor William had already abdicated and was a refugee in Holland, at Amerongen. The Crown Prince had also renounced his rights, and was likewise in retreat in Holland. The Austrian Emperor Charles had followed him.



PRESIDENTS WILSON AND POINCARÉ ARE HAILED IN PARIS

... Nothing was left of these former figureheads of autocracy.

Now the testing time has come. The war of deeds is over, and a war of ideals is at hand.

Naturally the world is looking toward President Wilson, the great protagonist of a just and enduring peace, founded on the principles of the community of nations and justice to all, as the leader in this hour. Will he be equal to it? Can he hold the thought of the world at its high pitch, now that the flood-tides of war are receding from men's souls and the deadly danger which stirred and lifted their experiences has vanished in an hour?

We shall see. He sails for Europe in December, after addressing Congress at the opening of its regular session, on the transport *George Washington*; the first President to

leave the country during his term of office, the first to take part in such deliberations. I see in his coming a chance for the salvation of the world from itself.

With him are Mr. Lansing, Secretary of State, Henry White, recently Ambassador to France, and a staff of experts, assistants, secretaries, clerks. Colonel House and General Tasker H. Bliss, now in France, will join the President as fellow-representatives of the United States at the Peace



HOTEL CRILLON — HEADQUARTERS OF PRESIDENT WILSON AND THE AMERICAN DELEGATES DURING THE PEACE CONFERENCE

Conference. I am, I believe, expected to report to Secretary Lansing when he arrives for routine duties as a sub-sub — something or other, and I am very glad to get back to it. I shall be well enough by that time.

So the war is over, as we have been taught in our histories to consider war, and the warfare of the spirit is at hand.

The boys are beginning to return to America. Some of my old friends have already passed through on their way home. Sam is on the lookout for them and brings them in to see me, whether or no — Torrance, among others; although



PRESIDENT AND MRS. WILSON ARRIVING AT BREST FOR THE PEACE CONFERENCE

Sam did not have to bring him. Good old Jim! The iron in him has all turned to steel, tempered, elastic, keen, clean and firm. What will Evelyn do with such a man, and such a man with her! "There be three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, four which I know not. . . ."

We were only a few miles apart, Jim and I, out there in the Argonne and along the Meuse. He pounded away through all the terrors of that drive to the 1st up to Fleville, when we were wrestling for the trough of the Aire. One gun against three, four, five, he pounded night and day. His gun was assigned to a battalion and became as mobile as a machine gun.

He would not talk about it much. He came through unhurt; that was all he would say for himself, after he had given me the report of events on that front since I left, which I have already quoted. He had little more to say about my sister Evelyn. He is with her by this time. I hope

she does not dangle him at her wrist very long. He seems to know what he wants in a wife, and deserves to have it.

Hugh — Captain Stevens now — is waiting at Brest to sail. It is bitter waiting, according to report. They tell me that conditions there are pretty bad; inadequate accommodations for the glut of returning soldiers, impatient to be back home again, and inexcusable delays, apparently. Dorothy, I imagine, is just about as impatient at the other end.

Teddy Junior has not showed up yet. There is still a chance that he is among the prisoners in Germany. There has been confusion in repatriating them. Uncle Sam is looking into it, and Billy Florida.

Billy has been in. And Sadie. The last I had heard of Billy he was making a swing down among the broken fragments of Central and South-eastern Europe with a commission, trying to get information that would come in handy in the construction of some of the new States that will emerge from the chaos and wreckage of the war. That, at least, is as near to it as I can come from the meager remarks he let fall. His adventures seem to be far from over. He is bound for Russia now, to learn what is going on there. Russia is the despair of the statesmen and economists. She has fallen entirely to pieces. Lenine and Trotzky have seized control of power and are exercising a despotic tyranny over there; a reign of terror, from all accounts, beside which the French Revolution was a game of "pillow" at a birthday party in the eighties.

Disrupted, starved, inchoate, she is struggling on to doom or a great enlightenment, meanwhile scattering the seeds of anarchy, communism, the Soviet, what you will, by deliberate propaganda and overt example over lands and among people ploughed and harrowed and made ready to receive it by the disruption of the war, the falling away of



The German Empire Before the War



What Is Left of the German Empire

government, and the truly desperate conditions of idleness, hunger, and privation.

What is to be done with her or for her is a question for which no one has found an answer. It seems impossible to recognize her Government and receive her into the fellowship of nations. It is more impossible to overcome by force the false idea that has obsessed her. We have soldiers there now. So has England. Japan is sending them into Siberia, with the probable net result that Japan will add slices of Siberia to her plunder. She is already virtually in possession of the former German possessions in China, with a throttle hold on Shantung, and is likely to get away with it. Wilson is



ALLIED GENERALS OF THE INTERNATIONAL ARMISTICE COMMISSION — *Front Row* (left to right) GENERALS DELOBDE, OF THE BELGIAN ARMY; NUDANT, FRENCH ARMY; C. D. RHODES, U.S.A.; SIR JOHN ADYE AND GREEN, BRITISH ARMY

crumbling. I am afraid. He cannot withstand Japan, it seems. Although he is standing firm on Italy.

So Billy Florida is going over there to see whether he can learn anything that will help anybody to make head or tail of the situation. He had some wild experiences on various fronts. More than once he penetrated into the German lines, others have told me. But his great usefulness proved to be in extracting information from captured Germans. . . . He leaves as soon as he can get Sadie started homeward. She would go with him if he would let her. But he does n't think it best.

I asked him about Elizabeth. He could tell me nothing, except that she had been interned. "One or the other of us was mistaken about that girl," I said to him.

"One of us was," he replied.

Although Sadie Lockhart is not going with him, this time, when he comes back. . . .

Mildred Birming-

"Is n't there any marry off?" she

Which simply spoils
clusion I was
this book

It will be
you to write

Mildred
put it down
to her.

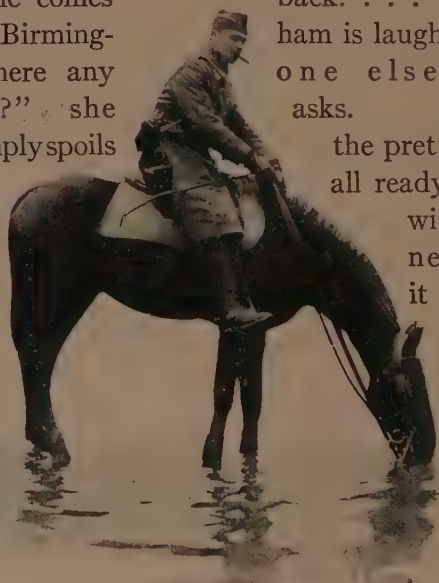
ham is laughing at me.

one else we can
asks.

the pretty little con-
all ready to wind up
with.

necessary for
it for yourself.

would not
if I gave it



"VON HINDENBURG," THE FIRST AMERICAN HORSE TO DRINK FROM THE RHINE,
AT BOPFARD, GERMANY, DECEMBER 10, 1918

EPILOGUE

EIGHT years and some months ago, in Paris, when the bells were ringing and the guns roaring and the sirens shrieking and the people shouting in the streets in celebration of the signing of the Armistice I put down, as the first words of an account of the war which I was beginning to prepare, that "it was all over."

It was not over, of course. Nothing is ever over. One event merely prepares for and dovetails into those that follow it in the ceaseless unfoldment of human experience, whether of the individual, the community, the State or the race. The Armistice did not even end the war, which has continued in another form to this very day, and still goes on in the thoughts of men, if not in their deeds.

So many things have happened which are of the first importance since I announced at that time, with the help of an exclamation point, that it was over, and so much light has been thrown back among the obscure and troubled shadows through which we had groped with little more than the flame of passion and the flare of war to guide us that I was tempted, when I read it over recently, to assign all that I had written in those days of confusion to the waste basket, and begin afresh.



WOODROW WILSON,
IN 1918



FIUME

It occurred to me, however, that the very imperfections and defects of that naïve document with its biases and prejudices, gave it historical value as a reflex of the times that is more important in its way than any factual accuracy which might be gained by a meticulous revision. Its palpable imperfections, resulting as they did from the mesmerisms of the hour rather than a will to mislead or to deceive, may serve future historians better as a faithful picture of the mental state of the world at that time than any cold, deliberate, detached analysis of which I might even now, in the light of a larger knowledge of movements, men and motives, be capable. So I leave it as an eye-witness account — a true picture — of how matters seemed to an American who went through them.

We all know now that the peace for which the world was assembling in Paris even when I was writing "The End" to my account was a disappointment to all who saw, in the triumphant conclusion of "the war to end war and to make the world safe for democracy," a glowing opportunity to rebuild and regenerate the world according to the vision which a few had caught and clung to.

Notably and foremost, perhaps, had the President of the United States, Woodrow Wilson, beheld the vision. Others had caught the gleam of it before him. Essentially

it is as old as the human spirit. Prophets had preached it, poets had sung it, patriarchs had glimpsed it — one had lived it and demonstrated it two thousand years before, others had recalled and infused it slowly into human consciousness.

But scarcely since the days in Galilee had it been given to any man to lift the vision higher or with such drama in the sight of men and so to rally and arouse the thought of the world to the hope of better things within reach of the human race if it would only lay hold on them. Quarrel with the man himself as one will, hate and revile him as many did, it cannot be denied, I think, that he did bestir the world for a time to an idealism which, if maintained and continued in, would indeed have regenerated and redeemed it from its miseries.

Why did he fail to achieve conclusions? Or did he only seem to fail? Is the idea going forward without him toward what he saw for it?

Two things, I feel, contributed to the wide acceptance of the lofty concept of plan and purpose which the President beheld and announced and around which he gathered for a time, at least, the plain people of the world, if not their kings and captains, their presumptive leaders and official



TRIESTE

spokesmen. One was the extremity of panic and despair in which man found himself during the chaos of the war when events had grown too large for him to govern or arrest, and civilization seemed to be sweeping on to its destruction. He came like a pilot in a storm to rescue them and steer them into safe, still waters.

The other was the fervor of the idea in the President's mind and his singular gift of clear and persuasive statement. He was, of course, at a point of great moral suasion as the head of the richest, strongest and calmest nation remaining in the world, a nation which found itself capable of determining the issues of the war by military, financial or economic means; but his power and the use of it lay far from the advantages of his situation.

It broke across the grimy night of Europe because he had seen and could express what all men recognized, however dimly, as a reflection of Truth and Love in the affairs of men. There was no other hope. In their extremity men turned to God as preached to them by Woodrow Wilson in the Fourteen Points. There was more profound truth than he knew, or would have welcomed, in Clemenceau's *bon mot*: "Fourteen points is a lot for President Wilson to insist on. God Himself has only ten." The Fourteen were, in effect, the Ten. Hence their power over the imagination and the hope of man.

How clearly did the President see this in the early days of the World War, when we were neutrals; when he avoided lesser issues, turned his back on prejudices and angers, forebore in the face of provocations; clinging, through thick and thin, to a poised peace and the rôle of ultimate umpire. "We are trying to preserve the foundations upon which peace can be rebuilt," was all he said at the time.

When did the vision come to him which he uttered in the latter days? He would not go to war with Germany

in revenge for submarine sinking involving Americans. He would not embroil the United States with England over the strict construction of property rights at sea. He hoped and wished for the time when he, with clean hands, might become, as the head of a great neutral nation, the arbiter of peace. When did he begin to see more than that?

He asked the nations at war to state their aims and purposes. "What are you fighting for?" he said. "You have not told us." They had not. They did not know. He wanted to know. He needed to know. The world needed to know. The belligerents, above all others, needed to know. There was no answer to his inquiry but a hot and bitter cry from the nations tearing at each others' throats.

He set forth, as he saw them, aims and purposes in the present war as a basis of peace upon which America could join with the other nations of the world, when the war was over, to keep the world henceforth at peace. "A peace without victory," he said. "A peace of justice. A peace based on the principles of humanity. Is this what you are fighting to achieve? Or is it conquest and punishment? Peace cannot rest on them."

There was more anger and abuse, but slowly the Allies discovered and announced that these were, in fact, their own war aims and purposes; and so they became. Is there a hint of Woodrow Wilson's failure in the tactics practiced here, and elsewhere, to commit others, by assuming it of them, to a moral stand which they were not ready for and



ANDRÉ TARDIEU

must in the end repudiate, although compelled at the time to embrace?

So much of the ground cleared away, he waited, with a patience which taxed the patience of others, until Germany had destroyed every chance for peace and left no possible cloud of doubt upon his motives; then brought America into the war in the great crusade upon the clear-cut issue of Democracy versus Autocracy — a crusade to rescue the brotherhood of man from the unbelieving hands into which

it had fallen and make the world safe for Democracy.



VITTORIO ORLANDO

Then came his platform of world peace — the peace America was fighting for: the Fourteen Points; open covenants of peace, openly arrived at; freedom of the seas; equality of trade conditions between nations; reduction of armaments; adjustments of the colonies, with the voices of the inhabitants to be heard in the adjustments; the setting up of inde-

pendent States carved out of old monarchies; the return of stolen territories; readjustment of frontiers on a basis of nationality and history; the League of Nations.

This, with self-determination emphasized, was the platform on which the war was won. It united the Allies, clarified their morale, and brought America in with the fervor of a great crusade. Its promises appealed to the hopes of a beleaguered and defeated enemy and broke down their resistance. It was the basis upon which they asked for an armistice, and it was the basis upon which an armistice was given them. It was the basis upon which

they expected, and had a right to expect, peace to be made.

Why was not peace made on this basis? Whose was the fault? Who was guilty of the betrayal?

It was no one's fault. No one failed. The spirit of man was not ready for the opportunity. The fiery trial had not purified him enough. When the fire was put out the dross and dregs were unconsumed and settled back into that queer mixture known as human nature. When the danger was over and the fear was gone which had held him in his despair to the high emprise he subsided from the exaltation to which he had been raised by one man in the moment of general adversity with a sudden abruptness and thoroughness which is one of the colossal and tragic spectacles in his long, slow history. He must learn apparently by further suffering.



THE TRIANON PALACE

When Woodrow Wilson came to Europe to attend the Peace Conference, in December, 1918, he still held a sway over the thoughts and attitudes of men that was without a counterpart in human experience. The common people everywhere and the thinkers almost universally looked upon him as the savior of the world and the redeemer of civilization. He was on the very crest of the wave of idealism, which the power of the word he had uttered had lifted up. It seemed as though he must be able to carry out the vision which held the imagination and the hope of the people in its golden light.

He had made mistakes, to be sure. His blunder against American susceptibilities when he asked his countrymen, in their fall elections, to brace a Democratic Congress behind his back when he turned to face his mighty task in Europe, had promptly produced a Republican majority and a repudiation by those whose ideals he was supposed to be representing in the Peace Conference. The antipathy which his personality and aloofness, as well as his policies and tactics, had aroused in the Senate, whither he must bring whatever document he might be able to procure from the Conference, and what seemed to be the deliberate flouting of his enemies in refusing to consult with the opposition or include in the delegation he took with him any of the important Republican statesmen whose experience and wisdom and prestige entitled them, in the thought of many, to a place beside him at the Conference table, left a hateful fire gnawing at the props of his support. Nevertheless the power of the word which he had been uttering still held him firmly in a commanding position. Everyone felt this power behind the man, and waited to see what it would bring forth from the chaos against which he was to project it, and faith in him was high.

Beginning at Brest, where he landed in France, along the route to the capital, and in the streets of Paris, he was accorded a reception little short of adoration. The Italians went wild when he passed through to Rome; as wild as they later were when they found they could not have their way with him. And the much more sober British gave way to a popular enthusiasm rarely seen among them.

But if the plain people of the world were with him, the statesmen and diplomatists, the professional leaders, as a rule, were not. However they might approve of his aims in theory and principle, they lacked a practical faith in them. Steeped in their own devices and intrigue, schooled



THE PEACE CONFERENCE IN SESSION, IN THE HALL OF MIRRORS, PALACE OF VERSAILLES

in their own theories and practices of force and threat and balanced power, saturated in traditions centuries old, and blinded to panic by their own inveterate fears of each other, they saw no chance of achieving the happy brotherhood of nations and races which the infatuated professor of history held before their gaze and no hope in it of security from each other or profit to themselves if achieved.

Was he like a player expert in chess sitting in a game of gigantic poker with men who had gambled for a living all their lives? Were the cards already stacked against him? Each was a champion of people who — in spite of their acceptance of his doctrines of self-determination and the rights of other peoples to rule themselves or select their rulers, and all the glittering array of generalities that had captivated them in time of trouble — made reservations, no doubt often unconscious, in favor of themselves. Each people believed in the justice of its own desires and aspirations and believed in the American President as a champion of justice; hence as a champion of themselves and what they wanted. They all wanted something.

France wanted, in addition to Alsace and Lorraine, which were granted her, the Saar basin, with its coal, the left bank of the Rhine as a protective frontier against further attacks by Germany, Syria, part of the Cameroons, huge indemnities, and all sorts of guarantees against her ancient enemy — every guarantee, in fact, except the only possible one, which Wilson was proposing, of friendship with the German people. England wanted Mesopotamia, German East Africa, Southwest Africa, Palestine, and some south Pacific islands for her dominions. Italy wanted the Trentino, Triest, part of the Tyrol, Dalmatia, Fiume, part of Albania, a foothold at Adalia — command, in fact, of the eastern shore of the Adriatic, thrust along her flank and fringed with potential enemies which she might make.

Greece wanted extensions in Epirus and Macedonia, return of the Dodecanese, holdings around Smyrna. Belgium wanted parts of German East Africa and changes in frontiers requiring concessions from Holland. Poland, Czechoslovakia, Jugo-Slavia, the border States of Russia, wanted independence and territory at the expense of old empires and monarchies that were to be carved up. Roumania wanted Transylvania and Bessarabia. Japan wanted Shantung, filched from China by Germany and by her from the now prostrate enemy, and a recognition of racial equality; while the United States, which was asking sacrifices of all these nations, wanted nothing; had no surrenders of her own to balance against those she was seeking to impose, upon abstract principle, on others.

Men forceful and adroit, skilled in all the movements of the game, and knowing precisely what they and their people wanted, sat at the Conference table to win these stakes for their people and themselves. Clemenceau, witty, cynical, quick, penetrating, without illusions regarding men or methods — embattled warrior of politics and statecraft, who had seen 1871 and 1914, and whose mind carried the scars of many a conflict which he had won or lost, played for France, with the alert and resourceful Tardieu at his elbow. Lloyd George for England, agile and elusive, nimbling like a terrier about the more cumbrous Wilson, pouncing explosively at the time upon whatever seemed best to promote the purpose of the moment, whatever the purpose might be — tending toward the President when it did not cost too much, and sometimes when it did; but unstable, not always to be relied upon over night. Orlando and Sonnino, interested only in Italy and what it wanted — Orlando good-natured and capable of being appealed to, but Sonnino fiery and hard as flint, only striking sparks when collided with. Venizelos for Greece, ablest statesmen

of them all; scores of others from the smaller countries; silent, adroit Japanese with perfect poker faces and manners; swart Indians, Arabians, Emirs and Maharajahs; what not, from the ends of the earth, seeking ends of their own which a just man like Wilson must see they ought to have.

Nor was the table where the game was to be played a propitious setting for the exploitation of idealism. In all the world, perhaps, a more unfortunate place for the Peace



DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, VITTORIO ORLANDO, GEORGES CLEMENCEAU AND
WOODROW WILSON AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE

Conference than Paris could scarcely have been picked out. If ever in the history of civilization a clam, dispassionate, judicial atmosphere was needed for what was in hand, it was at this time and for this occasion, when men had gathered, weighed down by their own claims and under pressure from the claims of countless others, to bring to the solution of the old conflict new, abstract principles, untried and subtle, having no clearer definition than that contained in the Fourteen Points of the President, capable of unlimited interpretation in themselves and endless friction and misunderstanding in their concrete application to realities.

Paris, always more or less excitable and sensitive, was now more than ever emotional. Jealousy and fear were rampant. She was in a panic of suspicion. Her nerves were on edge. She was suffering from shell shock. She had been bombarded for months by shell and airplane. She remembered 1871. She remembered 1914. France had been the chief combatant in all these hideous years, the chief sufferer, and Paris was the heart of her. Small wonder that she seethed beneath the foundations of the Peace Conference and wanted assurances which she must get for herself if others could or would not give them to her.

Furthermore, her press was venal, for the most part. There is no parallel in America to the Parisian press. Small, personal sheets, many of them, set up to further the private ends of someone or to support or oppose a cause, their news and editorial columns open to the highest bidder. Even some of the more important dailies, whose names are known throughout the reading world, do not consider it a violation of newspaper ethics to accept retainers. Highly practiced in the art of attack, bitter and clever, they soon loosed upon this idealist, who had come from overseas, a flood of abuse that poisoned the whole atmosphere and



THE ALLIED SUPREME COUNCIL AT THE GENEVA CONFERENCE

raised a miasma which was stifling; so much so that at one time a threat was made to transfer negotiations to another capital.

Paris, however, was the inevitable choice. Brussels was too stricken to entertain the vast concourse that flocked to the scene. Rome, Washington, were out of the question. London only could be considered; but Paris was at the center of the stage. The Supreme War Council, which had brought the efforts of the Allies into unison since America's entry into the war, was already established on the ground, and thither all the forces of diplomacy flocked with one accord the moment war released them to their activities — Premiers and Presidents, Ambassadors and Ministers, plenipotentiaries and delegates, experts and financiers, statesmen and politicians, men of high and low degree and no degree at all, to determine the peace and rearrange a better world and pull each his particular chestnut out of the fire, if possible.

Six weeks had already passed since the Armistice when

the President arrived in France and was ready to take up the business of the Conference — six vital weeks of confusion and uncertainty, with the war suspended but no peace to take its place and free the peoples of the world for the terrific struggle of getting back to normal. No one was on hand to confer with. Lloyd George sent his excuses. He had chosen this time to go before the people in a general election for a mandate to take with him to the Peace Conference, and was in the midst of it. Clemenceau was sorry, but he was busy

at the present time. He would be free later.



SIR ROBERT CECIL

This was excellent poker. President Wilson had come to Europe to save it from itself, and all Europe had risen with a mighty shout, holding out its arms to him to be saved. It was no time to call his hand. Let his popularity cool off. Await the sure processes of time, and the

certain effects upon the peoples' impatient eagerness of delay and disappointment — disappointment which would turn, by the laws of human nature, against the one who held their highest hopes, to say nothing of the deadening effect of vacuity and idleness — of an empty hall — upon the zeal and ardor of the mighty moralist. It was excellent poker. The hand went heavily to the realists. Who can calculate its consequences in the deliberations which were to follow, a month later, after Europe had been steeped for four more weeks, ten weeks in all, in the deadly stew of its slow dissolution under neither peace nor war. Woodrow Wilson tried to overcome the damaging effects by a trip to England to array the people behind him, and to Italy.

There was no doubt about his reception; but the priceless moment had passed by.

More far-reaching, perhaps, than the loss of the advantage of an intense popular support which the delay cost Wilson, was its disturbance of a plan he was entertaining when he arrived of proposing an immediate temporary peace, in lieu of the present Armistice, which would enable the belligerents and all Europe to take up life again with some certainty while the permanent peace with its League of Nations, was being worked out. Such a peace could hold affairs secure long enough to give the reconstructionists of the world ample time to work out their high plans without being hurried into ill-considered, hasty, unjust or ineffective decisions by the terrible necessity — growing every day throughout Europe, and already beginning to threaten anarchy and chaos in more than one locality — to know its fate and get back to work. By the time the delegates had assembled the time for such a peace had gone. Matters must be worked out at once and finally.

When the delegates began to gather, in January, for the Conference, the League of Nations was the stake on the table to be played for. Clemenceau, at least, had never accepted it in principle. In the stress of war and while it, with the other Fourteen Points, was proving to be a winning weapon, in building up the morale of the Allies and breaking down that of the enemy, he had been too shrewd to raise his voice in exception to it. But now that the war was over and the practical problems of peace had come forward for solution he thought the time had come to lay aside this pretty platitude. Even while the American President was telling the English, in speeches made in the British Isles, that it was the cardinal point of the peace to be made, and that all men accepted it, Clemenceau was telling the Chamber of Deputies, in a midnight talk,

that he still pinned his faith to the old balance of power.

"They [the soldiers]," Wilson had just said in London, "fought to do away with an old order and to establish a new one, and the center and characteristic of the old order was that unstable thing which we used to call 'the balance of power' — a thing in which the balance was determined by the sword, which was thrown in on the one side or the other; a balance of power which was determined by the



ROBERT LANSING

unstable equilibrium of competing interests; a balance which was maintained by jealousy and antagonism of interests, which, though it was generally latent, was always deep-seated.

"The people who have fought this war have been men from the free nations who are determined that that sort of thing should end forever — that there must now be not a balance of power, not one powerful group of nations set up against another, but a single, overwhelming, powerful group of nations who shall be the trustees of the peace of the world."

The next night Clemenceau, the "old tiger," stood under attack in the midst of the Deputies. The Socialists were hot on his back. The Conference was just ahead. The question was a vote of confidence. "The balance of power," mused Clemenceau, "this good old system of alliances called the 'balance of power' seems to be condemned nowadays in certain quarters. But let me say that if such a balance of power had preceded this great war — if England, America, France and Italy had been allied and balanced against the Teutonic Powers — if these Powers had declared among

themselves that whoever attacked one of them attacked the whole world, the war would never have occurred.

"You are about to vote, gentlemen. And you should know, in voting, that this system of alliances, of a balance of power, though condemned in some quarters, is not renounced by me, and that this system of alliances will be my guiding thought throughout the Peace Conference, if your votes on this motion of confidence send me there."

There he stood, compact, composed, seventy-eight years of experience packed down hard in his wily brain, saying this to the middle-aged professor who had come over there, with half a dozen years of politics and a few rows of books behind him, to say that such a system must vanish from the face of the earth and the thoughts of men. And the vote he was speaking to gave Clemenceau 330 to 134 — a majority of 246; greater than he had ever before received, with only the Socialists, his inveterate enemies, against him!

Three nights later at Manchester, President Wilson answered him. "There is a great voice of humanity abroad in the world just now," he said, "and he who cannot hear it is deaf. There is a great compulsion of the common conscience now in existence which, if any statesman resists, it will gain for him the most unenviable eminence in history. We are not obeying the mandate of party or of politics. We are obeying the mandate of humanity." He closed with the hope of "a great Covenant declaring ourselves first of all friends of mankind and uniting ourselves together, for the maintenance and triumph of right."

Thus was the issue joined when he returned to Paris. The League of Nations was the stake of the first next hand in the game.

On January 6, 1919, on the eve of President Wilson's return from Italy, whither he had gone to kill time while

waiting for the Peace Conference to begin, Theodore Roosevelt passed away suddenly in New York. The ex-President had been a fierce opponent of the President since early in the World War, before America entered. Himself forceful, aggressive and a believer in the "big stick," he viewed with a consuming impatience, which grew into downright hatred, what seemed to him the supine and complacent patience of the incumbent, standing by in doctrinaire aloofness while the world and the righteousness in it was being trampled under bitter attacks through the press form, growing in became as virulence which is stroyed him; a tion contracted to South America.

His hand against the propurposes of the pilgrimage to



LEON BOURGEOIS

foot. He had led against Wilson and on the platan-anger until they lent as the dis-said to have de-poisonous condition his journey erica.

had been raised jects and the President in his Europe, no

doubt affecting the attitude of America toward the League and Peace, as well as making their progress more difficult in Europe, although Roosevelt had long since passed the zenith of his influence. Shortly before the commission sailed from America to attend the Conference, Roosevelt had written: "Our Allies and our enemies and Mr. Wilson himself should all understand that Mr. Wilson has no authority whatever to speak for the American people at this time. His leadership has just been emphatically repudiated by them. . . . Mr. Wilson and his Fourteen Points and his four supplementary points and his five complementary points and all his utterances every which way have ceased

to have any shadow of right to be accepted as expressive of the will of the American people. . . . Let them [the Allies] impose their common will on the nations responsible for the hideous disaster which has almost wrecked mankind."

Now he was gone, this opponent. The President, returning to Paris, ordered the American flags at half mast in honor of his memory as a great and earnest and sincere American as well as an ex-President. What place history will accord to the vigorous exponent of many things once, if not still, dear to the aspirations and beliefs of his countrymen, history alone can tell. He was, I feel, more a great director of forces that he felt welling up about him and needing a voice than he was a creative leader of the thought of the people. He was timely, terrific at the moment in his force and magnetism, and carried the burden of his country far forward through an important period of her advance along the road of her destiny.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE

The Peace Conference began at no definite date. When President Wilson returned to Paris, on January seventh, from his triumphant progress through Italy, Lord Robert Cecil, British delegate to the deliberations to be held on the League of Nations, had worked out a plan for the League, and Jan Smuts, delegate from South Africa, and one of the outstanding men the war had brought forth, had a second draft. Leon Bourgeois, of France, was ready with a third, including an international military to enforce peace by making war on those who sought to break the peace.

Strangely enough, Wilson himself had no definite plan in mind, but was letting the League and the Covenant unfold. The consequences of this were unfortunate. Instead of being in the position of fighting on the positive for

his own program, the President found himself opposing in a negative way features in the plans of others which did not meet his views; and as most of the points which he had to oppose on principle bore most heavily against Germany in practice, he was soon accused of being pro-German in his sympathies. Obstruction, furthermore, suited neither his temper nor his purpose.

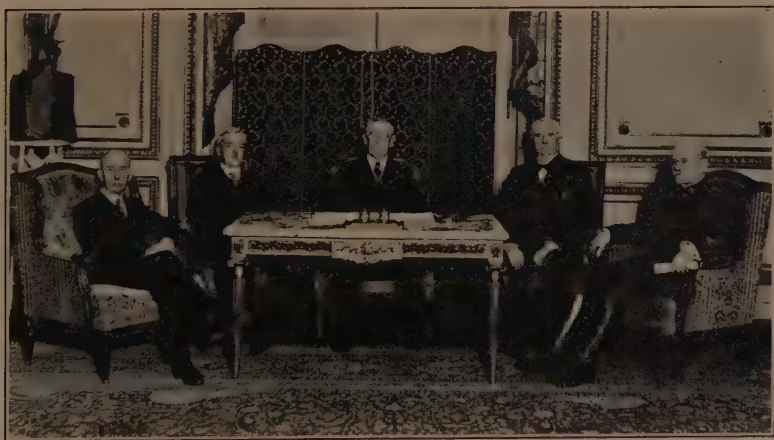
On the ninth of January the French Foreign Office announced the protocol of the program for the organization of the Conference, assigning to each power the number of delegates to which it was entitled, the major powers being represented by five. The following day Clemenceau was announced as the choice for chairman of the Conference; a choice which was regarded as a defeat for Wilson until it was learned that he himself had brought it about.

On Sunday, the twelfth, the Supreme Council, comprising the President of the United States and the Premiers of the Great Powers — Great Britain, France, Italy — with their Foreign Ministers and the Secretary of State, met in the office of M. Pinchon, French Foreign Minister, for the first time. The next day Japan was admitted to the Council, and two matters were taken up: the question of terms for the renewal of the German Armistice, which expired on the Friday following, and which were made very severe, involving a partial disarmament; and the adoption of French, English and Italian as official languages for the Conference.

On January fifteenth, the first of the Fourteen Points, open covenants of peace openly arrived at, was swept from the table into the hands of the older diplomatists — although the second, freedom of the seas, had been quietly abandoned, the British holding out stoutly against it because their power rested on the sea, and Wilson foregoing it for the reason that, with all nations in a league, there

would be no neutrals to suffer from an invasion of their maritime rights in case of war—should there be war. But open diplomacy was lost more openly. The Council decided that their own procedures should be kept secret and that the first Plenary Session of the Peace Conference, set for Saturday, should be closed to the public and the press.

One can imagine the shock this occasioned. I had just joined the staff of American headquarters, having recovered sufficiently to take up my duties under my chief, Secretary Lansing, who had come over with the President on the *George Washington*. We were quartered in magnificent apartments on the ground floor of the Hotel Crillon, surrounded by mirrors and tapestries and the grace and elegance of a French interior at its best. Henry White and General Tasker Bliss, other members of the American Commission, who had been on hand in Paris, were down the hall, while Colonel House, who had been a member of the Supreme War Council during the last months of the



AMERICAN COMMISSIONERS TO THE VERSAILLES PEACE CONFERENCE
(Left to right) E. M. HOUSE, ROBERT LANSING, WOODROW WILSON, HENRY
WHITE AND TASKER H. BLISS

war, was in less pretentious quarters on the third floor; characteristically next to the liaison officers and the experts.

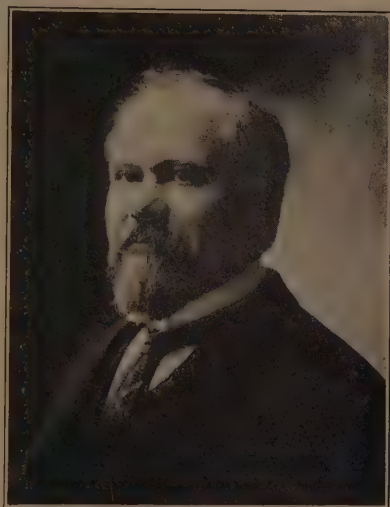
Mr. Lansing, returning from the Council, called in one of the staff for consultation on some matter, and he came out and told us. That night Paris was alive with the news. The press representatives, who had gathered in strength from the four quarters of the globe, were furious. For my part, I felt that a severe defeat had been dealt the President and his principles of peace. On the other hand, it was not difficult to see the necessity for this. Open discussion of all the delicate and intricate matters that must come up before the Council, many of them loaded already with hatred and contention and suspicion and jealousy, would have been fatal to the Conference; while public session of the Conference itself would reduce it to an arena of oratory or a rubber stamp to endorse agreements previously arrived at — which, in fact, it became. The restriction was, however, relaxed for the first Plenary Sessions. The press was admitted to that great occasion.

It was held in the Salle de la Paix in the French Foreign Office, on Saturday, the eighteenth of January — an impressive scene, the nations of the world gathered together for the first time in formal assemblage. Clemenceau presided. President Poincaré, opening the session, made a speech accepting the idea of the League of Nations. Wilson, as usual, ascribed, in his response, high motives and principles and ideals to others which the others might not be entertaining at the moment, but which they could scarcely openly repudiate. Clemenceau, replying, spoke of “the high spirit of friendship and accommodation.” The speeches were in conversational tone, without oratory.

One thing came out of the first Plenary Session of the Peace Conference — the League of Nations was announced as the head of the agenda for the next meeting. The Presi-

dent, so far, had won. The daily prayer ascribed to Clemenceau: — "Georges Clemenceau, you believe in the League of Nations" — was apparently a sincere one. On the whole, the hand went heavily to the Wilsonian ideals and program.

M. Dutasta was appointed Secretary-General, vice-presidents were named, with Secretary Lansing at the head of them, and a



RAYMOND POINCARÉ

program was announced for discussion, covering the League of Nations, responsibility for the war, responsibility for war crimes, international labor legislation, and all the powers were invited to send in memorials on subjects they wished to have added to the discussion: territorial, economic, military, naval.

Thus the first Plenary Session came to a close on a high note, and the delegates and the press went away believing that great things were ahead. Men recognized the progress the Wilson policies had made, and were glad.

The real work, in conference and council, began at once. The President met with Cecil, Smuts and Bourgeois to discuss with them the preparation of a plan for the League to be presented at the next Plenary Session; tentative, of course, but definite enough for some action by the delegates.

The Council of Ten turned its attention first to the Russian Question, which was urgent. What to do with the Bolsheviks was a problem involving much more than the conditions in Russia alone. There was a growing threat that

Bolshevism would spread throughout Europe. Everywhere there was great distress and confusion and lack of authority. Men were starving and idle, governments impoverished and insecure. Germany itself was in a ferment. France, moreover, had seven billion francs to collect from Russia that had been loaned to the Czar and repudiated by the revolutionists. Force was out of the question with Lloyd George and Wilson. A meeting of representatives from all the factions in Russia with representatives of the powers was urged by the President. Clemenceau fell in with the plan, reluctantly. And there followed an invitation to them to meet at Prinkipo, in the Sea of Marmora, on February fifteenth — an invitation which could not be made directly, for fear it would be construed into a recognition of the Soviet Government, but had to be entrusted to the medium of the press.

Wilson was winning, but his first great victory was reserved for the second Plenary Session of the Peace Conference, held on Saturday, the twenty-fifth of January, when a resolution was presented by the President and carried declaring the purposes of a League of Nations and making the Covenant a part of the Peace Treaty.

The significance of this was scarcely realized at the time, perhaps. The incorporation of the Covenant of the League of Nations in the Peace Treaty proved, in the end, to be the chief victory of the President in the Peace Conference, as the other points in the Fourteen, excepting some of the more practical ones relating to conditions brought in by the war, were swept off the boards by the skilful realists the President was pitted against.

Is it not proving to be a sufficient one? Where would the world be today without the machinery which the League has set up and, above all, without the idea of "friendship and accommodation" which it keeps constantly before

the nations as the ideal to be aimed at and to be saved by? And where would the League be if it had not been included in the Treaty? Who would have bothered with it when the peace was once assured without it? Who would have obtained its adoption?

Other triumphs followed when the President introduced the mandate system for the disposal of the German colonies. These colonies were high, rich stakes, and there was a scramble for them. Wilson's face was set against their being gobbled up. Their possession and control, he insisted, must remain with the League of Nations, and their administration be assigned under mandates to the Powers, who should report each year to the League upon their stewardship. The purpose of the mandate, furthermore, and the test by which the stewardship was to be judged, was the good of the natives involved. Development must not be a cloak or an excuse for exploitation. This was not gained without a struggle, and the struggle was not over at this time. But the principle was launched, and there was no escape from it.

Meanwhile the President was attending night sessions of the Commission to draft the League Covenant, of which he was chairman, while he was sitting with the Council of Ten throughout the day, listening to deputations, tackling knotty problems, hearing reports of committees, commissions and experts. The Prinkipo proposal was tottering. The Soviet officials, more excellent at the great game of poker-diplomacy than any of them, because more daring and not bound down by inhibiting rules, took a sly advantage of the form in which the invitation had been sent to them. They had heard, said Tchicherin, Minister of Foreign Affairs for the Soviet Government, in a telegram to President Wilson, that they were being invited to a meeting. Was this true? If the Conference would send them an

official invitation. . . . Which was precisely what the Conference could not do.

The days that followed were dramatic and intense. It was necessary for the President to return to the United States in the middle of February to be on hand to sign bills before Congress adjourned, March fourth. He wanted to take the Covenant of the League home with him in his pocket. The time was growing short. On February sixth the draft was one-third finished "provisionally"; but the details were proving difficult. The small powers were fighting for greater representation. There was ceaseless talk at the sessions which the President attended to preside over after a day with the Council, where matters were moving no more rapidly toward conclusion.



FOCH AND PERSHING

On February third Marshal Foch and General Pershing appeared before the Council to discuss the Armistice which must be renewed with Germany. Foch, who was proving himself a hard man in peace, was for more drastic terms. He wanted Essen occupied. He wanted this and he wanted that. Wilson would have none of such a temper against the vanquished. The next day the conditions of the temporary peace

which the Armistice was covering were taken from the hands of the military and placed with the Supreme Economic Council, organized by resolution of President Wilson. Foch and Clemenceau were both opposed. It was a blow to French officialdom. But they were carried along in the current which was still running toward the President, and had to practice the "accommodation" Clemenceau had spoken of.

A crisis, however, was produced. *Figaro* came out with a cutting attack upon the President. "President Wilson," it said, "has lightly assumed a responsibility such as few men have ever borne. Success in his idealistic efforts will surely place him among the greatest characters of history. But failure will plunge the world into chaos and will make the responsible author of this chaos one of the most pitiful characters that history has ever presented." He was losing sight, the paper went on to point out, of the practical requirements of France and of the German military menace. On the same day Clemenceau came out in an interview stating that France was not to be sacrificed to the attainment of high but vague ideals.

This produced a turmoil. The President let it be known that the removal of the Conference to another capital, to get it out of the influence of the atmosphere of Paris, was being considered. Clemenceau hurried over to see House. . . . It blew over. Paris grew more temperate. Wilson was playing his hand well — bluffing and calling with equal success up to the present.

Things looked dark for the League Covenant. Tuesday came. The President must have the document, with recognition of it from the full Conference, by Saturday, when he had to leave for home. Things were at a standstill, hopelessly caught on snags. Bourgeois was insisting, in long, tiresome speeches, on an international army and general

staff under the League. The President, on Tuesday, got up and walked out of the meeting of the Commission, tired and dejected, and adjournment was taken until Thursday, two days before he sailed. Everyone felt that it was all over with the Covenant.

On Friday, the thirteenth, Paris was amazed to learn that the Covenant was ready, and that a Plenary Session had been called for the following afternoon at 3:00. The



WILLIAM M. BULLITT

President, leaving at nine for Brest, was to take it with him in his pocket.

The day before, Thursday, when the Commission re-convened, he had turned the meeting over to Lord Robert Cecil. Cecil called a session for three o'clock. He brought to a vote Bourgeois' proposition for an international army. It was lost, with only three votes in favor of it. The Japanese asked for racial equality to be included, but yielded. The adoption of the Covenant as prepared without these two features was put and carried unanimously. And the League was safe — for the moment.

The next night, Saturday, in a heavy rain, at nine o'clock Woodrow Wilson left for Brest to board the *George Washington*, with his priceless document in his pocket. The Plenary Session had met, heard the outlines of the Covenant, tacitly accepted it, and Clemenceau had adjourned them without giving them a chance to launch upon endless discussion.

The first stage was ended.

THE SECOND STAGE

With the troublesome idealist once out of the way and appeased with his precious Covenant, the practical realists of the Conference lost no time in settling down to work. There is little doubt that Clemenceau and the rest of them gave in to Wilson with precisely that in mind. Let him have his hobby. It was annoying and made things difficult, but it would do no harm. With it disposed of they could go ahead like men of common sense and settle the practical matters that needed attention. That, as a matter of fact, is how it turned out. The Covenant on the one hand, which still survives at this writing, and is gaining force and vitality every year, and the settlements on the other, which are slowly fading into limbo or undergoing adjustment and revision to bring them more nearly into line with the spirit of the Covenant which the makers of the adjustments scorned and conceded to a mooning idealist.



COUNT BROCKDORFF-RANTZAU

The Treaty was the business now in hand. The Council determined to speed it up and have it ready for President Wilson when he returned on March fifteenth. The Russian question was dropped. Winston Churchill had come over from London to Paris by airplane the day before Wilson sailed, with a proposal for armed intervention, but it came to nothing. Wilson was opposed, and no one would supply troops for it. The day of Prinkipo came and went with no meeting. Russia was left to stew a little longer in her own juices.

Everyone was growing impatient. Europe was slipping into dissolution. There was no stability, no assurance of what was ahead, no work, no food. Day by day nothing was done at the Peace Conference. Session after session of the Council of Ten only wound things up. The meetings were supposed to be secret, but enough leaked out to reveal the conditions of a deadlock. The Treaty must be put through. It could not wait any longer on the League, which Wilson had carried away with him to show to the folks at home.

Opponents of the League were plucking up courage. They were not so sure that it would not be avoided. The folks at home were not showing themselves any too well pleased with it. Had not Wilson been repudiated by his countrymen even before he came? Now see! In the Senate and the press, on the street, the precious document was being torn to pieces. The Senate was recalcitrant and rebellious. The people had undergone a change of heart. Why should this strange notion of a professor of theory be submitted to practical men?

France must have 200 billion dollars war indemnity. England 120 billion. France must have the Saar valley with its coal, and the left bank of the Rhine, with its defence against further German aggression. The German fleet must be sunk, Essen dismantled, all German industry capable of being turned to the uses of war must be under Allied — not the League — supervision.

On February nineteenth Clemenceau was shot by an anarchist, but was back again ten days later. The Treaty was beginning to take form. The German force was reduced to 100,000. Nothing was said about the reduction of armaments of the other nations; another of the Fourteen Points was gone.

The President was returning to the fight from trying



A FRENCH CELEBRATION OF VICTORY — THE CHAMPS ELYSÉE, PARIS,
JULY 14, 1919

times at home. The tide had already turned against him. I do not think he knew it yet, but we can see now that it had. Power, influence, prestige and following were passing from him. A change had come over the spirit of the people. The rare atmosphere into which he had exalted them was not enough to sustain them day in and day out. They were returning to the flesh-pots. They murmured against this Moses. Friends and admirers and supporters, impatient over the delay, disappointed in results, shocked at the failure of the Fourteen Points, questioning the form of the League Covenant itself, were falling from him. The great unthinking mass that follows hue and cry and had been aroused to a new consciousness by his voice, was swinging back to more accustomed views. His political enemies, and he had many, were making the most of everything. The German-Americans felt he was not doing enough for Germany; the Irish-Americans quarreled with him for compromising with England. The Republicans, both in and out of Congress, realized that they could not permit any Democrat the triumph that would be his if he succeeded in his League and the moral crusade that it represented and expressed. Attacks on the man and the measure came in on every side. How about the Fourteen Points? How about open diplomacy? How about Article Ten, committing America to guarantee the boundaries and integrity of European nations? How about the British Empire's seven votes to America's one in the League? How about this? How about that? What are you doing in Europe, anyway? The place for the President is at home!

It is difficult in all this to distinguish between what was normal opposition, based on principle or expediency, and what was the outcropping of the spiritual reaction that had set in throughout the world when the tension of the war was over. The old superstition of the cycle, of the pendu-

lum in human affairs, was having another demonstration of its apparent truth. The world was in a moral slump, and the President was caught in it.

Already more than half defeated in the very quarter where he must depend for ultimate victory, he turned his back on the murmurings of his own people and faced once more the mighty struggle that he was waging, more and more alone, against the old forces of selfishness, fear and inveterate tradition which he had preached and fought the war against.

Wilson, returning to Paris on March fourteenth, found a "hard" peace well under way and the League of Nations shorn from the Treaty and thrown aside.

Courage, amounting almost to audacity, was not lacking, at this time, at least, in the course which the President pursued.

There had been no change, he announced in a public statement, in the plan to link the Treaty and the Covenant. The decision was final.

There was great surprise and some consternation, in Paris, over this.

Pinchon, the French Foreign Minister, said in an interview that the Covenant could not possibly be made a part of the Treaty.

Tardieu ran back and forth explaining that M. Pinchon was misunderstood. The French papers were called off.

Lord Robert Cecil announced that England was for including the Covenant in the Treaty.

Lloyd George stated that the question of including the League of Nations in the Peace Treaty had never been brought to his attention in any way whatever. Was he tired of having statements made by President Wilson about his views without regard to what his views really were?

Had he had enough of being committed without being consulted?

The other questions at issue in the Treaty tightened down again. The tension over indemnities and territory grew. The claims had been whittled down to 40 billion dollars all told. That was more than Germany could ever pay, the American experts insisted. Lloyd George and Wilson were at grips over the question of the Polish corridor through East Prussia to Danzig, assigned to Poland as a



VIEW OF THE FIRST LEAGUE OF NATIONS MEETING AT GENEVA, SWITZERLAND

port. The plan turned more than a million Germans over to Poland, Lloyd George pointed out. Where was the self-determination in this? It could not be helped, Wilson replied. It was a case of two principles colliding. Poland had been promised access to the sea. She was entitled to it, and must have it. In this case, that principle took precedence.

France was still insisting upon the left bank of the Rhine. Japan announced that she would press her demands for recognition of racial equality before the Conference. Sonnino and Orlando gave notice that they would

quit if Fiume was not given to them, according to the secret treaty arranged in London as a *quid pro quo* when she entered the war against Germany. Mandates were assigned: the British in Mesopotamia; the French in Syria; with America as sponsor for Armenia, if she would accept, and Constantinople. Wilson went to visit the devastated regions; French susceptibilities had been affected because he had not done so before.

Revolution broke out in Hungary. Bela Kun, in league with the Russian Bolshevists, took control. Everybody blamed the Conference for not getting through and stabilizing affairs. Wilson blamed the French claims for the delay. The French blamed Wilson's idealism, preventing practical solutions. The French and British press became more impatient and critical.

Wilson set out to hold the three Premiers in continual session until the peace was settled, and the Council of Four began meeting in the study of the Paris White House; just the four of them, around the fireside, informally, without even a secretary and no records. Leakages from the Council of Ten had been unfortunate; there would be no more; and no publicity excepting formal communiques, telling nothing.

Meanwhile revision of the first draft of the Covenant was going forward to meet some of the objections it had encountered in America, and to iron out other details.

The Bullitt mission returned from Russia, whither it had gone unofficially to look the situation over, and reported a *de facto* government in the Soviet Republic, recommending some form of recognition of the fact. Russia, it was understood, was willing to assume the Czar's debt to France. But there was no time for that now.

Clemenceau, with Foch at his elbow, was clinging to the Rhine and the Saar. The Italian situation was growing

more acute as the time approached for taking it up finally. Orlando withdrew from the Council of Four when the Jugo-Slav delegate was called before them, regarding him as an enemy. "You might as well invite a German in," he emphasized. Jugo-Slavia, under the Fourteen Points, had a right to Fiume and the Dalmatian Coast which Italy was claiming under the secret treaty of London.

Affairs in Hungary grew worse. General Smuts was commissioned to see what could be done about it. Clemenceau and Foch hung on to the Rhine. Lloyd George could not let go of reparations. His election promises held him to sums that he knew he could not obtain, but which he dared not renounce.

Wilson grew disheartened. He fell ill. He absented himself from the sessions. The Peace Conference was "going on the rocks," the papers said, "drifting to destruction." An American correspondent cabled home that "the League of Nations is dead and the Peace Conference a failure."

The President called for the *George Washington* to come and take him home. He was through. He could do nothing more. It was hopeless. The Fourteen Points were betrayed and undermined.

Colonel House, his confidant, was not consulted on this move — knew nothing about it.

Whether the call for the *George Washington* was a shrewd and timely "bluff" or a grim decision to withdraw I cannot say; but it had its effects. Conference circles were thrown into consternation. Everyone realized that nothing could be done without America. Even at the moment American gold and American food was keeping civilization going. The threat of withdrawal fell like a solemn warning, sobering the contestants, bringing them to the issue.

The French, British, American and Italian delegates began to reach agreements. War damages were pared

down to 40 billion dollars, to be paid through thirty years. The Saar valley coal fields were turned over to the French, with a plebiscite to be held after fifteen years, to determine under which sovereignty the inhabitants wished to live. The Rhine frontier question entered its final stages, with talk of an engagement by Great Britain and the United States to come to the aid of France in case of unprovoked attack by Germany, in lieu of the guarantees Foch had been demanding. The Monroe Doctrine amendment to the Covenant was finished.

The amendment, however, encountered obstacles. It called for an official recognition of the Monroe Doctrine as an "international engagement." Theretofore it had been regarded in some quarters as only a "regional undertaking," asserted by the United States but not necessarily accepted by other Powers, even if complied with by them in instances. Now it was to achieve the standing of world recognition and authority. England wavered. The French opposed. But Wilson, in the most fiery and effective speech of his pilgrimage, carried the day — or rather the night, for it was a midnight session where this occurred — and secured its adoption.

The following day the labor platform of the Treaty was adopted at a Plenary Session of the Peace Conference. It declared that labor was not a commodity, recognized the right to organize, a standard of living, the eight-hour day with twenty-four hours rest every week, demanded the abolition of child labor, equal pay for men and women, standards for alien workers, and provided for state inspection by each State.

Three days later the defensive alliance between Great Britain, the United States and France, offered France in lieu of her Rhine protection, was announced. Wilson had got his League doing away forever with alliances — Clem-

enceau's balance of power — and Clemenceau had got his alliance as a balance of power against Germany!

Just as the sky seemed to be clearing and the Peace Treaty spanned the dissolving clouds with a bow of promise, the Italian-Adriatic storm began to blow up in earnest. Orlando intimated that he would not sign the Treaty unless Italy got Fiume and strips of the eastern Adriatic coast, with its islands. He claimed the bond of his secret treaty. Wilson's face was set like flint against this. Fiume, historically, geographically, ethnologically, economically, politically, belonged with Jugo-Slavia. He would listen to no further discussions. He absented himself from the Council. Orlando was inclined to be moderate, but Sonnino



PRESIDENT HARDING AND HIS CABINET

Warren G. Harding (*at head*) and (*left to right around table*) Andrew W. Mellon, H. M. Daugherty, Edwin Denby, H. C. Wallace, James J. Davis, Vice-President Calvin Coolidge, Herbert Hoover, A. B. Fall, W. H. Hays, John W. Weeks and Charles E. Hughes.

held firm, and the Italian Army sent a telegram. Orlando dared not recede.

Once more President Wilson went over the heads of those he was dealing with. He issued a statement of the case, appealing to the Italian people and the judgment of the world against Italy's claims to the Dalmatian coast. The principles upon which the war was settled, he said, gave Fiume to Jugo-Slavia.

Italy went wild. Orlando issued a biting reply, and left for Rome. The Council of Four, reduced to Three, went on with lesser matters.

Four days later the revised Covenant of the League of Nations was adopted in Plenary Session by the Peace Conference. President Wilson laid it before the delegates with a resolution. The Japanese refused to press their claim for racial equality. Leon Bourgeois waived the international army. Hymans of Belgium expressed the regret of his country that Brussels had not been selected, instead of Geneva, as the seat of the League, but offered no opposition. Portugal made a reservation against the choice of a neutral nation, Spain, to a seat on the Council. "There being no objection," said Clemenceau, "the reservation of

the Portuguese delegation will be recorded and the resolution of President Wilson with the Covenant of the League of Nations is unanimously adopted."

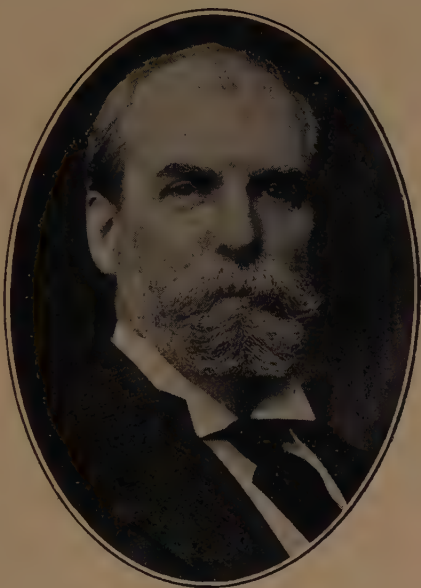
The thing was done. The crusade was over. The great dream of mankind had become a reality, inevitable, unescapable, an idea implanted forever in human consciousness and experience.

Then came Shantung; the rock



JAMES M. COX

on which the prestige of the President, with his own countrymen at least, I think, was finally wrecked. Open diplomacy had gone by the boards, but he had survived. The freedom of the seas had carried away and blown across the waters of the sea itself with scarcely a shock to those who sailed with him on his high adventure into uncharted waters, lighted only by the star of vision. Failure to disarm, the French



CHARLES E. HUGHES

in the Saar, reparations and indemnities, delays and disappointments, had been passed by. But after weathering the storm of Fiume, to go upon the rock of Shantung was more than most could abide by. The Wilson craft had been "down by the head" since the Fall elections of 1918. Now it sank out of sight, leaving the League and the Peace floating in the wreckage of a glorious endeavor.

This, at least, it seems to me, was the effect upon Americans of his failure to support the claims of China to her right to her own territory, stolen from her by Germany, and wrested from Germany by Japan. The very principle upon which he had stood so firmly against Italy demanded that Shantung should go without question to China. He permitted Japan to take it. The understanding that Japan would return the province to China "sometime" did not fool

anyone, with the echo of her twenty-one demands upon that apathetic and decrepit country still in the air.

That was the end. There was little more. The German plenipotentiaries presented themselves on the first of May ready to receive the Treaty in the making of which they had had no voice. There was to be no discussion now. Sonnino and Orlando came back. The terms of the Treaty were outlined before a secret session of the full Conference. Reading it was out of the question; it was seventy-five thousand words in length. Tardieu presented a resumé to the assembled delegates.

The next day it was presented to the Germans. Brockdorff-Rantzau was at their head. It was an austere occasion, in the Trianon Palace, at Versailles. The Allied delegates assembled in a huge semi-circle. The German delegates marched in. The assemblage arose. The Germans were still regarded as enemies, and were treated as such until they should have signed the Treaty. The assemblage remained standing until the Germans were seated.

"The time has come when we must settle our accounts," said Clemenceau to Brockdorff-Rantzau. "You have asked for peace. We are ready to give you peace . . . but we must say that this second treaty of Versailles has cost us too much not to take on our side all the necessary precautions and guarantees that the peace shall be a lasting one." There were to be no oral discussions, he told them. Their observations must be submitted in writing, within fifteen days.

"Count Brockdorff-Rantzau has the floor," he said, and took his seat.

Brockdorff-Rantzau stiffened, sat there, in his large leather chair, reached for some papers, and began speaking, still in his chair — a studied insult, apparently. "Gentlemen," he began. "We are under no illusion as to the extent



THE CONFERENCE FOR THE LIMITATION OF ARMAMENTS, AT WASHINGTON, NOVEMBER, 1921



of our defeat and the degree of our want of power. . . . We know the extent of hatred which we encounter here, and we have heard the passionate demand that the vanquishers shall make us pay as the vanquished, and shall punish those worthy of punishment. It is demanded that we shall confess ourselves to be the only ones guilty of the war. Such a confession in my mouth would be a lie." He fairly hissed the words. "We deny that Germany and its people were alone guilty. . . ."

"In this conference, where we stand before our adversaries alone and without any allies, we are not quite without protection. You yourselves have brought us an ally, namely, the right which is guaranteed by the Treaty and by the principles of peace. The Allied and Associated Governments, in the negotiations between October fifth and November fifth, 1918, renounced a peace of violence and wrote a peace of justice on their banner. On the fifth of October the German Government proposed the principles of the President of the United States of North America as the basis of peace, and on the fifth of November their Secretary of State, Mr. Robert Lansing, declared that the Allied and Associated Powers agreed to this basis, with two definite reservations. The principles of President Wilson have thus become binding on both parties to the war — binding on you as well as on us, and on our former allies. You will find us ready to examine, upon this basis, the preliminary peace which you have proposed to us, with a firm intention of rebuilding in coöperation with you that which has been destroyed and repairing wrongs that may have been done."

How far, how very far, from such a basis was the peace that had been handed to the German people!

It was signed, of course, by the Germans. The alternative was unthinkable. First there were notes of protest

from Brockdorff-Rantzau, then counter proposals, and a delay for discussion of them, in which Lloyd George came out for modifications in the Peace Treaty which would insure its being signed, but Wilson, sick of it all, tired to the bone, impatient to get home where affairs were falling to pieces in his absence, alarmed at the continuing and spreading chaos in Europe, stood firm now against the very things he had striven for in early stages of the negotiation; a few changes toward meeting the German view; the delivery of the revised Treaty; discussion of it by the German Reich at Weimar; opposition to it; doubt about its being signed; the fall of the Scheidemann ministry, fighting against it to the bitter end; the Bauer ministry; word, late on the last day of grace, after postponement had been refused, that it would be signed; the difficulty in finding anyone who would put his name to it for Germany; the arrival at last of the German envoys, and the signing of the Treaty, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of June twenty-eighth, in the Hall of Mirrors in the Palace of Versailles, where, less than fifty years before, the German Empire had been proclaimed over fallen France and stricken Paris. . . .

That night, at 9:45, President Wilson was leaving Paris at the Gare des Invalides on his way home to present the document, with the League of Nations included, to his own people for their ratification and endorsement. Poincaré, Clemenceau, and the rest were there to see him off. As I saw him marching down the scarlet carpet that had been laid for him, between two rows of potted palms, I felt a great pity for the man in his hour of triumph; for it seemed then that he had lost all in clutching at the one straw of hope that floated to him out of the maelstrom — the Covenant of the League; lost honor, prestige, integrity, political character, and above all an opportunity that had never come to the hand of man before to create a new



world for better things. Now, eight years later, I am not so sure of that; not so sure that his was not, after all, the real victory, and the frightened, greedy achievements of the others the temporary froth and whey of the contest.

Twenty-four hours later everyone had gone, and the Peace Conference was like the memory of a dream, confused, impossible — something that had never been, and could never be.

Everyone had gone, that is, but a few of us who were left behind to clear up after the occasion — a lonely and a melancholy task.

THE THIRD STAGE

I never saw the President again. The fight to which he was going back crushed and destroyed him, and he was gone before I returned to America for a visit from duties

that had fallen to me in international affairs which we could not escape, although we tried to avoid them.

It was a ghastly fight, I feel. The Republican majority in the Senate was led by men whom he had made his personal enemies. A Presidential election was approaching. These two elements, it seems to me, were the controlling factors in the fight. Senator Lodge, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, before which the Treaty must come, had pronounced in favor of a League of Nations only a year before, but now he opposed it with every tactic and device he could summon out of his long experience. Behind him was the personal feeling against Wilson of the industrial and commercial sections of the Atlantic Coast and the Middle West. "I do not know anything about the Treaty," was heard everywhere, "but if Wilson had anything to do with it, it must be a bad one."

Even now President Wilson might have pulled it out of the fire had he had a gift for coöperation and compromise, or, possibly, if he had had Colonel House at hand to placate his enemies. But Colonel House was in London busy setting up the machinery for the League. The Senators proposed amendments. They demanded reservations on Article X, the "Heart of the Covenant," Wilson called it. He could not compromise. He could not meet them half way. The Covenant was the child of his brain. He had an intellectual passion to preserve it intact. We see men fighting to the death for things they have thought of. This was his idea. To him it was inviolate. And he laid down his life for it.

Following his long practice, hitherto always effective, he went to the people with his case, making a trip through the country to the Pacific Coast. But the people were confused. They had been hearing many things. They were afraid of foreign alliances and European entanglements.

They quoted Washington, who had been quoted to them. They knew nothing of foreign affairs; knew nothing of the economic necessities for an immediate peace; did not know that the world had become so knit together that isolation was no longer possible, but that the United States must be dragged along with the other nations of the world. They did not know, no one will ever know, perhaps, the struggle that the President endured in saving what he did out of the wreckage of the dream that had gone on the rocks, sitting there between Lloyd ing hot and Clemenceau, cynical, im- his face set like anything that immediate advantage of France; for it m e m b e r e d "Tiger," this of eighty odd, against a new



MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA

by the fireside George blow- cold, and fiery, witty, placable, with a rock against was not to the and material his beloved must be re- that this old grizzly warrior b a t t l i n g foolishness, as

he saw it, was as earnest and as sincere and as convinced in his own ways as Wilson was in his, and that France, ever France, was his thought, with a patriotic nationalism which, once seen as a virtue, is coming slowly to be recognized as an enemy of the human race, as dangerous and destructive as predatory individual selfishness is now seen to be.

The people did not know. They missed Wilson's former fire, his happy phrasing. He was tired, angry, disappointed. He had lost his serenity and his assurance. His audiences turned cold in his hands. His words did not ring on the printed page as they had. The press was hostile. His

enemies in the Senate grew bolder; built up greater obstacles. He broke. They brought him home. No one saw him. Stories spread on the street about the sick man in the room of mystery.

He recovered enough to carry on the fight on his back and from his chair. But the fight was lost. The Treaty was defeated. His house of dreams, the greatest dream, perhaps, that any man had had for centuries, came tumbling about his bowed head. Or so it seemed — then.

Governor Cox, of Ohio, running on a platform for the League in what the President called a "solemn referendum," was overwhelmingly defeated by Senator Warren G. Harding, of his own State, for the Presidency. The late President, only a shadow of himself, passed soon into the shadows and was gone to human sight.

"THERE IS A VOICE ABROAD"

Warren Gamaliel Harding went before the country in the "solemn referendum" on a platform of "America First" with a slogan of "Back to Normalcy." His opponent, James M. Cox, endeavored to make a live issue out of the dead League. Harding was elected by a staggering majority in the backwash of reaction which was at its strongest at that time in America.

Politically the Republicans saw, dimly perhaps, that some form of participation in world affairs was necessary. The League, of course, they were committed against, but the new President, in his first message, spoke vaguely of something else to take its place in which the United States — the Republicans — could participate. "We make no surrender of our hope and aim for an association to promote peace in which we would most heartily join," he said. What such an association might be he did not state. Later he committed himself to the World Court. Hughes was his

Secretary of State. Andrew Mellon and Herbert Hoover were in his Cabinet. So, too, were Daugherty and Fall. It was, however, regarded as a strong Cabinet. The year of his election, 1920, saw the first assembly of the League of Nations. The United States made a separate peace with Germany.

Nineteen-twenty-one came, and the inauguration. The country was getting back to "normalcy" without too much difficulty. Huge war stores were on hand, and a great fleet. The boys were coming back and the activities of the country were beginning to digest them again. Europe was not so fortunate.

One of the first moves of the Administration was to call a conference on limitation of armaments. The crushing



ALLIED PRIME MINISTERS POINCARÉ, OF FRANCE; BONAR LAW, OF BRITAIN; MUSSOLINI, OF ITALY; THEUNIS, OF BELGIUM, CONFERRING AT 10 DOWNING STREET, LONDON, ON GERMAN REPARATIONS

burden of the armaments that the European nations had piled up and their inevitable consequences of war, was an object lesson. The League of Nations provided for general disarmament, but the Treaty had taken no steps toward it, and the powers would scarcely go ahead with such a program without the participation of America.

There was another reason for the call. Japan was at the height of an imperialistic program in Asia. Her twenty-one demands upon China, her activities in Mongolia and Siberia and Manchuria, were a clear indication of her intentions in the Pacific. She hovered over the Philippines. The Anglo-Japanese Treaty was a disturbing factor. It was time to come to an understanding with her in which the leading powers of Europe with interests in the Far East could participate.

The call, issued by President Harding in response to a resolution introduced in the Senate by Senator Borah, invited Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, China, Holland, Belgium and Portugal to attend a conference at Washington to take up disarmament and questions concerning the Pacific and Far East "of unquestioned importance at the time"; the Conference to assemble at Washington on Armistice Day, November eleventh, 1921.

Japan was not particularly happy in attending a conference to go into what she was doing among her neighbors. What she wanted, and needed, was to be left alone for a little while. Her newspapers were hot against the plan, but nothing could be done about it. So she came.

The aims of the United States in the Conference were really four: The limitation of land and naval armaments; the cancellation of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance; the settlement of the question of the Pacific Islands, and the obstruction of Japanese imperialism in China and Siberia in order to aid the reconstruction and development of those coun-

tries. But they were not so stated in the published agenda of the Conference, which veiled them in discreet diplomatic language.

Armistice Day celebrations put the opening of the Conference over until November twelfth. Secretary Hughes struck the delegates aghast, and amazed and amused the onlooking world by proposing, out of hand, the restriction of naval armaments on a basis of relative strength between Great Britain, the United States and Japan of 5-5-3, which set things afoot at once and brought quick results. England supported the proposal immediately. France objected to her proportion, but acquiesced. Japan suggested a basis giving her greater relative strength, but gave way.

Strength was to be computed on the basis of battle-ships. Cruisers and other craft were to be in proportion. When it came to submarines, nothing could be arrived at, in limiting either their size, number, or the range of their effective operations from the home base; an end which England, fresh from her experiences with under-sea craft, strove to achieve. France blocked this. She put her faith in submarines to protect her communications with her colonies, and would not let them be molested. Neither would France entertain suggestions to limit land armaments.

The Anglo-Japanese Alliance, which Great Britain was glad enough to abandon, was replaced by a Four Power Treaty including France and the United States with the former Allies, in which the four Powers guaranteed to respect the present Pacific and insular possessions of the signatories and recognized spheres of influence. The integrity of China and the Open Door were reaffirmed, and Japan agreed to give up Shantung — a concession which President Wilson had been unable to obtain at the Peace Conference.

On the whole, the Washington Conference was a success.

Secretary Hughes, in his conduct of it, gave an exhibition of clear, clean-cut, straightforward and intelligent statesmanship which struck the imagination of the world. Hope was revived that America was finding her way to take part in the concerns of the nations, and that other conferences would follow this one; but the hope was unfulfilled.

And so our country slipped out of the plans of the world, and the other peoples in it turned their attention to working out their own problems which, after all, may be best and necessary. Harding, passing on in 1923, before the sordid disclosures within his own Cabinet had come to throw their shadow too heavily upon him, left to his successor, Calvin Coolidge, a faint commitment to the World Court as constituted under the League of Nations. This President Coolidge accepted and maintained to the point of getting American adherence to the Court through the Senate, but which he then felt justified in abandoning.

What has been the immediate result? Germany, after the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, was crushed almost to extinction. Communistic difficulties in the Ruhr compelled her to send in for their suppression more troops than were allowed there under the terms of the Treaty, whereupon France promptly marched into the district with her own soldiers and took possession, occupying Frankfort and Darmstadt. The mark fell to nothing. Gigantic figures in finance arose out of the wreckage of it; Hugo Stinnes, the great German industrialist, for his brief hour was an industrial phenomenon. Upper Silesia, carved in two by the League of Nations after a plebiscite, took away from her much of the remaining raw material which was her only hope of meeting reparations.

Clemenceau fell before the indignation of France at the concessions he had made in the Treaty — a bitter irony — and Briand succeeded him. France looked and continued

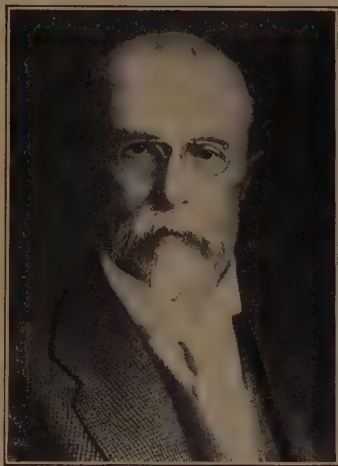


SIGNING THE LOCARNO PEACE PACT

to look to Germany for payments that would rehabilitate her financially. She took no other steps to save herself. Matters went from bad to worse. There seemed to be no hope but in German payments, and no hope of German payments. Poincaré followed Briand as Premier of France, with an iron hand in the Ruhr, seeking "sanctions," trying to squeeze blood out of the German turnip that was dry. Germans in the Ruhr defeated him with passive resistance, refusing to produce.

Lloyd George "hung on" in England. Common sense there was beginning to wipe out the pre-election promises he had made before the Peace Conference. No one expected them to be fulfilled. His efforts to redeem them were accepted in lieu of the cash. Conferences began. Experts went up and down with huge portfolios of figures and pens behind their ears to add new figures to them. German experts were called in. Minimum indemnities were agreed to at last, with an elastic scale.

Great Britain and France approached a split. Lloyd George tried to get Germany and Russia back into the concert of nations. Germany and Russia began negotiating. Lloyd George and the British opposed Poincaré's policy in the Ruhr. Ramsay MacDonald succeeded Lloyd George with a Labor Cabinet. Herriot succeeded Poincaré. France, Germany and England were brought more closely together. Hindenburg became President of Germany, and supported the Constitution with the same fidelity to duty and obedi-



THOMAS MAZARYK

ence to authority that he had exhibited as a soldier under the Empire.

Russia continued to be the black sheep of the nations. She was held over the heads of political children to frighten them. Lenin found absolute Communism one thing in a book, and another in the street and shop. He began to adjust it to realities. He died. There was tension while other leaders emerged. Trotzky came to the front, receded. Outside attempts to put a stop to Bolshevism by support of partisans who ventured to attack it came to nothing. They merely strengthened the hand of the leaders, who could say: "See! The capitalistic powers are trying to crush you."

Greece, at the instigation of Lloyd George, attacked Turkey to obtain territory under terms of an understanding which the Powers themselves were in no position to enforce on a strongly Moslem nation. There was an initial success; but Kemal Pasha, lying back for a stroke, sprang upon the Greek army and drove it into the sea. He turned around and deposed the Sultan. France made peace with his Government at Angora; signed a treaty, taking care of herself. And Turkey, the New Turkey, stood untouched and supreme.

Italy was bankrupt, politically, industrially, economically. The Socialists and Communists were gaining the upper hand, wrecking her piecemeal, when Benito Mussolini formed a band of Fascisti. They wore black shirts. They opposed Socialism. They upheld Italy. There were shootings and stabbings. The idea spread. Other bands formed. Mussolini gave notice of a march upon Rome. The King sent for him to form a Cabinet. His power was quickly established. He stamped out the Socialists. He crushed opposition. He practiced reprisals. He magnetized Italy with great speeches, electrical, dynamic, into new

visions of herself. He loomed over the world, a black, imposing shadow.

Austria was destitute. The partition of the empire stripped her of all her resources. Hungary came back from Bela Kun. The Balkan States formed a Little Entente, supported by France. Czecho-Slovakia, under Mazaryk, prospered mightily. Jugo-Slavia came to an understanding with Italy about Fiume, where D'Annunzio had been sitting twirling his moustachios. Serbia recuperated.

Whatever American politicians and American statesmen might do, American financiers in the main found it advisable to keep out of European affairs. Nevertheless, they saw that economic dissolution there would spell world disaster. America was prosperous beyond anything she had ever known; but the financiers and the big industrialists knew that a prosperity which fattened upon the decay or death of other nations could not last forever. Furthermore, and particularly, they were heavily involved. They came to the rescue. They loaned huge sums.

Germany could not meet her reparation payments. There was endless confusion over them. France must have her money; no Frenchman dared propose otherwise.



THE ALLIED REPARATIONS COMMISSION IN SESSION — (*Left to right*) BARON HOUBART, OF BELGIUM; ALLIX AND PARMENTIER, OF FRANCE; CHAIRMAN CHARLES G. DAWES AND OWEN D. YOUNG, OF THE UNITED STATES; SIR ROBERT KINDERSLEY AND SIR JOSHUA STAMP, OF ENGLAND; DR. PIRELLI, OF ITALY

But plans politically possible in France were economically impossible in Germany. A commission was called in under the responsibility of Americans. General Charles G. Dawes was chairman of it. They summoned experts. They examined German conditions. They determined what Germany could pay, and how. An agreement was reached. Germany undertook to meet the obligations outlined. The Dawes Report, and some cussing its author did at a Senatorial hearing, made him Vice-President of the United States.

Then, at last, came Locarno.

Men everywhere wanted peace. Whatever their motives, they wanted it. If they were fighting, they were fighting to be left alone, or to secure themselves, as they believed.

With a general will to peace, what was the obstruction? Fear. Fear of each other; fear of the future. What was the cure for it? Security from each other. Security for the future.

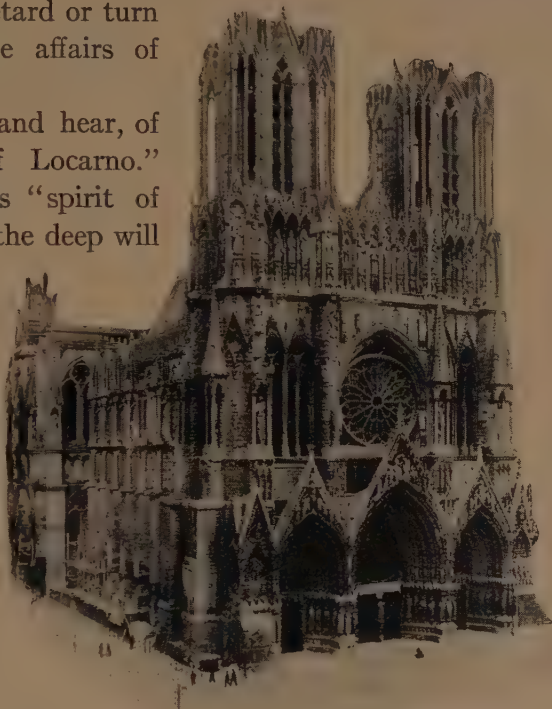
How was a sense of security to be gained, if men would not trust the good intentions of each other? The League of Nations did not afford it. It had not grown strong enough as yet. Furthermore, Germany and Russia, chief bogies in the world at the time, were neither of them within the League or subject to its powers, such as they were. Germany was controlled by Allied Commissions and Councils and direct pressure of France and Great Britain; Russia not at all.

Ramsay MacDonald, Great Britain's first Labor Prime Minister, began to build up in Germany, slowly, by means of good sense and good feeling, a confidence and trust toward the intentions of the Allied Powers, and England especially. German delegates to conferences were made to feel at ease. They dropped their suspicious alertness and were open to friendly advances.

This was swept away over night when the British Labor

Government fell. But it came back. Was a "great voice of humanity abroad in the world," as the President had said, in Manchester, replying to Clemenceau's speech to the French Chamber, in the December of 1918, which was uttering itself? Had he set afoot something that neither circumstances, nor statesmen, not political events, could permanently retard or turn aside from the affairs of men?

We speak, and hear, of the "spirit of Locarno." What was this "spirit of Locarno" but the deep will of men, stilling for a time their fears, to dwell together in amity and helpfulness, fumbling at the lock of Fate with the key of Love? Fumbling in half lights and the cold, with many misgivings still, and



THE CATHEDRAL OF RHEIMS, RESTORED

doubts about what the door should be thrown open to when the lock was turned; but fumbling, nevertheless, with a dumb, infallible instinct toward salvation for themselves and others.

At Locarno, on October sixteenth, 1925, the pacts were signed. The gesture wiped out the past. Europe as it

stood at the time was made the basis for the new life into which Europe was entering through the portals of Locarno.

For the first time since the war German delegates were received at the opening of a conference and on a footing of complete equality. No seats were marked off for them in the Conference room; they were no longer set apart as they had been at previous conferences since the war, to which they had been invited, if at all, only after the other Powers had met before them and arranged the slate.

And here, in a pleasant town in Switzerland, only eleven years since these very Powers were at death grapples on a mighty front from the Swiss mountains to the sea, Great Britain, France, Belgium and Germany signed away forever their sovereign right, maintained since the beginning of time by all nations and peoples, to make war! Gigantic and stupendous fact, unheard of before in international relationships!

It is true that it did not have the scope and sweep of the Geneva Protocol, which would have outlawed war universally; but for one particular danger spot, and among the very nations that had succumbed before to the danger, it achieved this thing, defining and guaranteeing boundaries, and the inviolability of frontiers, setting up arbitration treaties between the signatory nations to cover all points of dispute which might come up, without exception, reducing the possibility of war to such war as may be prescribed in fulfillment of Article XVI of the League of Nations.

It is also true that the Pact and Treaties of Locarno are "scraps of paper." Everything depends, as everything always does, upon the spirit in man; how much of his true spirit is caught and reflected in the conduct of his affairs and his relationships with his fellows.

The spirit of Locarno was one of amity and good-will and confidence. That spirit, as I see it, living here at

Geneva, with excursions here and there, including America — which bring me behind the scenes where I can see what men are thinking in their hearts — has not faded, but rather grown more warm and radiant, since it found expression in the “scraps of paper” signed by the Powers that had been dreading and fearing and hating and destroying each other for a dozen years, and dozens of times a dozen years, in European history.

Germany is now in the League, with a permanent seat on the Council. sistance; but the not, and did not “a great voice abroad” which Just as man’s ous years before war, were in the forces with could not cope they were in the of a Good which



JAN SMUTS

not be denied. At least that is my growing belief.

And where do we find ourselves at home? We came “back to normalcy” with a vengeance after the war. There was a period of frantic prosperity in 1921, followed by a more or less painful deflation, from which the farmer has not yet recovered. As successor to Harding, President Coolidge fitted the temper of the people at the time. They had gotten back to something that they understood — making money — and he was not disposed to disturb them in their pursuits. Had not he himself had ambition, when a boy, to be a store-keeper. The League was a closed issue. Coolidge was elected to a second term, and proposed adherence to the World Court. The Senate accepted it, with

There was re- resistance could last. There was of humanity cried it down. affairs, for hide- and during the hands of evil which man alone, so now beneficent hands would not, will

reservations which destroyed the effect of belonging to it. The President withdrew his suggestion, and proposed to return large sums of income tax which he had saved for the people through economy.

Nevertheless, we are in nearly every conference that goes on in Europe under the League, officially or unofficially, as participants or observers. We cannot escape the responsibility. We are too deeply involved in history for that. We cannot step out of the world. We discuss economics and finance with them; we take up disarmament. I have just been through that myself, working under Hugh Gibson. It has come to little enough, apparently; but it has made vocal once again the "great voice of humanity throughout the world."

We still have reason to cling to the debts that Europe owes us. We make solemn funding arrangements with energetic men who borrow huge sums on the strength of them. We have nearly all the gold in the world, and must lend and lend and lend before they can pay. England alone is settling with us. How can the others? How can they make the actual transfer of all that wealth without destroying themselves and us? We are in too delicate a balance. There is nothing in existence to offset the huge sums that are on the books as debts. Their equivalents have been destroyed in the war.

The American business man, with his high integrity, looks upon these debts as ordinary business obligations. Europe borrowed the money. Why should not Europe pay? There is no answer that the business man can understand except a business answer, which I leave to the economists and professors.

There are two distinct views on debt collection. This is one of them, and it has much to be said for it. It would, at least, keep Europe on its good behavior by keeping its

nose to the grindstone. They could not go to war until they had paid their debts and could get some more money from us. That, at least, is the argument.

The other view is that we should write off the debts and begin again, both as an economic expedient and as a moral and redemptive stroke. There can be no question that there would be a great rebound of activity and spirits throughout the world if these debts were cancelled, and that the contempt and hatred and suspicion from which America suffers at the present time would give place to a friendly attitude and a grateful confidence which would once more set us on the road to the moral leadership of the world which we enjoyed at the time we went into the war. Whether



AMERICAN SECTION OF THE PANTHEON DE LA GUERRE

President Wilson in the center, and on his right the figure of Ambassador Herrick, which has replaced that of Col. House. Some of the other figures are Evangeline Booth, Mrs. Tuck, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Elsie de Wolf, General Pershing and Anne Morgan. This great Art Memorial of the World War was painted by Pierre Carrier-Belleuse, Auguste François Gourget and twenty-eight other distinguished French artists.

this is worth money, great sums of it, or not, must, I suppose, be left for the time being to those that have the money, rather than to those who see other values more important.

There is little chance for it, I think, at the present time in America. A huge, bursting prosperity has fattened us. We have, as a nation and more or less as individuals in the nation, what is described as "material blessings" beyond the dreams of avarice. One automobile to every five of us! A radio in nearly every house! Golf courses! Moving picture houses! Stores staggering with luxuries, and people buying them! The world has never seen the like. So it is a difficult time to speak of other things.

But why be disturbed? Why worry? It is not materialism that darkens our thoughts at present. It is not a love of these things, and these alone, that heaps them up on our backs, a terrible burden to groan under. It is a lack, for the present, of anything else. Want of an ideal, mental indolence and ignorance. Let someone come and gather up the latent spirit of the people and utter it again with "a great voice of humanity" and we shall rise, man, woman and child, as we arose in 1917 to the great voice then abroad in the land.

That the fundamental feeling of Europe, notably of France and England, toward the United States is friendly rather than otherwise was evidenced only the other day, May twenty-first, 1927, when a young American aviator brought his airplane, *The Spirit of St. Louis*, to a safe landing at Le Bourget, Paris, after a pioneer 33½-hour flight from New York, with the simple remark: "I am Charles Lindbergh." His reception was a marvelous one, and as sincere as it was generous. The phlegmatic British were, if possible, even more demonstrative a few days later when Lindbergh flew from Paris to London and alighted at Croydon Field.

I was in Paris at the time of his arrival there from America. It was high drama. Picture the scene. Thousands of people were massed on one side of Le Bourget, the Paris air field. It was after ten o'clock at night. Some of them had been there for six or seven hours. Off to the left the giant *phare* of Mount Valerien flashed its guiding light thirty miles into the air. Closer on the left Le Bourget Lighthouse twinkled, and off to the right another giant revolving *phare* sent its beams heavenward. Big arc lights on all sides, with enormous electric flares, were flooding the landing field. From time to time rockets rose and burst kaleidoscopically over the field.

Hope that the lone aviator would reach his goal was being abandoned when, at 10:24 P.M., suddenly and softly



BRITISH SECTION OF THE PANTHEON DE LA GUERRE

Represented by King George V, the Prince of Wales, Lloyd George, Balfour, Lord Derby, Admirals Jellicoe, Beatty and Keyes; the Aviator Warnford, Lord Kitchener, Field Marshal French, Sir Douglas Haig, Lord Northcliffe.



CHARLES LINDBERGH AND HIS MOTHER,
ON THE EVE OF HIS EPOCHAL FLIGHT
FROM NEW YORK TO PARIS

there slipped out of the darkness a gray-white object—the American airplane, *Spirit of St. Louis*, which had left New York at 7:52 A.M., May twentieth. It seemed to stop almost as it touched the ground, so gently did it land. And then occurred a scene which defies description. Two companies of soldiers with fixed bayonets and Le Bourget field police, reinforced by Paris gendarmes, had held the crowd in order. But as the lights showed the plane landing, much as if a

picture had been thrown upon a motion picture screen, there was a rush that swept soldiers and police aside like so many straws and that came near wrecking the airplane and its lone pilot.

Surviving the ordeal of landing, Captain, later Colonel, Lindbergh was given a series of receptions that recalled the mighty tribute paid to President Wilson on his arrival in Paris to attend the Peace Conference. Received by the French Chamber of Deputies, the American airman was acclaimed by General Giraud, President of the Army Commission of the Chamber, and congratulated “on the happy realization of the most audacious feat of the century.”

“You have not only united two continents,” he said, “but the hearts of all men everywhere in admiration of that simple courage which attends the accomplishment of great things. You have won the greatest of all victories, such a

victory for progress as makes all men proud, such a victory as is most honorable and worth while. Your victory is over nature, over that obstinate trio of time, space and matter, against which man's fight must be incessant if he is to progress. . . . Magnificent hero and dear heart, we greet you in the name of those others of your countrymen who, in the Lafayette Escadrille, died here for France, who, like you, helped to frame that unalterable fraternity, that indissoluble friendship which unites our two peoples."

Ambassador Myron T. Herrick, who had escorted Lindbergh to the Chamber and was his host and counselor during his stay in the French capital, turned toward the airman, inviting him to reply. But Lindbergh motioned for the Ambassador to speak.

"I knew France before the war," said Herrick; "I knew you during that dreadful ordeal, and I have known you during your magnificent restoration. Always in my heart



CHARLES LINDBERGH AND HIS FAMOUS "SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS"

there has been the wish that somehow I could show you more of my own country as I know it and love it. In these last days I have known the realization of that ambition.

"Gentlemen, I present to you this new Ambassador of the United States, whom France has so warmly taken to her heart."

Cool and collected, the young airman from the Middle West, who, on alighting at Le Bourget five days previously, with letters of introduction, had taken care to announce his name because "he was afraid they might think he was somebody else," stepped forward beside the American diplomat and faced the Chamber of Deputies. What would or could the youth say? There was a climax of emotion in the room of which it would be difficult to maintain the peak, and from which it would be even more difficult to descend without an anti-climax. As it is recorded, however, Lindbergh, rode the gale of the occasion: "Gentlemen, one hundred and thirty-two years ago Benjamin Franklin was asked: 'But what good is your balloon? What will it accomplish?' And he replied: 'What good is your new-born child?' Less than twenty years ago, when I was not far advanced from infancy, M. Blériot, here beside me, flew across the English Channel and he was asked: 'What good is your airplane? What will it accomplish?' Today those same skeptics might well ask me what good has been my flight from New York to Paris. My answer is that I believe it is the forerunner of a great air service from America to France, from America to Europe, which will bring our peoples together, nearer in understanding and in friendship than they have ever been." That was all, but the simple utterance moved those representatives of France as eloquence could not have done, and satisfied them by its wise completeness.

I ought, I suppose, to give a last account, in so far as I am able, of the little group I had occasion to bring in to my story of these eventful years which we have passed through — and are still in the midst of.

Teddy Stevens, Jr., walked into Uncle Sam's one day late in November, 1918, dazed and broken. The Germans had turned him loose, with other prisoners, shortly after the Armistice, to find his way, and he had wandered into the British lines, where they had cared for him. He did not send us word — he did not think of that — but came himself when he was able. Peggy, I think, had never quite given up hope of seeing him again. He would not tell us his experiences. He came out of it, and is selling bonds in Chicago now, quite successfully. We never see them. At least I never do, although Mildred runs out to Chicago when my business calls me to Washington.

Uncle Sam and Patricia have settled down in California at a little place called Carmel, where he writes a little, and plays golf some. They travel, and we never know when they will drop in upon us, or we shall look up from our table in a café and see them strolling in. Sam cannot live in a smaller place than the world itself, and Patricia is not much better.

Hugh is in the automobile business in Detroit. He has given up soldiering, and is getting rich. He and Dorothy had rather a close squeak of it for a time, Mildred tells me, from letters Peggy writes, but have managed to weather it.

Billy Florida and Sadie I have lost track of. He came back from Russia rather "red," and drifted down into the Balkans. I think he had gone to seed. He was quite a stormy petrel when I saw him last, in Paris. What he felt to be Wilson's failure and "betrayal of humanity" those are his words, I remember — were too much for him. It was a great surprise. I thought he had more balance. I think,

perhaps, he suffered from an unfortunate combination of imagination and honesty. He had a leaping mind tied down by facts as he saw them. His vaulting fancy demanded illusions for their play, which his intellectual integrity would not permit. And he went under, spiritually. Partly under, at least. I cannot believe that Sadie, if she is still with him, will let him go entirely under. One cannot tell. These have been disturbing years, and the young heart has proved eager and curious.

Jim Torrance has "made a man" of Evelyn, as he puts it. But he has paid the price. He has become a corporation lawyer in New York City and belongs to many clubs and directorates. We see them in their travels, and I think it makes Torrance a bit wistful. He has, however, preserved his sense of humor; a bit more biting than it used to be; not so genial. Evelyn is extremely modern, but devoted to Jim. How much of a "man" she would have become, and how devoted, if Jim were not a corporation lawyer, Jim, perhaps, knows better than any of us.

My mother has passed on. Father has retired to his books and a few companions. He still lives in Washington, although out of public life, of course. The English Stephens we see sometimes, when we run over to London. Mr. Stephens is a venerable old gentleman addicted to discussion. Elizabeth is with him, trying to interest herself. The mother is gone.

Mildred and I are in State affairs. I seem to have attained to a fatal proficiency as a sub-secretary who thinks of things he does not know how to do and has to do things that he does not care to think about. I go from here to there, wherever my duties take me, usually gravitating back to Geneva, where our Government always has some interests to look after. Just at present the stage is set for another conference on the limitation of naval armaments.

I suppose, as a Democrat, if I were more important I would be let out, so I am grateful for my mediocrity, for it is all intensely engaging — this weave and play of history, this clash and tussle of the flesh and spirit in the affairs of men, this huge stage where men stalk up and down with a “great voice of humanity” ever prompting them from the wings.

KENNETH STEVENS.

Geneva, July 4, 1927.

INDEX

INDEX

A

A. B. C. POWERS (ARGENTINA-BRAZIL-CHILE)

delegates meet in U. S. A. to discuss Mexico, 75, 159

ADAMSON RAILROAD BILL

a 1916 campaign issue, 178

AGUINALDO

American treatment of, 31

AIRCRAFT

a baffling problem, 320
scandal over, 416

AISNE, THE

German armies entrench on, 105
ruins of a French castle on, 309

ALBERT, DR. HEINRICH

spends \$10,000,000 of German money to influence America, 139
costly indiscretion of, 142-3

ALDRICH, NELSON W.

portrait of, 59

ALGER, RUSSELL A.

his Spanish-American War responsibilities, 30

ALLENBY, BRITISH GENERAL

Jerusalem occupied by, 252
portrait of, 257

ALLIED BATTLE LINE

after the armistice, 19

ALLIED WAR COUNCIL

is established, 254
Col. E. M. House is admitted to the, 254

ALLIES

American sympathies with the, 113
Germany protests the sale of American munitions to the, 123
improving military situation of the, 252
front-line cavalry of the, picture, 444

ALSACE

French invade, 104

AMERICA

German sentiment in, 113, 124
hatred of England in, 113
policy of the German blockade protested by, 117
U-boat ruthlessness protested by, 117
why England lost the Revolutionary War in, 120
German forces war on, 134
scope of German intrigue in, 139
how the war affected business in, 163
British blacklist business firms in, 164
text of declaration of war against Germany made by, picture, 200

AMERICA — *Continued*

peace delegates of, picture, 203
opponents of war in, 215-16
preparations for war in, 216
war spirit in, 219
German ships seized in, 220
ships desperately needed by, 226
break-down of railroads, 257
Federal Government takes over the railroads of, 257
war-time prosperity in, 415, 572
emergency shipbuilding in, 416
peace-making demands of, 516
Europe aided by, 565
obligations to the world, 570
war debts, 571

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

vanguard arrives in France, 246, 255
somewhere in France, picture, 271
first contingent in France, 278
first casualties suffered by the, 278
Toul sector taken over by, 278
on the St. Mihiel salient, 279
fighting spirit of the, 204
a regiment ready to entrain, picture, 305
artillery going to the front, picture, 310, 312
Allies ask help of the, 333
arrive in Europe by shiploads, 346
300,000 at the Front, 346
military supply train, 309
in an all-American offensive, 418
St. Mihiel captured by the, 423
in the last drive, 429
marching to battle, picture, 443
the eve of battle, 447
the great attack, 449, 450-9, 460-7
Ludendorff's stand against the, 478
the last assault of, 480, 486, 487
returning home, picture, 489

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR

its recognition by the Government, 260
its questionable disposition, 323

ANNAPOLIS, MD.

U. S. Naval Academy, picture, 77

AMERONGEN, HOLLAND

Kaiser William II flees to, 496

ANTWERP, BELGIUM

Germans capture, 106
Europe's strongest fortress, 106
populace flees from, 107

ARDENNES

Hill No. 230 in, picture, 387

ARGONNE, THE

scene of the final American grand assault, 20
where the drive of the 307th regiment A.E.F. started in, picture, 31
A.E.F. field artillery in, picture, 36

ARGONNE, THE — *Continued*

American troops in, picture, 356, 372
 great drive of the A.E.F. through, 425, 449,
 450-9, 460-2

ARMENIA

U. S. A. asked to sponsor, 542

ARMISTICE

description of the battle fronts after the, 21-2
 Paris scene after the signing of the, 25
 car in which it was signed, picture, 33
 demonstration in New York, pictures, 469,
 473, 475
 scenes at the front on the signing of the, 488
 premature celebrations of the, 495
 signed November 11, 1918, 496
 terms of the, 496
 international commission, picture, 503

ATLANTIC FLEET, U. S.

in formation, picture, 439

AUSTRIA

America declares war on, 254
 military collapse of, 345
 sues for peace, 412
 in desperate straits, 426
 a destitute, 565

B**BAKER, NEWTON D.**

becomes Wilson's Secretary of War, 157
 portraits of, 159, 223
 conscription asked by, 221
 drawing in the Draft, picture, 231
 attack on the Wilson administration and on
 Secretary, 277
 approves of Foch as supreme commander, 302

BALFOUR, ARTHUR J.

British commission to U. S. A. headed by, 228
 portrait of, 229

BALKANS, THE

Red Cross transport in, picture, 83
 wartime scene in, picture, 85

BALLINGER, RICHARD A.

portrait of, 51

BALTIMORE, MD.

Democratic convention of 1912 at, picture, 47
 Woodrow Wilson nominated by the Democratic
 convention at, 57

BAPAUME, FRANCE

British assault of, 411
 capture of, 424

BELA KUN

becomes dictator of Hungary, 542
 is deposed, 565

BELGIUM

defies Germany, 89
 England defends the neutrality of, 89
 German wrath provoked by, 98
 German invasion of, 103
 peace-making demands of, 516

BELGRADE, SERBIA

bombarded by Austria, 89

BELLEAU WOOD

American regimental headquarters near, pic-
 ture, 331
 a roll call after the battle of, picture, 332
 description of the battle of, 335-6-7-8-9, 340

BELLEVUE FARM

assault and capture of, 400, 401

BENEDICT XV, POPE

portrait of, 247
 peace appeal of, 250
 its rejection by the Allies, 251

BERLIN, GERMANY

royal palace and captured guns in, picture, 135

**BERNSTORFF VON, GERMAN AMBASSA-
DOR, COUNT**

pen picture of, 108
 portrait of, 131
 ringleader of German diplomatic duplicity, 139
 hypocrisy of, 140

BETHLEHEM, JUDEA

British capture, 279

**BETHMANN-HOLWEG VON, CHANCEL-
LOR**

retirement from office, 250

"BIG BUSINESS"

in Roosevelt's administration, 29
 President Wilson assails leaders of, 257

BLANQUET, GENERAL

portrait of, 165

BLISS, GENERAL TASKER H.

as a peace delegate to Versailles, 498

BLOCKADE

America protests against the German, 117
 aim of the German, 119

BORDEAUX, FRANCE

French government withdraws to, 104
 Girondist monument at, picture, 109
 American army dock at, picture, 285

BORNE DE CORNOUILLERS

A.E.F. assault of, 483
 capture of, 486

BOURGEOIS, LEON

portrait of, 524
 plan for a League of Nations drafted by, 525

BOY-ED, CAPTAIN

portrait of, 104
 his spying activities, 124, 139

BREST-LITOVSK

peace of, 254

BRIAND, ARISTIDE

Clemenceau succeeded as French Premier by,
 560

BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS

picture, 177

BRITISH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

picture, 205

BROCKDORFF-RANTZAU VON, COUNT
 portrait of, 535
 draft of the Peace Treaty handed to, 548
 Peace Conference addressed by, 548
 his protest, 551

BRUSSELS, BELGIUM
 civic guard of, picture, 95
 German infantry in, picture, 102, 106
 German occupation of, 102

BRYAN, WM. JENNINGS
 free silver campaign of 1896, 28
 portraits of, 54, 60, 81
 defeated for the Presidency by Wm. H. Taft, 55
 estimate of, 65, 86
 his arbitration treaties, 86
 resigns as a result of the "Lusitania" sinking, 136
 defends his pacifist policy, 136

BULGARIA
 the impending collapse of, 425
 reserves leaving for the front in, picture, 479

"BULL MOOSE" PARTY
 origin of the, 57

BULLITT, WM. M.
 portrait of, 534
 his Russian mission recommends the recognition of the Soviet government, 542

BURLESON, ALBERT S.
 estimate of, 64

BYNG, GENERAL JULIAN H. G.
 portrait of, 298
 leads the British Third Army in Picardy, 300
 Germans held back at Arras by, 303

C

CADORNA, GENERAL LUIGI
 portrait of, 224

CAMBRAI, FRANCE
 tanks first used by the British at, 252
 British suffer a reverse at, 253, 278
 Canadians in the attack on, pictures, 422, 461
 Canadians entering, picture, 467

CANAL DU NORD
 captured by the Canadians, pictures, 459, 463
 capture of, 462

CANNON, JOSEPH G.
 return to Congress of, 175
 portrait of, 175

CANTIGNY
 1st Division, A.E.F. captures, 333
 A.E.F. advancing on, picture, 400

CARRANZA, VENUSTIANO
 in revolt against Huerta in Mexico, 66
 demands that General Pershing and American troops withdraw from Mexico, 153, 159
 U.S.A. distrusted by, 158
 becomes President of Mexico, 159

CECIL, SIR ROBERT
 portrait of, 520
 plan for a League of Nations drafted by, 525
 announces England's endorsement of the League of Nations Covenant, 540

CHAMBERS, AMERICAN "ACE"
 German Hanover brought down by, picture, 495

CHAMPAGNE ATTACK
 French army fails in, 147

CHARLES, EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA
 abdication of, 496

CHÂTEAU THIERRY
 President Poincaré visits the ruins of, picture, 335
 in panorama, picture, 336
 what was left of, picture, 337
 bridge destroyed at, 340

CHAUMONT, FRANCE
 Allied High Command has an important conference at, picture, 433

CHEMIN DES DAMES
 Germans begin drive at, 333

CHIHUAHUA, MEXICO
 American cavalry in, picture, 163

CHINA
 joins the Allies, 252

CIERGES, FRANCE
 and Hill No. 230, picture, 391
 capture of, 392, 400

CLARK, CHAMP
 portrait of, 45
 reasons for his failure to secure the 1912 Democratic Presidential nomination, 57

CLAYTON ANTI-TRUST ACT
 its provisions and benefits, 62

CLEMENCEAU, GEORGES
 becomes premier of France, 254
 in a critical council of war, 302
 portrait of, 493
 argues for a continued "balance of power" in Europe, 522
 estimate of, 523
 becomes Chairman of the Peace Conference, 526
 attempted assassination of, 536
 Peace Conference victory of, 545
 German delegates addressed by, 548
 French repudiation of, 560

COLOMBIA
 American treaty with, 66
 U.S. offers \$25,000,000 in reparation to, 66

COLUMBUS, NEW MEXICO
 raided by Villa, 149

COMPEIGNE, FRANCE
 Armistice signed at, picture, 33
 the signing of the Armistice at, 495

CONGRESS, U. S.
 President Wilson demands a great navy and army of, 155
 authorizes a federalized militia, 157
 declares war on Germany, 210
 in war time, 220
 authorizes a \$7,000,000,000 initial war credit, 221
 Republicans control the 1918, 434

CONSCRIPTION

Secretary of War asks for, 221

CONSTANTINOPLE, TURKEY

Allies threaten, 130

defeated Turks returning to, 189

COOLIDGE, CALVIN

portrait of, 553

President Harding succeeded by, 560

estimate of, 569

CORONEL, CHILE

naval battle off, 114

COUNCIL OF NATIONAL DEFENSE

its personnel and duties, 218

stamping out disloyalty, 230

COURCELETTE, FRANCE

Canadians capture, 162

COX, JAMES M.

portrait of, 546

his defeat for the Presidency, 556

CROWDER, GENERAL E. H.

portrait of, 209

CROWN PRINCE, GERMAN

takes refuge in Holland, 496

CRUSADE, THE AMERICAN

greatness and spirit of, 22

CULEBRA CUT

when half finished, picture, 42

in 1926, picture, 43

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

peace-making demands of, 516

great prosperity of, 565

CZERNIN, COUNT

portrait of, 316

D

DAMVILLERS, FRANCE

capture of, 487

DANIELS, JOSEPHUS

portraits of, 60, 69

estimate of, 64

and his advisory council, picture, 221

DAVIS, JOHN W.

portrait of, 203

"DEMOCRACY, THE WORLD MUST BE
MADE SAFE FOR"

phrase coined by Woodrow Wilson, 207

DEMOCRATIC PARTY

slogan of the 1916 campaign, "He kept us out
of war," 177

its progressive record, 178

issues of the 1916 campaign, 178

"DEPARTMENTALITIS"

diagnosis of, 80

"DER TAG"

the German toast to, 96

DEWEY, ADMIRAL

portrait of, 30

DIAZ, FELIX

portrait of, 165

DICKINSON, J. M.

portrait of, 51

DINANT, BELGIUM

fortress and church of, picture, 97

German atrocities reported at, 106

"DOLLAR-A-YEAR-MEN"

a disappointment, 226

DOLLAR DIPLOMACY

a national disgrace, 55, 67

DONAJEC

battle of the, 147

DRAFT, THE

authorization of, 221

DRESSING STATION, HOSPITAL

scene at a military, 404

DUMBA, DR. CONSTANTINE

portrait of, 131

tool of von Bernstorff in diplomatic intrigue,

139

recalled by Austria, 144

DUTASTA, M.

is made secretary-general of the Peace Con-
ference, 529

E

"EMBALMED BEEF"

Spanish-American War scandal of, 30

ENGLAND

American sentiment toward, 38

Germans bombard seaports of, 114

seas dominated by, 115

methods of blockading Germany defended by,

117

questioning the war motives of, 120

what the American Revolution taught, 121

stupendous military preparations of, 161

conscription threatened in, 161

early peace considered by, 302

peace-making demands of, 515, 536

post-war conditions in, 563

ESPIONAGE BILL

Congress passes the, 224, 254

"EVENING MAIL" NEW YORK

bought surreptitiously with German money,

417

F

FALKLAND ISLANDS

naval battle of the, 114

"FANNING," U. S. DESTROYER

U-boat captured by the, picture, 411

FEDERAL RESERVE ACT

President Wilson forces the passage of, 62

benefits of, 62

FEDERAL TRADE COMMISSION

its powers under the Clayton Anti-trust Act,

62-3

FINLAND

liberation of, 248

FIRST DIVISION, A. E. F.

- its personnel, 323
- given honor place in the great drive of 1918, 350
- in the Marne salient, 378
- in Bantheviller, Sixteenth Infantry of the, picture, 477

FIUME

- and the Adriatic, picture, 506
- Italy threatens the Peace Conference over, 542, 543, 545
- Italy and Jugo-Slavia agree over, 565

FLEEVILLE, FRANCE

- occupied by A.E.F. street in, picture, 487

FLETCHER, REAR-ADMIRAL FRANK F.

- and staff in Vera Cruz, picture, 68

"FLORIDA," U.S.S.

- marines in Vera Cruz Harbor leaving the, picture, 63

FOCH, MARSHAL FERDINAND

- portraits of, 19, 27, 300, 425, 532
- in a critical council of war, 302
- is given supreme command of the Allied armies, 302
- President Wilson congratulates, 302
- his plan to end the war, 348
- his attitude at the Peace Conference, 532

FOOD CONSERVATION

- a national movement, 217
- legalized by Congress, 224, 254
- provisions of the law governing, 224

FOURTEEN POINTS

- President Wilson outlines his famous, 262, 509, 510
- their treatment at the Peace Conference, 543

FOURTH DIVISION, A. E. F.

- guns captured by the, 353

FRANCE

- ruin wrought by the Germans in, picture, 20
- devastation in, 293
- a camouflaged American railway battery in, picture, 296
- peace-making demands of, 515, 536
- Peace Conference awards the Saar to, 544

FRANZ FERDINAND, ARCHDUKE

- German viewpoint of the assassination of, 78-9
- Serbian instigation of the assassination of, 78

G**GALICIA**

- Russians invade, 104

GARFIELD, HARRY A.

- portrait of, 242
- takes control of fuel situation, 257

GARRISON, LINDLEY M.

- portrait of, 69
- a continental army advocated by, 156
- resigns as Wilson's Secretary of War, 157

GAS

- victims of, picture, 381

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND

- Allied supreme council at the conference of, picture, 519
- first League of Nations meeting at, picture, 541

"GEORGE WASHINGTON," U.S.S.

- machinery smashed by the Germans on the, 233
- President Wilson returns to America from France on the, 534

GERARD, JAMES W.

- portrait of, 128

GERMAN ARTILLERY

- abandoned in retreat from Verdun, picture, 457

GERMAN INTRIGUE

- examples of, 276

GERMAN JUGGERNAUT, THE

- collapsing when the Armistice was signed, 23
- characteristics of, 75
- power of, 95

GERMAN PRISONERS

- taken by the Americans, picture, 23
- conduct of, 385
- taken by the Canadians, picture, 455

GERMANY

- reasons why she preferred war in 1914, 87
- begins mobilizing, 89
- strikes the first blow at France, 89
- violates Belgium, 89
- attitude toward enemy nations, 91
- excuse for violating Belgium, 91
- early wartime hopes and aims, 92-3
- atrocities of military, 97-8
- Belgium a stumbling-block to, 98
- obligation to, 101
- military strategy of, 106
- blunders of, 114
- poor psychology of, 115
- naval impotence of, 116
- blockade of, 116
- difficulties encountered by the Allies in blockading, 116
- U-boat warfare inaugurated and defended by, 117
- war medals awarded by, picture, 137
- submarine pledges broken by, 164
- insolent peace offer of, 181
- America parleys with, 193
- announces unrestricted warfare, 196
- German government distinguished from German people, 197, 206
- American attitude toward, 197
- President Wilson denounces, 206
- America declares war on, 210
- makes last offensive drive, 342
- left to fight alone, 346
- admits impending defeat, 471
- seething with revolt, 482
- before and after the World War, maps, 501
- army reduced to 100,000, 536
- Allies demand \$40,000,000,000 of, 541
- how the Peace Treaty was received by, 552
- U.S. makes a separate peace with, 557
- a prostrate, 560
- fails to make reparation payments, 565

- GIBSON, HUGH**
his work in Belgium, 103
- GOETHALS, GENERAL GEORGE W.**
portrait of, 223
- GOMPERS, SAMUEL**
portrait of, 244
advisor to the Government, 261
- GOUGH, GENERAL**
leads the Fifth British Army in Picardy, 300
defeat of, 301
- GREECE**
gets rid of King Constantine and joins the Allies, 252
peace-making demands of, 516
Turkey attacked by, 564
- GREY, SIR EDWARD**
his efforts to preserve peace, 88
portrait of, 403

H

- HAIG, GENERAL, SIR DOUGLAS**
in a critical council of war, 302
portrait of, 425
urges the great drive to end the war, 426
- HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING**
in an advance, 395-6-7-8, 451
- HANNA, MARK**
Republican party boss, 29
- HARDING, WARREN G.**
and his Cabinet, picture, 545
James M. Cox defeated for the Presidency by, 556
- HEERINGEN VON, GENERAL**
portrait of, 299
- HELIGOLAND**
view from the mainland, picture, 121
- "HENDERSON," U.S. TRANSPORT**
camouflaged appearance of, picture, 182
- HENRY, PRINCE, OF PRUSSIA**
portrait of, 299
- HERRICK, MYRON T.**
Aviator Lindbergh greeted in Paris by American Ambassador, 575
- HERRIOT, M.**
French Premier Poincaré succeeded by, 563
- HERTLING VON, COUNT**
portrait of, 319
resigns as German Chancellor, 468
- HILL No. 230**
in the Ardennes, pictures, 387, 391
capture of, 401
- HINDENBURG LINE**
A.E.F. Infantry heading toward the, picture, 369
Canadians break the, 424
- HINDENBURG VON, GENERAL**
his destructive retreat, 202
his belittlement of America, 227
the Kaiser urged to make peace by, 468
becomes President of Germany, 563

- HITCHCOCK, FRANK L.**
portrait of, 51
- HOBOKEN, N. J.**
German boats docked at, picture, 125
- HOG ISLAND YARDS**
an apparent U.S.A. shipbuilding fiasco, 320
- HOOVER, HERBERT**
directs food conservation campaign, 217
- HORN, WERNER**
portrait of, 114
in plot to dynamite bridge at Vanceboro, Maine, 124
- HOSPITAL**
a Western Front military, picture, 417
- HOSPITAL TRAIN**
placing American wounded on a, picture, 386
- HOUSE, EDWARD M.**
portraits of, 203, 431
Allied War Council admits, 254
estimate of, 435
as a peace delegate at Versailles, 498
- HUERTA, VICTORIANO**
as President of Mexico, 66
why Wilson refused to recognize, 66
circumstances of his death, 143
portrait of, 165
- HUGHES, CHARLES EVANS**
portrait of, 170, 181
and family, picture, 172
his record and candidacy for the Presidency, 176
support of Roosevelt won by, 177
his failure as a campaigner, 178
proposes the 5-5-3 warshipbuilding ratio at the Washington conference, 559
estimate of, 560
- HUNGARY**
revolution in, 542
Bela Kun deposed in, 565
- HUSTON, DAVID F.**
portrait of, 69

I

- IMPERIALISM**
a political issue, 31
- INCOME TAX**
inauguration of the, 61
- INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT, THE AMERICAN**
untold secrets of, 24
- ITALY**
joins the Allies, 181
peace-making demands of, 515
great agitation over Fiume in, 546
a bankrupt, 564
rise of Mussolini and the Fascisti in, 564

J

- JAPAN**
 peace-making demands of, 516
 protest over the acquirement of Shantung by, 547
 at the Washington conference, 558
- JERUSALEM**
 British army occupies, 252
- JOFFRE, MARSHAL JOSEPH J. C.**
 portrait of, 19
 stems the German tide at the Marne, 105
 French commission to U.S.A. includes, 228
- JOHNSON, HIRAM**
 portrait of, 174
- JUGO-SLAVIA**
 peace-making demands of, 516
 Fiume claimed by, 543
- JURIGNY, FRANCE**
 tanks at, picture, 361

K

- KERENSKY, ALEXANDER**
 rise to power of, 228
 Russian armies led by, 249
- KIEL CANAL**
 importance to Germany of the, 116
 warships in the, picture, 118
 Kiel and the, picture, 122
 German sailors mutiny in the, 250
- KITCHENER, LORD**
 his 3-year war prophecy, 104
- KLUCK VON, GENERAL**
 repulse of his army at the Marne, 105
- KNOX, PHILANDER C.**
 portrait of, 51
 exponent of, 67
- "KRONPRINZESSEN CECELIE" GERMAN LINER**
 at Bar Harbor, Maine, picture, 127

L

- LA FOLLETTE, ROBERT M.**
 portraits of, 49, 522
 radical-progressive leadership of, 56
 makes an irrational speech, 56
- LANE, FRANKLIN K.**
 portraits of, 69, 216
- LANSING, ROBERT E.**
 accompanies President Wilson to Versailles, 498
- LEAGUE OF NATIONS**
 idea is advanced by President Wilson, 261
 the British House of Lords approves of the suggestion, 261
 endorsed by Viscount (formerly Sir Edward) Grey, 418
 the cardinal issue at the Peace Conference, 523
 cool American reception of the Covenant, 536
 England endorses the, 540

LEAGUE OF NATIONS—*Continued*

- Lloyd George sidesteps the, 540
 the Peace Conference adopts the Covenant of the, 546
 opposition in America to the, 554
 Article X of the Covenant of the, 554
 as an issue in the 1920 Presidential campaign, 556
 first assembly of the, 557
 Germany in the, 569
- LE CATEAU**
 British drive Germans from, 477
- LEMBERG, POLAND**
 Russians capture, 104
- LENINE, NICOLAI**
 addressing a Moscow crowd, picture, 243
 German-made policy of, 249
 Russia dominated by the Bolshevik leader, 250, 564
- "LEVIATHAN," U.S.S.**
 rookies on the, picture, 266
 marvellously camouflaged, picture, 267
 picture of the, 279
- LIBERTY LOAN**
 third war-winning poster, picture, 315
- LIBERTY MOTOR AND PLANE**
 struggle to produce the, 254, 320
 first ready for flight, picture, 327
- LIÈGE, BELGIUM**
 Germans attack and besiege, 94-5
 forts crushed by German artillery, 95
- LIMITATION OF ARMAMENTS**
 conference is called, 557
 reasons for the conference, 558
 U.S. aims in the conference, 558
 results of the conference, 559
- LINDBERGH, CHARLES**
 record airplane flight from New York to Paris made by, 572
 Paris and London receptions of, 572-3
 and his mother, picture, 574
 French Chamber of Deputies welcomes, 574
 Paris speech of, 576
 and his airplane, picture, 575
 called "new ambassador of the United States," 576
- "LITTLE GROUP OF WILFUL MEN" A**
 President Wilson opposed by what he called, 198-9
 hanged in effigy, 200
- LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND**
 the docks of, picture, 295
- "LANDOVERY CASTLE," BRITISH HOSPITAL SHIP**
 U-boat sinks the, 418
- LOYD GEORGE, DAVID**
 becomes British Minister of Munitions, 161
 succeeds Asquith as British Prime Minister, 183
 forms a strong Coalition Cabinet, 184-8
 his oratorical power, 187
 portraits of, 493, 493

LLOYD GEORGE, DAVID—*Continued*
 his dread of the great drive on the Hindenburg
 Line, 425
 sidesteps the League of Nations, 540
 modifications of the Treaty favored by, 552
 Ramsay MacDonald succeeds Prime Minister,
 563

LOCARNO, SWITZERLAND
 signing of the peace pact at, picture, 561, 567
 analyzing the "spirit of Locarno," 567-8
 German delegates at, 568
 the conference of, 568

LODGE, HENRY CABOT
 portrait of, 201
 League of Nations opposed by, 554

LONDON, ENGLAND
 war spirit of, 192-3
 American and British flags float together in
 picture, 214, 228
 Canadian expeditionary force in, picture, 215
 American doughboys marching through, 291
 conference on German reparations in, picture,
 557

LOUVAIN, BELGIUM
 reported German atrocities in, 106

LUDENDORFF VON, GENERAL
 Germany develops a military genius in, 299
 his final drive for victory, 342
 portrait of, 357
 his resignation refused by the Kaiser, 411
 German government urged to make peace by,
 412, 468

"LUSITANIA," THE
 German warning incident to the sailing of, 131
 how the German threat was received, 132
 torpedoing and sinking of, 132
 attempt to justify the sinking of, 133
 conversations between America and Germany
 over, 135
 German attitude toward the sinking of, 136
 Germany justifies the sinking of, 136
 Germany promises to sink no more ships
 without warning, 139

M

MACDONALD, RAMSAY
 Prime Minister Lloyd George succeeded by,
 563
 his influence on Germany, 566

MACVEAGH, FRANKLIN
 portrait of, 51

"MAINE," U.S.S.
 in Havana harbor before being sunk, picture,
 20
 question as to who sunk the, 30

MANGAN, GENERAL
 heights between the Oise and Aisne captured
 by, 411

MANILA BAY, BATTLE OF
 belittled as a naval achievement, 30

MARNE, THE
 Germans first cross, 104
 importance of the first battle of, 105
 Germans again reach, 333
 American doughboys resting on, picture, 401

MAX OF BADEN, PRINCE
 becomes German Chancellor, 468
 appeals to President Wilson to intervene, 471

MAYO, REAR-ADMIRAL H. T.
 portrait of, 67

MAZARYK, THOMAS
 portrait of, 563
 great prosperity of Czecho-Slovakia under, 565

MCADOO, WM. G.
 portrait of, 69

McKINLEY, WILLIAM
 effect of his assassination, 31

McREYNOLDS, JAMES C.
 estimate of, 64
 portrait of, 69

MEDALS, GERMAN WAR
 awarded by the Kaiser, picture, 137

MESOPOTAMIA
 Great Britain is given mandate in, 542

MESSINES RIDGE
 a naval gun at, picture, 322
 howitzer firing at, picture, 465

MEUNIÈRE WOODS
 A. E. F. attack on, 395

MEUSE, THE
 a ruined village on, picture, 396

MEXICO
 Wilson tackles the problem of, 66
 Wilson's policy toward, 75
 German intrigue in, 143
 demand for American intervention in, 149
 in defence of the government of, 150
 American cotton mills in, picture, 157

MEYER, GEORGE VON L.
 portrait of, 51

MICHAELIS, DR.
 German Chancellor von Bethmann-Holweg
 succeeded by, 250

MILNER, LORD
 in a critical council of war, 302

MILYUKOV, PAUL NIKOLAEVITCH
 portrait of, 192
 Russia's policy announced by, 202

MOBILE, ALABAMA
 President Wilson outlines his Latin American
 doctrine at, 66

MONDRAGON, GENERAL
 portrait of, 165

"MONGOLIA," THE AMERICAN LINER
 U-boat sunk by, 224

MONROE DOCTRINE
 recognized by the Peace Conference, 544

MONS
 battle of, 104
 Canadians occupy, 488

MONTENEGRO

frontier defences of, picture, 91

MONTFAUCON, FRANCE

shell-torn section of, picture, 445
ruins of, pictures, 447, 452
capture of, 467

MUSSOLINI, BENITO

and his Fascisti rise to power in Italy, 564

MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA

portrait of, 555
Greeks repulsed by, 564
Turkish Sultan deposed by, 564

N**NAGEL, CHARLES**

portrait of, 51

NAMIQUEPA, MEXICO

U.S.A. headquarters at, 168

NAMUR, BELGIUM

its supposed impregnability, 96
river Meuse and citadel of, picture, 107

NAVY, U. S.

Atlantic fleet of the, picture, 439

"NEBRASKAN," U.S.S.

torpedoed by U-boat, picture, 103
sinks off the Irish coast, 136

NEUVE CHAPPELLE

England falls at, 130

NEW YORK CITY

President Wilson's significant speech, in 1915,
at the Manhattan Club in, 154

NICHOLAS II, CZAR OF RUSSIA

and his family, picture, 199
Duma ignores, 201
abdication of, 201

"NICHOLSON," U.S. DESTROYER

U-boat captured by the, picture, 411

NO MAN'S LAND

prospect of, 307, 311
near Montsec, France, from which the A. E. F.
drove the Germans, picture, 449

NORTH SEA

map of mine-laying operations in the, picture,
217
American mine-laying fleet in the, picture, 235

NOYON, FRANCE

French occupy, 424

O**ONE HUNDRED AND NINTH INFANTRY,
A. E. F.**

an improvised camp of the, picture, 392

ORDERS IN COUNCIL

established by England, 116
American antagonism to, 117

ORLANDO, ITALIAN PREMIER

portraits of, 493, 510
withdraws from the Council of Four, 543, 545
return to Paris of, 548

OSTEND, BELGIUM

first British troops land in, 103

OURCQ, THE

storming the heights of, 402

P**PAINLEVÉ, PAUL**

reviewing troops in France, picture, 442

PANAMA CANAL

crooked politics behind the, 49

PANIC OF 1907

cause and effect of the, 53-4

PANTHEON DE LA GUERRE

American section of the, picture, 571
British section of the, picture, 573

PAPEN VON, CAPTAIN

portrait of, 104
ring-leader of German intrigue in America, 139
recalled by Germany, 144
is double-crossed, 145

PARIS, FRANCE

tumult following the Armistice, 19, 505
review of Allied troops in celebration of victory,
picture, 37
war spirit of, 193
the Strassburg Monument in, picture, 491
Hotel Crillon, picture, 498
during the Peace Conference, 518
why the Peace Conference was held in, 519
celebration of victory in, July 14, 1919, pic-
ture, 536

PARKER, ALTON B.

candidate for President in 1904, 46
portrait of, 54

PAYNE-ALDRICH TARIFF BILL

a political bomb-shell, 56

PEACE CONFERENCE, THE

estimate of the leaders at, 516
leaders of the, picture, 517
vengeful spirit displayed at, 518
League of Nations the cardinal issue of,
521, 528
policy of secret sessions of, 527, 528
American commissioners to, picture, 527
first plenary session of, 528
problems before, 529, 530
Covenant of the League of Nations is incorpo-
rated in the Treaty by, 530
deadlock of, 536
fixes German indemnities and reparations at
\$40,000,000,000, 541, 544
universal criticism of, 542
consternation in, 543
adopts a strong labor platform, 544
Treaty formally presented to the Germans, 548
end of, 553

PERONNE, FRANCE

British capture of, 424

PERSHING, GENERAL JOHN J.

heads American expedition to capture Pancho
Villa, 150
failure of expedition headed by, 153

PERSHING, GEN. JOHN J.—*Continued*

portraits of, 155, 359, 425, 532
 crossing international bridge over the Rio Grande, picture, 161
 given command of the A. E. F. and ordered to France, 223
 arrives in France, picture, 227
 passes through England and reaches France, 246
 London reception of, 247
 Paris reception of, 247, 253
 agrees to place American forces under Foch as supreme commander of the Allies, 302
 supports Haig in urging the great 1918 offensive, 429
 reviewing troops in France, picture, 442
 discusses the Armistice at the Peace Conference, 532

PETAIN, GENERAL

portrait of, 425

PETROGRAD, RUSSIA

fighting in the streets of, 201

PICARDY

great German offensive in, 298, 300-1

PINCHON, FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER

condemns the League of Nations Covenant, 540

PINCHOT, GIFFORD

portrait of, 40
 in the conservation of American natural resources, 53

POINCARÉ, RAYMOND

reviewing troops in France, picture, 442
 with President Wilson in Paris, picture, 497
 portrait of, 529
 Briand succeeded as French Premier by, 563
 Herriot succeeded, 563

POLAND

liberation of, 248
 peace-making demands of, 516
 Peace Conference dispute over, 541

PREPAREDNESS

President Wilson and Congress realize the need of, 156

PRINCETON, N. J.

"Old Nassau" hall of the university, picture, 21
 university president's house at, picture, 37

PRINKIPO

Russian and Allied representatives plan to meet at, 530
 meeting called off, 535

PRISONERS OF WAR

Germans taken by the Americans, picture, 23

PROFITEERS

a growing crop of American, 258
 evidence of, 321

PROGRESSIVE PARTY

its 1916 platform, 176

PROHIBITION

President Wilson's attitude toward, 226, 416
 Congress passes amendment, 254
 war-time agitation over, 415

PROPAGANDA, PRO-GERMAN

America a hot-bed of, 216
 in training camps, 273

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

activities of the "Journal" in exposing German intrigue, 140, 231

PRUSSIA, EAST

Russians invade, 104

Q

"QUISTCONCK," WAR EMERGENCY SHIP
 launching of, picture, 213

R

RAINBOW DIVISION, A. E. F.

arrival in France of the, 279
 its personnel and history, 323-4
 under fire, 346

RATHOM, JOHN R.

uncovers Teuton intrigue in U.S.A., 140
 examples of his detective powers, 142-4

RED CROSS

military hospital car, picture, 374
 a worker in a military hospital, picture, 376
 ambulance fleet in France, picture, 377, 383
 improvised canteen, picture, 480

REDFIELD, WM. C.

portrait of, 69

"REID," U.S. DESTROYER

American convoy, picture, 283

REPUBLICAN PARTY

its denunciatory 1916 platform, 176
 its 1916 national convention, picture, 179

REPARATIONS COMMISSION

in session, picture, 565

RHEIMS

French-American army drives Germans from, 477
 the restored cathedral of, picture, 567

RHINE RIVER

first American horse drinking from the, picture, 504

ROOKIES

in a training camp, picture, 218
 in complete outfit, picture, 239
 outfit of, 246
 getting their first glimpse of France, picture, 266

ROOSEVELT, THEODORE

portrait of, in Cuba, 28
 "mock-heroics" of, 30
 with Rough Riders at San Juan Hill, 30
 Vice-Presidential nomination of, 31
 when first elected President, picture, 39
 race for re-election to the Presidency, 46
 estimates of, 47-8-9, 50, 54, 55, 85, 76, 525
 characteristics of, 50
 genius for publicity, 50
 his service to America, 50, 53
 African hunting trip of, 56
 Taft repudiated by, 56

ROOSEVELT, THEODORE — *Continued*

- Wilson policies assailed by, 175, 524
- declines to head the Progressive ticket, 177
- offers to form an army division, 216
- his offer is rejected, 223
- death of, 524
- Wilson honors the memory of, 525

ROOT, ELIHU

- friendly delegation to Russia headed by, 228, 249

ROUMANIA

- joins the Allies, 181
- capitulates to the Central Powers, 322
- peace-making demands of, 516

RUHR

- passive resistance of Germans in the, 563
- British oppose French policy in the, 563

RUMELY, DR. EDWARD A.

- involved in alleged German purchase of N. Y. "Evening Mail," 146
- active in German intrigue, 417

RUSSIA

- begins mobilizing, 89
- the Kaiser demands demobilization by, 89
- prisoners of war, picture, 111
- Hungary invaded by, 130
- armies wiped out at the Donajec, 147
- launching of the revolution in, 200
- how the revolution was engineered in, 200
- Provisional government formed in, 201
- chaos in, 228, 253
- United States and other nations recognize the Provisional Government of, 247
- radical reforms in, 247-8
- American engineers in, 249
- America lends \$100,000,000 to, 249
- revolt of army, 249
- succumbs to Bolshevism, 250
- seat of government moved to Moscow, 280
- elimination of, 322
- Lenine and Trotzky rule, 500
- reign of terror in, 500-3
- Soviet, 564

S

SALVATION ARMY, THE

- great work of, 408, 472
- a lassie at the front, pictures, 413, 482, 484
- a front line canteen, picture, 419

"SARATOGA" U.S. TRANSPORT

- arriving at St. Nazaire, France, picture, 219

SCOTT, GENERAL HUGH L.

- a continental army advocated by, 156
- portrait of, 203

"SCRAP OF PAPER"

- German reference to treaty guaranteeing Belgian sovereignty as a, 89

SECOND DIVISION, A. E. F.

- given honor place in the great drive of 1918, 350
- in the Marne salient, 378

SEDAN, FRANCE

- French troops enter, 488

SERAJEVO, BOSNIA

- scene of the momentous killing of Archduke Franz Ferdinand, 77

SERBIA

- Austria's ultimatum to, 87
- Austria declares war on, 89
- Austrians driven from, 130
- German army crushes, 147

SEVENTY-SEVENTH DIVISION, A. E. F.

- "LOST BATTALION"

- estimate of the, 454, 479

"SHADOW LAWN"

- where President Wilson conducted his 1916 campaign, 178

SHANTUNG, CHINA

- President Wilson loses prestige over, 546

SHIPPING BOARD, U. S.

- obstacles encountered by the, 226
- its final triumph, 416

SHOCK TROOPS, GERMAN

- massed on the Western Front, 280

SIMS, ADMIRAL WM. S.

- portraits of, 220, 289
- given command of American naval forces in European waters, 223

SMUTS, JAN

- plan for a League of Nations drafted by, 525
- commissioned by the Peace Conference to quiet Hungary, 543
- portrait of, 569

SOISSONS

- cathedral and college, picture, 341
- American troops passing through, picture, 345
- after the battle, picture, 348
- description of the battle, 352-5-6-7-8-9, 360-1-2-4-5-6

SOMME

- the great British drive on the, 162, 202

SONNINO, BARON

- withdraws from the Peace Conference, 545
- returns to the Peace Conference, 548

SPAIN

- incapacity of, 130

SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR, THE

- politics and, 29

"SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS," THE

- famous airplane piloted by Lindbergh from America to France, 574
- picture of, 575

STATE DEPARTMENT, U. S.

- its early war work, 101

ST. GERVAIS

- ruins of the church of, picture, 313

ST. LOUIS, MO.

- Democratic convention of 1916, renominates President Wilson, 174

ST. MIHIEL, FRANCE

- A. E. F. tank in the drive on, picture, 405
- view of, picture, 406
- after its capture by the Americans, picture, 407

ST. MIHIEL, FRANCE—*Continued*

A.E.F. infantry near, picture, 409
A.E.F. drive on, 419, 420
capture of, 422

SUBMARINE WARFARE

started by Germany, 117
its ruthless progress, 132, 197, 224

SUMMERALL, GENERAL CHARLES, P.

portrait of, 359

SUPREME COUNCIL, OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE

convenes in Paris, 526
adopts French, English and Italian as official languages for the Conference, 526

"SUSSEX," CHANNEL STEAMER

torpedoed and sunk, with Americans aboard, 164

T**TAFT, WILLIAM H.**

and his Cabinet, picture, 51
groomed to succeed President Roosevelt, 55
political record of, 55
his reactionary Cabinet, 55
Roosevelt repudiates, 56
portrait of, 57

TANKS

British, picture, 250
French, picture, 251
first military use of, 252
destroyed on the Ypres-Poelcappelle road, picture, 382
in the St. Mihiel drive, picture, 405
great work of the, 411

TANNENBURG

Hindenburg defeats Russians at, 104

TARABOSH

wounded Turks at, picture, 88

TARDIEU, ANDRÉ

portrait of, 509

TENNESSEE COAL AND IRON COMPANY

precipitates the panic of 1907, 53
absorbed by the Steel Trust, 54

THIEPVAL, FRANCE

British capture of, 424

THIRD DIVISION, A. E. F.

first of the A.E.F. to smash the Germans on the Marne, 334
Germans held by the, 347
Germans driven back by the, 378

THIRTY-FIFTH DIVISION, A. E. F.

heroes in the Argonne drive, 461

TRAINING CAMP

description of a, 241
recruits lined up in a, picture, 241
construction of a, 241, 259, 263
life and conditions in a, 242-3-4-5-6, 270
importance of discipline in a, 245
bayonet practice in a, pictures, 252-277
description, 268

TREATY OF PEACE

signing of the Versailles, frontispiece
German envoys sign the, 551, 552
how America received the, 554

TRENCHES

building, picture, 275

TRIESTE

on the Adriatic, picture, 507

TROTZKY, LEON

as a Soviet Russian leader, 564

TRUST-BUSTING

era of, 53

TUMULTY, JOSEPH

portrait of, 48

TURKEY

the impending collapse of, 425

"TUSCANIA" THE

sinking of, 286

TWENTY-SIXTH DIVISION, A. E. F.

its personnel, 323
German trenches assaulted by the, picture, 434

TWENTY-SEVENTH DIVISION, A. E. F.

infantry behind a tank, picture, 364
its hot work in the Soissons sector, 378

U**U-BOAT**

view of a, picture, 140
sectional view of a, picture, 143
captured, pictures, 411, 414, 415
American shipping harried by the, 416

UNDERWOOD TARIFF

declared a failure, 176

V**VANCEBORO, MAINE**

bridge dynamited at, picture, 115

VARENNES, FRANCE

captured by A.E.F., picture, 451

VENIZELOS, ELEUTHERIOS

portrait of, 248

VERA CRUZ, MEXICO

American marines in harbor of, picture, 63
American troops occupy, pictures, 64-5
why it was occupied, 76

VERDUN, FRANCE

the Great German attack on, 162
and the Meuse River, picture, 441
after the siege, 443
battlefields around, picture, 460

VERSAILLES

signing of the treaty of, frontispiece
Trianon palace at, picture, 511
Peace Conference in session at, picture, 513
Treaty handed to Germans at, 548

VILLA, PANCIO

Columbus, N. M., raided by, 149
Mexico agrees for American troops to chase the bandit, 150

VILLA, PANCHE — Continued

escape of, 153
the chase for, 160
and his lieutenants, picture, 160
portrait of, 167

VIMY RIDGE

Canadians win victory at, 229

VIVIANI, M.

French commission to U.S.A. headed by, 228

W

WAR

in prospect and retrospect, 23
beginning of the World, 89
atrocities are natural to, 119
text of the United States declaration of, 200

WAR OF 1812

facts about the, 36, 121

WARSAW, POLAND

German troops in, 147

WASHINGTON, D. C.

State, War and Navy Building at, picture, 72
the Capitol at night, picture, 73
the White House during the Wilson administration, picture, 79
the German Embassy at, picture, 99
the Capitol, picture, 151
scene in 1917 when President Wilson asked Congress to declare war on Germany, 203-4
Treasury department building at, 211
in war time, 217, 239
Pennsylvania avenue, picture, 269
Conference on the Limitation of Armaments at, 549, 558

WHITE, HENRY

portrait of, 203
accompanies President Wilson as a peace delegate to Versailles, 498

WHITLOCK, BRAND

his work in Belgium, 102-3
portrait of, 105

WHITTLESLEY, MAJOR CHARLES

with the "Lost Battalion" in the Argonne, picture, 472

WICKERSHAM, GEORGE W.

portrait of, 51

WILLIAM II, KAISER

portrait of, 299
abdication of, 496

WILSON, JAMES

portrait of, 51

WILSON, WM. B.

portrait of, 69

WILSON, WOODROW

opportunity and responsibility confronting, 23
as head of Princeton University, 32
estimate of, 32
nominated for the Presidency by the Baltimore convention, picture, 47
portrait of, 48, 203
why he was elected President in 1912, 59

WILSON, WOODROW — Continued

his remarkable first administration, 59
early achievements as President, 60
first addresses Congress, 60
his political principles, 63
shortcomings of, 64
establishes a precedent in diplomatic relations with Mexico, 66
and first Cabinet, picture, 69
first uses phrase "too proud to fight," 134
calls out militia to safeguard Mexican border, 153
calls for general mobilization of State militias, 154
foresees our entrance into the war against the Central Powers, 154-6
addresses the Manhattan Club, 154
asks Congress for a great navy and army, 154
reception of his request of Congress, 209
St. Louis Democratic convention renominates, 174
issues of the 1916 Presidential campaign of, 174
public outcry against, 175
charges against the administration of, 176
re-election to the Presidency of, 180
his Peace Note to the Powers, 182
its European reception, 183
formal notification of his nomination in 1916, picture, 185
purpose of his address to Congress on January 22, 1917, 193-4-5
effects of this address, 195
breaks off diplomatic relations with Germany, 196
asks Congress to arm American merchantmen, 197
"little group of wilful men" aggravates, 198-9
enemies assailed by, 199
asks Congress to convene April 2, 1917, 202
asks Congress to declare war on Germany, 204-7
text of historic address, 204-5-6-7-8
declares "the world must be made safe for democracy," 207
reception of great address to Congress by, 209-210
draft proclaimed by, 222
his attitude toward Prohibition, 225
his reply to Pope Benedict's peace appeal, 251
appeals to American business men, 257
warns America to disregard German peace offensives, 260
states war aims of America, 261
lays down the historic (14) points of his peace platform, 262, 508, 510
his arraignment of Germany, 328
notable speeches of, 418
his repudiation in the 1918 elections, 434
portraits of, 493, 497, 505
Germany questioned by, 494
with Mrs. Wilson at Louvain, 494
precedents established by, 497-8
arrival at Brest of, picture, 499
his vision of an ideal world, 506
as a world statesman, 511
his reception in Europe, 512, 520
argues for a League of Nations, 522

WILSON, WOODROW — *Continued*

charged with being pro-German, 526
 his chief victory at the Peace Conference, 530
 Paris press attacks, 533
 threatens transfer of the Conference to another city, 533
 carries text of the Covenant of the League of Nations to the United States, 534
 ruse of Conference leaders to get him away from Paris, 535
 his waning prestige, 539
 points on which he was attacked, 539
 his return to Paris and courageous stand for the League of Nations, 540
 visits devastated regions of France, 542
 instigates the Council of Four, 542
 breakdown in Paris of, 543
 orders the "George Washington" to take him home, 543
 resists demands of Italy, 545
 "wrecked in a glorious endeavor," 547
 Treaty of Peace approved by, 552
 leaves Paris, 552
 his refusal to compromise over the League of Nations Covenant, 554
 submits and champions the Covenant, 554
 his tragic failure to secure its public endorsement, 555

WINONA, MINNESOTA

where President Taft delivered his historic tariff speech, 56

WORLD COURT

endorsed by the Harding-Republican administration, 556
 adhered to by President Coolidge, 560, 569

Y**Y. M. C. A. HUT**

entertaining the boys in a, picture, 274, 319
 Allied soldiers at a, 317
 a typical rest room in France, 329
 80th Division A.E.F. at the Montfaucon, picture, 436

YPRES

frantic battle of, 106
 German poison gas first used in the second battle of, 130
 heroic Canadians at Second, 130
 Belgians, with French, British and American help, hurl the Germans back near, 463

Z**ZIMMERMAN, DR. ALFRED**

portrait of, 196

"ZIMMERMAN NOTE," THE

text of, 198
 public indignation over, 198, 276-7

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